

out da window

Summrs

(What do you desire?)
(Bitch, haha)
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, yeah
Woah, woah, woah

I see you flexin' your bankroll
Okay, he flexin' for them hoes
FN Five-seveN on my hip, I let it go
In a penthouse smokin' dope
She hit my phone every time I'm on the road
My nigga tryna walk down some', he ain't shootin' out the window
Said she ain't fuckin' none of us, then what she here for?
I'm sippin' promethazine-codeine, sippin' on big dope
And if I pull this bitch out my jeans, I'm gon' start firin', hoe
I'm with one of these nigga's bitches in a Porsche 911 slidin' though
Thought you was gettin' active? Now I'm in your city, boy what you hidin' for?
In this bitch with a wrinkled shirt, but you know
I gotta keep a iron though
Can't see no other niggas fuckin' with me like I'm blind, ho
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I'm with one of these nigga's bitches in a Porsche 911 slidin' though (Bitch, haha)

Bitch said that I'm broke, I'm like, "What the fuck is you lyin' for?"
I ain't one of them, I'm really him, one of a kind, hoe
Let that bitch bang, let that bitch sang, I'll let the .9 go
Sippin' purple rain, got my cup stained, yeah, that shit fa-shit-sho
We is not the same, we is not gang, you ain't really him, no
She only want the fame, she don't want d so I gotta let her go
Get my money, dance on these , yeah

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