

Ginseng
Summrs, haha

As soon as she hop in the fuckin' four-door
She wanna take a photo and show her bestfriend
But that's a no-no
When you ridin' with me, keep it on the low-low
'Cause I can't trust a soul, soul, no, no, oh, oh

She say she want a bag
She say she wanna hop in the car, it's very fast
Very, very fast
Hop right up in the McClaren, come in first, you come in last
FN with scope, yeah, you know that I'ma blast
She wanna make a movie, baby girl, what's up?
Baby, come and screw me, know you wanna do me
That other nigga gay, yeah, that other nigga fruity
When you with him, you smoke grams, when you with me, we smoke
QP's
Baby girl, you know you a cutie
Cutie with a booty
He all cap, yeah, that nigga cannot fool me
I smoke gas, the gelato, yeah, the cookie, yeah

Baby, go ahead and book me
I smoke jetlag, I need that check fast
Boy, you goin' out sad with your broke ass
I'm fuckin' your bitch so slow, she gave me slow ass
In a fuckin' coupe and it go fast
Get that check fast, I'm in a Hellcat
Yeah, go and tell that, smokin' yo' damn mid pack
Bitch wanna fuck, know I'm in it
Bro, come try your luck, this bitch got kick-back
So much kick on this bitch, blow your shit back
Boy, you smokin' on that shit pack
Ayy, yeah, I'm smokin' on that gas pack

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