

All Time High

Takeoff

Coke Boi

Get to the bag and I go
I get done fuckin' ya bitch and I go
Roll up a blunt full of that Runtz, feelin' like I poured a four
I told her panties gotta go
She want me to take it slow
She like how the money rain on the floor
She lighten up like some twinkle toes

Most of these niggas goin' out sad
Man, this shit is sad
You really can't do nothin' but chase a bag
Dickridin' at an all-time high
Gotta watch your back, they'll take your spot
Keep the iron on me 'cause it get hot (Hot, yeah)
Keep the iron on me 'cause it get hot (Keep the iron on me 'cause it get hot
)

Snitchin'-ass nigga, you gon' rot (Snitchin'-ass nigga, you gon' rot)
Can't tell on my brother, I would not (Can't tell on my brother, I would not
)
One of a kind, man, we so hot (One of a kind, man, we so hot, yeah)
Can't let these niggas break us up (Yeah)
They just mad we in the Bentley truck
Fuck around and get stumped I'm upholdin' your ass, playin' around with us
Draw my gun if I see you movin' too fast, no need to rush
Six hour flight, wake me when the plane finna land, no catchin' bust
Got your bitch up on her knees and I'm finna bust
Saint Laurent muddy bust
Bustin' out my damn jeans, and it's not enough
Saint Laurent jeans bustin' out my fuckin' what and I'm finna what? Man, damn

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Keep the iron on me 'cause it get hot (Takeoff, woah, stop, woah)

Or somebody finna get shot
'Fore I put the cheese on top
And then we come spinnin' the block
Remember them days after them days when niggas was runnin' from cops?
Now I get money, no minimum wage, I'm tryna dodge the paparazzi
Wait, hold on
Swervin', I get my roll on
Outside the river, Cinderella white
And the new Patek a snowcone
If this is a sport, we takin' the torch
Tell 'em good game then go home
And like a new 'Port, we bringin' the smoke
But you wanna short along
Ain't givin' my heart to none of you women, so I went and painted it Chrome
I'm talkin' 'bout the bag, I'm callin' Chris Paul, so I cannot pick up the p
hone

She not tryna fuck, then she out of luck, the bag she had is gone
Ain't tryna be disrespectful, baby, she just had a nasty tone
He poppin' them all like he feelin' unstoppable, told him to change the tone
If it's somethin' 'bout my brother, it can be right, or it can be dead wrong
Niggas dickridin' at an all-time high, y'all niggas dead wrong
Fourth of July, how I'm poppin' that fire, you can be dead and gone

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