

Damn, Jonboi!

Summertime comin', it's time to see who is really stackin'  
It's time to see if you was hustlin' or you was cappin'  
The jack boys out, I feel bad for niggas out here lackin'  
You won't see my picture on nobody 'Gram with RIP captions  
I left a puddle with this drip, hand me a napkin  
Just caught an opp out in public, hand me the ratchet  
Thought it was a regular white tee until she felt the fabric  
When I'm online with a punch I go Gucci [?]  
Tried to hit the Meijer with a slide but they ain't let me scan it  
Put my clone in the machine five times and I kept on jamming  
If the clerk look over here and see what I'm doin' she gon know I'm s  
cammin'  
When I heard some footsteps coming my way instantly I panicked  
You niggas really worse than the bitches, really fanned out  
Got it out the mud, you never see me with my hand out  
Claim you the plug, I called for weed, you said you ran out  
I had to unfollow you on the 'Gram, your page spammed out  
She fucking with them broke niggas, get with the money team  
Since she been with you it seems like she ain't got no self esteem  
Bout to get my bitch a couple racks and tell her 'stack the cheese'  
Just in case I ever got too sick she can pay the fees  
I need a quarter of right Runtz, I'm bout to call a G  
I'm the punch God, you need half off, you can call me  
If I get rich off this music, then we all eat  
Just might as well call me Calboy, cause they envy me  
Be careful when you play my mixtape, cause that bitch is heat  
I left her DM on read cause that bitch a freak  
See why your mama called you sugar, cause you niggas sweet  
I'm about to drop my location, pull up, we can meet  
I'm getting head, counting \$20, 000 in the suite  
Since I been fucking with them punches, everything been free  
We be in the club poppin' bottles, everything on me  
We roll Runtz and platinum cookie, we don't smoke OG  
If you playin' 'bout my money, then it's OV  
My dawg sitting in your bushes, chillin' lowkey  
Throw him couple hunnid, he gon' do it while I'm OT  
He got a Call of Duty weapon, that bitch OP  
Tried to pay my hoes to stop callin', they just won't leave  
You ain't got enough of Backwoods, you just roll leafs  
They don't want to send you no more snippets, cause you steal beats  
My dawg doing time in the same prison as Big Meech  
Paid too much for this fit, I'm a walkin' puddle  
I just fuck her, then I leave, I don't even cuddle  
You need to give up tryna swipe, it seem like it ain't for you  
She just keep on cheatin' on you, it seem like she don't love you