

Sauce

The Reason

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I might slip, I don't fall, if I slip, I might crawl
I just drip, I got the sauce, I just drip, I got the sauce
If she dip, that bitch loss, I don't trip, I'm a boss
I might slip, I don't fall, I just drip, I got the sauce (Wait, wait, wait, wait)

Riding 'round town on Sunset (True)
Cali weed loud like Funk Flex (Funk Flex)
Road trips, low drip, don't rush shit (No)
No bitch-ass niggas, no f*ck shit (No)
No, no, f*ck shit, get chin-checked (Yeah)
Treat a queen like a queen, don't give a bitch shit (No)
New whip, shit crawl like insects (Insects)
Lotta hoes, lotta hoes, gang fishnet (Fishnet)
Lotta hoes, lotta hoes, more problems (More problems)
Came, then a nigga left, Obama (Obama)
Lame bitches get blocked, O-lineman (O-lineman)
Top called, nigga, that ain't no problem (No, no)
Nice smile, they assume I'm such a nice guy (True)
Bougie nigga, first class on the flight time (Ah)
Bougie nigga, f*ck a bitch from the right side (True)
Tell her if she got a friend, then I might slide (Slide)
Tell her that I need a friend a nigga could show off
She ain't got goals, then, nigga, I'm so lost
I done fell in love from f*cking some hoes raw (Yeah)
I done fell in love while getting some hoes off (True)
I done fell in love while doing some hoes (Hoes ign'ant)
X called a nigga, I don't listen (Don't listen)
First-class, they're starin' at my pigment (My pigment)
Had to work to get it, the road different, yeah

I might slip (Yeah), I don't fall (Yeah), if I slip, I might crawl
I just drip, I got the sauce, I just drip, I got the sauce (Wait, wait, wait, wait)
If she dip, that bitch loss, I don't trip, I'm a boss (Yeah)
I might slip, I don't fall (Yeah), I just drip, I got the sauce (Norf)

Who got the sauce? Who got the sauce, huh?
Whip the rock with the Voss, yeah
Hit the block, ship the bars, yeah
Catch a P, Randy Moss, yeah
I don't rock with the police none
Don't ditch the Glock when the police come
They gon' shoot a nigga anyway (Oww)
Any day of the week
Ain't a 'woofer, man, he whoopin' his feet on the concrete
With my dawgs on the stick like a bomb suite
Cooking up, better duck like a confit
'Cause it's on me
Ain't a nigga living ever have to warn me
I was ready-ready with the macaroni
Turn him into Makaveli, we be stackin' fetti (Yeah, yeah)
I don't ever wanna be a broke boy no more
Sold-out merch, sold-out tour

Mount Rushmore for the real ones, yeah
All my homies done killed some, yeah (Ayy)
All my homi's done f*ck time (That scale)
Some got dope, gangin' all night (We the homies, nigga)
Some escape, but we don't respect it
I'm so invested and so protected
We live corrections, all uncorrected
Snuck the FN in undetected

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