

(Indigo)
(Okay Embasin, whatever)
Uh, uh
Uh, ooh, uh
Woah-woah, uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh, uh

Deuce, I got them thots by the group
Ooh, flew, real far away in the coupe
Ooh, blue, but lil Scotty Piru
Ooh, vintage, not even, I cop it new
Ooh, issues, nothing that I can't handle
Get you, if you cross me or my family
You a big dude, like can't nobody hit you
Shadow, lurk in the shadow like we do

Pistols, fuck around get dismantled
Tissue, these niggas they softer than Downy
Bad bitch, but I don't, shh
Bad bitch, but I don't want her
I won't cross that line no more
Just stop, baby girl gon' put up a front
Good one, tried to out do me
Light em' up, tic tac that
Yeah, talking about
That gossip, fuck what you heard
Word on the street, this is yours
Word on the street is we
Yeah, yeah, kick that shit down
Yeah, getaway call, getaway driver, scat
Jan Sport full of packs, bitch I serve you pack
Big Patagonia bag hold the Draco and a gat
North Face bubble coat full of them dime bags
Addiction such a disease so I self treat
Pulling that SRT, you got STD's
Gave my bitch new titties, she had bee stings
Ain't have to get her no ass, she got that from her momma's genes

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