

OOOUUU

Tink

They say your mixtape sound like an album
You take the beat and you ride it like it's a stallion
These hoes see you in the game like Spalding
Like Spalding

Showtime and I'm showing off in the Bent' truck with my cell on
Giving nigga that call back I bet he moan deeper than a baratone
I'm a rich girl, not a mixed girl
Keep brown hoes in my mustang
Let's count it up, Lil Uzi Vert in this money longer than a bus chain
All aboard on my dick now and I wonder how does my name taste
Tell 'em hoes they dried up, and my neck wetter than a great lake
Hating on me ain't good for you
I thumb through it, no catalog
Just playing with it like a paddle board
These sick bitches need adderall
Fuck niggas, get money, be the best, Lil Wayne
Gang time, say the word, in the field, Notre Dame
Know the game like blackjack
Niggas lookin' for a clapback
Niggas lookin' for a clapback, till I run into 'em and they backtrack
Checking into the Days Inn, no days off for that Audemar
Ain't wait for no nigga yet, 'cause these niggas goofy like Kevin Hart
Voicemail full of voicemails and her man sounds so thirsty
I'm a boss bitch and when I talk shit I make 'em jump for me like a [?]
It's Hercules when I flex now
Ain't shit free but a freestyle
That's 10k for that 16
We flip a nigga, no back spring
And I spit realer than most of y'all
People on me like a poster wall
Easy bars no seminars
Your nigga like it like [?], ugh
Thinking of being the GOAT
Niggas lookin' at me like I'm the last hope, ugh
Well, thinkin' of being the GOAT, GOAT
We got forever they thought that shit was a joke
You bitches lied and I'm stronger than Jack and coke
I'm feeling right 'cause I'm turning up off the Henn'
Feelin' like it's gon' be one of them
I switch flows Derek Rose we out in New York
Green bills, with my mills, need a salad fork
The top fade when I drive left
I'm just on another scale that's a treble clef
I'm in the city bumping Young MA
Might pass a nigga head like he Yung Joc
No, that shit gotta go
Fame for this cash 'cause I splash on 'em daily
Ain't shakin' hands with these hoes 'cause they shakey
These bitches panick when they see me coming
Usain Bolt, I got 'em all running
Tink G with the recipe
And if you got a budget, I got melodies
Yeah, I'm in the zone
This the type of shit they can't get on
Alexander McQueen and the shoes Valentino
Grams in the wood and they stuff like burritos

Hop in the [?] and now I'm higher than a spaceship
Running with the stars