Sofia

Tiny Meat Gang

We packin' Diamond Pistols

Bad bitch got feelings, she don't catch none (She don't catch none)
Red pill, blue pill, you don't take one (Ah, ah)
And I like the way she work, she won't fake none (She won't fake none)
Talk to her like, boot up first, move that skirt
Throw chips at her and she make that neck work, like, ah

She gon' say what she want, she gon' back it up
No bad blood, but she bad enough
And she could do it all night, she got stamina
She gimme good brain, she doin' algebra
And why you actin' ice cold, thought you knew me?
I'm right here but you lookin' right through me
She got me thinkin' there's a spark
Then she pull the plug, lights out, she go dark (Ah)

Lil' mama cool, calm, she don't say much
Only hit the plug for a re-up (Ah)
Always got my attention, Mira
Baby clear-headed like Frieza (Ah, woo-woo)
Lil' board in the box, the bitch Candy Land
Baby missin' all of the nerves, I call her Ativan
Gonna leave you on read just like The Anchorman
Doin' lines with zeros, Lindsay Lohan

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She a California girl, she my Westworld
She makin' moves like a chess board
She top me off like a fresh pour
Then she ask me, "Like, what we gotta text for?"
She got me in my head like a whippet
She wanna go again right away, we just finished
We been up three days, goin' crazy, no sleep
It's like you don't even miss it

Make me come back like FILA
She got fire neck, she tequila
Throwin' that shit back (Huh), Maria, Maria
Slide to her harder than a Visa
Doin' more bars than Genius
The voice in my head like Joaquin Phoenix
Grabbin' on my ...
Come home, pop out, already top out
Hit her with the glove and I make that bitch knock out

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