

Washed

Tiny Meat Gang

We packin' diamond pistols

Only pipe on my girl, yeah, I'm loyal (Facts)
She bust, I trust
I'ma drop on money bean on my lip, that's some soil (Skrt, skrt, skrt)
No fuss, no foss
Yeah, we fucked around and popped off (Yeah)
She was there when my car got blocked (Got blocked)
Now I'm out here doing too much (Too much)
Still don't even know if I'm fucking washed (Fucking washed, bitch)

I'ma big dub, bank roll, bad luck
Whenever I speak, it's a Tarantino epilogue (Uh)
And your girl want my analogue
Guapanese I'm fluent, yeah, you wanna try and dialogue?
Well, she know I'm fast like some software
Fold like a laucher, had to use my boner (Damn)
Feel like a boss, like I'm Dom Pérignon
I'ma pop that bottle 'cause my money finally long
And when I used to take her on dates (Yep)
No cocktails and a couple of small plates (Ah)
Chilli's down the block, is where we sittin' at
And, baby, get your wallet 'cause we splittin' that (Duh)
But thank God she stayed
She be fucking with the boys since before I got paid (Yeah)
I used to have roommates (Gross)
There was nothing in the fridge 'side a jar of mayonnaise (Yum)
And now I sit back thinkin' 'bout the times in my dirty bathroom with stink
But she used it anyway, 'cause she had the instinct
So I came up and I bust a nice he's and her's sinks

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My girl been down since Dark Patch
She's fucked so much bad looking like a dirty chalkboard
One time, another prematurely was awkward
Baby call me Shiv, I was working with a small source
When we met I was sleeping on a hard floor (Ow)
My drip bad, gonna rear
I ain't have money, but a lot of ideas (Okay)
Told me "Get to work", baby, I can really see 'em (Let's go)
Now we in the GT3, up line pre
Red line in the heat, got the rear steppin' out (Skrt)
Hard work got us sleeping in a big house
Call me Shawshank with the way I dig her walls down

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