

Hit & Run

Tobi Lou

Got a [?] a thot, a tick for the tock
Just my kick, it's a block
Like I'm Jenny on my block
I know you need a charger, 'cause your phone on to

Her best friend throwin' me a party (Party)
I hope the shit go dumb (Dumb)
My ex got a new nigga, yeah
I hope the bitch don't come (Come, come, come)
I saw the moon last night (Ooh)
I thought that it was love (Love)
When I woke up, she was gone, uh
It felt like a hit-and-run, hit-and-run

Alabama, Louisiana, please excuse my country grammar
But it really do not matter, I don't got no fuckin' manners
Want a boy like Adam Sandler, drink that shit like it's a Fanta
Bakin' soda, I'm in Hammer, whip it, love my grandma
In a shell like Indiana, throw it like I'm Peyton Manning
Any time I'm in Atlanta, gotta hit up all my dancers
Popo barkin', run with hammers, tryna throw me in the slammer
Don't just show up with a camera, 'cause it kill, persist that Canon
It's that new Star-Spangled Banger
This that new national anthem
You ain't even gotta stand up
But, baby put your fuckin' hands up
Put them bands up, baby, put them bands up, baby (Okay)
Put them bands up, baby, put them bands up, baby (Okay)
Put them bands up, baby, put them bands up, baby (Okay)
Put them bands up, baby, put them bands up, baby (Okay)
She hold my bag, it's a lie, got some things I can't drop
That's my baby, just my vibe, yeah this song, got surprised
Yeah, I know you goin' through it, 'cause I see right through
I know you need a charger, 'cause your phone on too

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I seen her leavin' in Sherman's car, but nothin' for me to call, shit
I thought I had game, boy, she would rather leave her exes on the leaderboard
It's an evil world, I was thinkin' we was gonna leave tomorrow
No, no, don't even really be in the party, I don't even gotta with a DM shawty, I'm tryna play machines [?]
Said she bossed up like her daddy with her baby, all that shit fugazi
Started duckin', wasn't for the takin', then she confiscated
Said I'm tryna go to world war with somebody daughter
They ain't gettin' shit, like the vendin' machine is out of order
So you gotta shake it, baby, in the spot, I say we gotta shake it
I ain't got no kids, but I'm on niggas that look like Claymation
Backroad, hit me with the Curry assist, girls with the dirtiest shit

Party of six, turnin' into text to text
Hot, too close, probably burn your face

Got a [?] a thot, a tick for the tock
Just my kick, it's a-
Feet swollen, runnin' this shit too long
Feet swollen, runnin'

Feet swollen, runnin' this shit too long
I got thirty bitches callin' my two phones
They been fuckin' with you, what you do wrong
Bitch, you back your shit, get thrown on
Feet swollen, runnin' this shit too long
Feet swollen, runnin' this shit too long
I got bitches callin' my two phones