

WTFU

Tom MacDonald

Yeah

Uh, they're just jealous their bitches don't look like ours

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Y'all can follow us on Twitter, we just following the stars

And all of ours are in alignment, 'cause my God is who designed it

I was there when it all happened, we could oversee Poseidon

Uh, fuck all that deep talk

My shades dark and my beats knock like bang, bang, bang, bang hoe

Holler at them bad hoes, so shout-out to all those

One time for them Friday nights, we shut it down 'til it all closed

They're lookin' for truth, yeah, I'm what they're lookin' for

If they don't like what they see then what they're lookin' for?

My eyes are itchy, my nose run, and it's not the flu

They're on some bullshit my entire team allergic to

Hoes say I'm so dreamy, I'm their motherfucking nightmare

Y'all could never see me, even if I stood right there

I'm breakin' hearts like oh man, don't give a fuck like oh yeah

I hold it down, I don't hold 'em

We in that mosh pit, we don't slow down so

I'm double cupping my whiskey

Shout-out to girls who say they don't miss me

My chain hang out like some besties and they're askin' me dumb questions

I'm like "word the fuck up, word the fuck up, word the fuck up"

Taught myself to do it and I never learned the fuck up, uh

They're just jealous their bitches, oh yeah

They're just jealous their bitches, oh, uh

They're just jealous their bitches don't look like ours

They're just jealous their bitches don't look like ours

No mind, that's guest list

I leave while you have breakfast

My hair hang like my necklace

I'm in the cut textin' my exes

And my exes are all in a row

I wouldn't let 'em for one more, oh

I could've said yes but I always say no and I never let 'em in my home, I swear I don't

My team good and they reassure me every night

They validate my character when them people mention they heard I'm hype

That's right, that's right that's right

And that's the shit that them boys don't like

Money in my ear and whiskey on ice

You couldn't do a day in my life, what's up?

I'm a wreck and I'm willing to bet

That my people will get reckless

There's no bitches on my team, we're not being sexist

This your round but shots on me, 'cause all my clips extended

I shoot for the stars and hit your grandma's ghost up there in heaven, yeah

Oh my God, it's 3 AM

Oh my God, it's 3 AM, hell yeah
And they don't fuck around like that, they don't fuck around like that, hell no
Oh my God, it's 3 AM
Oh my God, it's 3 AM, hell yeah
And they don't fuck around like that, they don't fuck around like that, what's up

I'm double cupping my whiskey
Shout-out to girls who say they don't miss me
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I'm like "word the fuck up, word the fuck up, word the fuck up"
Taught myself to do it and I never learned the fuck up, uh
They're just jealous their bitches, oh yeah
They're just jealous their bitches, baby, uh
They're just jealous their bitches don't look like ours
They're just jealous their bitches don't look like ours

I ain't gon' chill all night, I ain't gon' chill all night with you
She heard that I'm good and I'm good alright
She mentioned the pill and I'm like "yeah, that's cool"
My drink is full as the moon, my Swisher is full of the violet
I shoot for two stars at once, 'cause mine are in alignment
They're lookin' for love, I hope they find it, speeding ticket
I'm lookin' for centerpieces and selling weed at an art exhibit
I'm feeling myself like oh man
You'd have to cut off my arms to hold hands
My people are hipper than low pants
And I'm coming off of a romance
Ah, going home to some bitch you hate
I'm going home to some chick that made everything I said it ate
I'm surprised the pussy ain't on that plate
Gotta hop out, should I air it out?
She got designer ass, should I wear it out?
There's two kinds of people to fill up this bitch, me and everybody else

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They're just jealous their bitches, uh, uh, uh
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