

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
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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
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They're just jealous their bitches, baby, uh
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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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