

New Corvette

Toosii

They wanna know what it's like to be a nigga like me
I'm hoppin' out of the V
I got about two or three foreigns
Rich nigga, still put a nigga past a tree
And this glizzy on the side of my waist
It'll crop a nigga, still put a nigga on a tee
Only nigga do a hit, sing love songs, and still put a bitch on her knees

This a new 'Vette
I'm hoppin' out wit' a 'Tech
Brodie done sent me a text
We get 'em cut like Gillette, uh, uh
Shoot a nigga
Got a couple shooters wit' me, they gon' maneuver wit' me
Ask how many shots inside of this car, it fit like 250

My bitch look a lil' foreign but she just black
And that pussy too crack
She know a nigga wit' the shits, I'll send a nigga right off the map
I gotta stick, still ride wit' a ghost gun
Her friend bad, need both of 'em
I know she tired of niggas 'cause none of these niggas ain't got no motion
Niggas be broke
I'm hoping out when it's smoke
.40 inside of my coat
Hit a nigga, make 'em dead to the world
Niggas be acting too woke
I just might go like Lambo V12, black interior leather, I'm the G.O.A.T
I just might throw on all of my jewels and a nigga be feelin' like I'm on a
boat, yeah
Extension go, "Frr"
Fifty-round mag but I'm pulling up 42 Dugg
I might go Porshe frog-eyes, pulling up on a bad bitch in a bug
Never been lame nigga, I ain't pulllin' up on no bad bitch wit' no hug
Play wit' my money I feel like Big Worm, I'll pull up on you 'bout a dub

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Two phone, three phone, cuttin' my ring off, I ain't tryna hear what a bitch
say
Tryna beef wit' a nigga like me, we gon' turn this bitch into blitz day
She try to ask me what time it was, I don't know but I hold up my wrist, aye

Wavin' it left to right, and put my diamonds right in a bitch face
I got Botega all on my case, uh, nigga my car is expensive
Better look in the garage and look in my crib, none of my cars is rented
I be ridin' five percent wit' twenty on the windshield, my cars is tinted
Make a nigga move out of his spot like I'm moving in and I'm the lieutenant,
yeah

Who want smoke wit' the Ps?
Got her throwing up Vs, she two times
Florida bitch, she yell, "Glee," I'm about my green like I'm a crouton
She wanna fuck wit' a nigga, charge her for the dick, give her a coupon
I don't trust not a soul, I'm fuckin' a bitch and I got my shoes on

I told ya last time, it was my last time
They tried to tell me that I was gon' need you, that was the past time
Killers might pull up inside of the 'Vette, uh, they be on bad time
They just might rock ya to bed, and shoot at ya head like it was just nap time

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