

Why You Think

Toosii

You know
I thought they knew I was a big stepper, well-known flexer
Girlfriend ass caresser
You heard?

Why you think we the same, nigga? We ain't the same, nigga
I'm the type to do the hittin' up, you the type to pay hitters
I'm the type to walk over the body, let the flame hit him
You the type to spin the block, don't give a fuck if you graze niggas
Bitch, I ride with hitters, uh
Even if we four deep, it's eight rods inside the Sprinter
They want me to go like Ricky, got a rod inside my denim
Life like Kahoot, he answer wrong, he sent to the sender
We was praisin' shooters, wonder why our life kept on descending, uh
Still don't give a fuck, I spin a bend like I was Simmons, uh
I feel like Raf, I ain't gotta hit Neimans to get them Simons (No)
Tryna change my ways but I'm on the opps' head, you can say I'm tempt
ed (For real)
Bro say just for a feature he'll get 'em dead, he reminiscing
Nigga, is you gon' pay your shooters or is you gon' play your shooter
s?
We treat your shooters like they target practice, slay your shooters
He got no play, he on the bench, nigga, you 2K-ed your shooter
Wonder why he gunnin' for your head, 'cause you ain't save your shoot
er
He was on the block hot, wish Tadoe never died or I could've saved Ni
ko
Your whole gang full of crash dummies, your frontline like a free thr
ow
We gon' hang on the opp block like the wifi, that's a hotspot, and we
keep rope
Wintertime, I keep a P inside a jacket, for rainy days, got a peacoat
I was goin' to school with pee clothes, I still feel like fuck the R.
I.C.O.'s (Fuck 'em)
Grew up in Brentwood West, that's why I'm so close with the 'migos
I do my dance when the pack touch down, they start to call a nigga T.
O.
I make my mama mama rich, give her them chips, she love casinos
We want more life, nigga, like Vito, think I'm broke? Well, shit, she
know
Ain't free Pooh up out them chains, but I'm happy we got Dee though
We'll box a nigga up like he a pizza, work for D-no's
And my dreadhead smoke Keef, he a chief, get 'em gone, finito
Yeah, Panama Beach, we still got Glocks, they say, "Baby Toot, you ho
t"
They don't know it's a warzone, I'ma pop 'fore Baby Toot get shot
Always keep my guard on, let a shot off 'fore this 2 get Pac'd
Who the fuck I'ma call on or I'ma fall on if Lil Toot get shot?

For real
You dig? And like
Who I'ma talk to about my problems?

They say I'm a, uh, blessing
Shit, tell me, am I in disguise?
You heard?