

BDay

Tory Lanez

When I drop, nigga, I'ma drop easy
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

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TikTok, big Glock, big Glizzy
I'ma ball, I was broke for every BDay
Get the money, split it with my niggas each way
I be pimpin' these hoes, no, it ain't easy
When I cash out the stack, I'm glitchy
Bitch I'm blowin' money fast like Meech, ayy
Still I wear the same sweats for like three days
Give a fuck 'bout these hoes, I gotta eat, yeah
I got places to go, people to meet, yeah
I be duckin' these fuck niggas and the leechers
Niggas cheatin' these blogs, how they be reachin'
Roll my reefers in logs, bitch I be chiefin'
I hate to seem like a boss, they know I'm glitchin'
Ayy, ayy, bitch, I'm glitchin'
They out here ridin' the wave, they in the deep end
I call her for some shorty, she and her three friends
I'm dippin' off in a Rolls
They call me three hundred thousand, baby, I'm livin' large, yeah
Pre-ownin' houses, baby, I'm thinkin' smart, yeah
She wanna pull up 'cause she know I keep it G.I. Joe to deceased, I'm glitch
, I know, yeah, yeah

When I drop, nigga, I'ma drop easy
Knowin' that you pussy niggas couldn't see me
It ain't promised so you gotta live it each day
So I gotta fuck it up for my BDay, ayy, ayy, ayy
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up for my BDay, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Can't nobody tell me nothin', it's my BDay, ayy, ayy, ayy
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up for my BDay, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up for my BDay

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah

In the Grove, shoppin', lookin' like CJ
Wholesale with a pound like BJ
Nigga fuckin' with my money, he catchin' three fade
That nigga play with me funny, I give him three days
Real talk, motherfucker, I'm glitchin', yeah
Tell a bum nigga straight, "Stop leechin'"
Down in Miami, the Bentley on the highway
I feel like Fetty, I seen the girl swingin' my way
Momma gobblin', wobblin' on a vibrate
That toppy feelin' metropolis when she slide, babe
She dropped an ice cube on it like Friday
Lil' mama price too, too, too high, bae
If you really with the gang, then you gon' sign in
VVS's in my chain, them bitches blindin'
Twenty thousand in the stand, bitch, can you find 'em?
Niggas, they don't understand, bitch, I'm a grinder
Hustlin' knives, big duffle of cash
My money is stashed, the police comin', shit, I'm duckin' and dashin'
From the twenty, the thirty, baby, shit a bucket of cash

Prayin' that you fake niggas never last like that, ayy

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