

Bryson Tiller

Towkio

Yea it's young towk trap phone plug talk truck
Loads hunchos you play with my oodie you get upped on
They don't get the picture less the gun drawn
I been extra busy need some fun we left the sitchy to the club
Fuck wrong with em I don't know they
Ass at all

Took a half of perky of that 30 call it Pat Mahones
Keep them bottles coming I ain't drank a drop of alcohol
My girl got a girl I hit the crib it's a triathlon
This shit like a magic show
Outside got em lined up
If I say I got you know I'm rockin we for lifers
When you put that work wipe it off with Sanitizer
Yea free my bros up out the can ain't talkin Budweiser

Don't know no better with my dogs just like Cruella
I keep it 1 over a hundred nothing lesser than
Who next to us apply the pressure they ain't measure up I
Only came in lot this bitch to change the temperature

Woah serving fish scale out da fish bowl
Ten toes make this bitch crack wishbone
Back then they didn't want me mike Jones bitch gone I don't feel her
I feel lik bryson tiller how I tell a bitch... don't

Feel lik Bryson how I tell a bitch don't
I was lil homie now they counting on me big bro
Roll a zone in a blunt look like an egg roll
Tell my girl where you goin bitch you signed to death row

Don't like to choose cause why cause you can have both
Flew a freak in for The Weeknd had her singing XO
Stash the drugs in her coochie tell her keep her legs closed
And she say she love me so much she say she can't leave me alone

It's on the floor this shit a PPPP loan
Need me now I do it on my own but fuck a co-sign
And they trying kill me like Selena bidddy bomba
Pull up to the city with a thicky and we goin viral
Visvim only person rocking slippers sitting court side
District for the judge decision free my bro he on trail
Find me in the middle of the chi I be reporting live
Shouts to glo gang we shine we live the life they glorify. Woah

Woah serving fish scale out da fish bowl
Ten toes make this bitch crack wishbone back
Then they didn't want me mike Jones bitch gone
I don't feel her I feel like Bryson Tiller
How I tell a bih... don't

Feel like Bryson how I tell a bitch don't
I was lil homie now they counting on me big bro
Roll a zone in a blunt look like an egg roll
Tell my girl where you goin bitch you signed to death row