

Friends

Trae

I ain't got no mothafuckin' friends
I'm comin' down, real slow in my Benz
I ain't got no mothafuckin' friends
I'm comin' down, real slow in my Benz
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Lookin' at these suckers through these Cartier lens
Reachin' out to God, hope he overlook my sins
Clear sunroofs open up to feel the wind
Feelin' like Khaled, tell them all I do is win
Only countin' racks if they comin' by the tens
Whole world watchin' cause they know I'm settin' trends
, bitch I'm bout it
Streets locked, bitch I got it
See me lose, bitch I doubt it
I'ma check somethin', no deposit
Villains comin' out the closet, probably cause they know I'm solid
I ain't good , I'ma take flight like a pilot
Like Big Mo, I was chose
Like Derrick, how I rose
My money long, I expose
Like Jay-Z changing clothes
I build traps like
I'm still with it, think I'm froze
I'm heavy with it, nothin' light

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I'm back at it, nothin' safe
Bout ten Summer, played the race
Don't get mad, fix your face
Jump all

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