

# Automatic

Trey Songz

Money in my pocket, yeah, that's automatic (Automatic)  
Bitches goin' all in, yeah, that's automatic (Automatic)  
With the smoke bullshit, with the static  
New bitch, new crib like a palace  
Bad bitch on the carpet, Aladdin (Automatic)  
Baby ride it like a horse, she a stallion (Automatic)  
Two-fifty on the chain and medallion (Automatic)  
All my niggas came from that public housin' (Automatic)

She get high, she could sniff a fuckin' mountain (Shorty wild)  
Shawty squirt, body turn into a fountain (Automatic)  
I'm a boss, she was lost and I found her  
Ass round, super cake so I pound her  
Got my nigga wit' me from the city, mane, yeah  
Know I'm fuckin' wit' that Glizzy gang, yeah  
Spend a bag, get them titties huge  
While you at it, get that ass too-ass too

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Move the trash, move the cash  
Monster truck, move the dash  
Foreign little bitch, shoes and bag  
Skeet on her ass, who the dad?  
Racks on me, packs on me  
Pill rollin', crafts on me  
Took her to the crib bet she tapped on me  
Pulled her hair now I got tracks on me  
No replacin', I don't want no relation  
I don't want none, the basic  
I'm 'bout to cum, she'll taste it  
I got the 'Rari racin'  
I'm at the border chasin'  
I know they all are naked  
Holes in my face, I'm Jason

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They can't fuckin' check me  
Baby, tell me, is you ready?  
They call me Young Jefe, bitch, if you win't never met me  
Trey, he with them Glizzes, bitch, you know we Trigga happy  
In LA with them bossy bitches, bitch, stop bein' petty

You never fucked a dope boy, bitch, I sell that shit so well  
She in love with the coco, so I buy that bitch Chanel  
And I just sent them rocks out to my niggas in them cells  
Bitch, pull up to my traphouse, tell me you will never tell  
Lil' momma full of joy, she say she like them bad boys  
Said, "Bitch I like your booty," said she like my fast toy  
You see these V-V-S's, baby, make me buy more  
Bitch, please don't miss your blessin', it's the fuckin' trap lord

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