

Space Time

Trippie Redd

Yeah, travelin' through space time
I travel through space time
Know I'm busy, I'll make time
Heard I'm on top through the grapevine
I've been runnin' the block like a canine
Got the Glock and your mom havin' face time
Gotta praise Allah out in Dubai
You a bitch, wish your mom's got your tubes tied
Giuseppe steppin' in the moonlight
Sippin' on lean, no moonshine
Tryna kill the opps but they won't die
Don't play with my shooter, he too fried
Went and spinned his block like two times
Don't see nobody, I'm hungry, I went to McDonald's and ordered
like two fries
Came a long way from black mold and usin' the stoves to make chicken pot pie
Wanna play with my name, then we drop dimes
We done took the opp's street sign

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Go get some racks, go get some cash
Run up your bag, why you lookin' sad
On your ass, boy, get off your ass
Bitch, we about to spaz
Roll like thirty mags

Bitch, I feel like Bloody Bermit, I don't wanna talk
Know we swaggin' and surfen', I don't wanna walk
Went and bought my bitch a Birkin, I don't know the cost
I'ma Rick, Margiela serpent, I can't do Lacoste
They don't like it when the tables turnin', they get sick and lost
All this water on my body, perfect, I'm just full of Voss