

I might just add a verse for no reason, fuck it
Ayo

I shit in my garden and play Stevie Wonder
And get foot massages while Clancy talk numbers
He threw me some game and I swear I won't fumble
Might cop me a Bronco to ride for the summer
Marni the trousers, tell Risso to holla
The carnival sell out, the stadium Dodger
I cut off some homies, but Taco my brodie
Until he score millions, I won't leave the goalie
Might pass 'em the mittens, he never betrayed me
The E30 sitting, the 675LT my daily
The engine is stupid, I drive like a tutor
When I move, it moves, the transmission like Luda
Now ketchup like packets, my new nigga pretty
Your new bitch is tacky like Busta Rhymes jackets
Want smoke? I can match it, the second-hand action
We exhale you inhale and asthma attack
Teeing off, niggas nauseous
As fuck, fuck you thought?
Bitch, it's GOLF

Brand new whip got no keys
Tailor my clothes, no starch, please
Soon as I nut, you can gon' leave
Got M's in the bank, like: "Yes, indeed"

This shit going crazy, I swear I go crazy
I never met him but man shout out Lil Baby
We running the thing [*gibberish*] I just ran out of words