

Ooh

Oh (Damn, JULiA)

(DTB, that's a slap)

And I know you talk about me but I won't speak about you  
And I might open up my eyes so I can see about you  
And I if I open up my mind, I still won't think about you  
Oh, what a wonderful time to be alive  
What a time, what a time, what a time  
What a time, what a time, what a time

I was thinking about them days, beautiful times  
I got niggas down the road doing hard time  
Now all they ever think about is them hard times  
It's been a minute, he forgot like he got Alzheimer's  
Yeah, I ain't forgot you got caught up with a Glock and a 9  
And they'll probably turn folks to dropping the dime  
Told the folks we got the birds in the boat and they flying  
Boys shot him in his throat, blood on the floor, it's lying  
They told the fool he doing hard crimes  
If the star ship start them stars align  
Snuck up on him with the Carbine  
I leave that boy blue like carbon  
How you want beef and your ribs so starving?  
He ain't never throw 'em in the room like Marvin  
Wet that boy up, put his body in the ocean

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If I put your lips up on your forehead, you still wouldn't speak your mind  
I took some cups and filled 'em with Moët, you like drinking wine  
Told my new ho to take all my clothes to the cleaner 'cause I don't use iron  
s  
She gonna get on her knees with Yung Shyne like he is her shrine  
She had to get in the motion  
She on my skin like lotion  
She said, "Your dick, I be worshipping" (Nope)  
Baby, come here and get closer  
You know love scars are permanent (Yeah)  
I can't be the one for your closure  
You know that these bullets like boulders  
And, little nigga, you know that it's over  
Saying over like it's red rover  
I don't wanna control it, remote her  
I pull up to your trap with the cake in it  
Don't you play, I pull in with the stick in it  
Pop a nigga, you better move quick with it  
Pop a nigga like a zit, man  
My niggas all loving hit licks, man  
Y'all niggas, they suckers, they licks, man  
They bitches all love it, we tripping, we fucking  
You know this ain't love and you still pissed off

Your bitches pay me and you living with 'em  
I don't even know how you feeling, nigga  
All I know is I be peeling niggas  
I am not one to be sentimental  
But with your bitch, I ain't missing mental

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