Gas

Valee

Bouncin' with six sluts at the Four Seasons
HB on the track
Rio Mac

Bouncin' with six sluts at the Four Seasons
And my motor breathin', I'm at Ruth's Chris feastin', yeah
Fill the coupe up too much, I spill gas
Rolled up, I spill gas, tap the gas, it snatch, yeah
I just walked in Saks and spent some cash, yeah
I just threw some knots off in my stash, yeah
I just parked on Jackson in the Jag, yeah
Juicy, she got Chanel on her back, yeah

My ex-ho was fussin' for no reason
Shoes, these overseas, snatched off, no key needed
Sheesh, I got these wounded ass kicks on my feet bleedin'
Bitch, I'm with a Greek fiend, fuckin' then I'm leavin'
Sheesh, I got this ounce of dope on my lap and it's seedless
Me and your ho strangers, chasin' guap and cheesing'
Yes, just bought this ratchet ass Glock, use for defence
Squeeze it without thinkin', and I'm sippin' pink shit
Fried your last petal, slap it and start geekin'
Coupe filled up with gas, I can't use that cheap shit, yeah
Got this boujee ass bitch I always be with
Always spillin' gas, act like we don't need it

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Dirt money in my brand new jeans, clean (stud)
Pourin' up that dirty but it came clean (drank)
Opps, we do 'em dirty, that's a stain (count it up)
Autotune the whip, ain't no T-Pain, aye (skr)
Rings all on my fingers, bitch, I look like Mike
Got two new hoes that look alike (yeah)
That ride on dick like mountain bikes (uh)
They love me 'cause I look like Mike
Fill up fifty on fifteen
Push that button and fuel, no keys (skr)
Backwoods filled with gasoline (yeah)
Ride with all my day one niggas, like tires, they roll with me
96 plus 4 with me (100)
Get bread and then count loaf with me (money)
Got 36 onions in my bag, call it groceries (what)
Bet your bitch wanna go with me
Might make her open doors for me (none of that)
Shit

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