GAIG

Veeze

Yeah
Greatest rapper alive in the booth, man, you know what the fuck goin' on
They call me V-E-E-Z-E W-O-R-S to the T
My nigga fly with no wings, man
Yeah
Baby, tell me what you wanna do with me
Gangerski

Baby, just treat me like Santa, sit on my lap (Sit on my lap, okay)
I got some gifts in the bag (I got some gifts in the bag, yeah), I got expensive-ass habits (I got expensive-ass habits, yeah)
I should be under the jail, I just keep killin' the game on camera (I should be under the jail, damn)
Havin' these cups of this red dirt, they think it's from Alabama (Havin' these cups of dirt, hold on)

Fuck bein' humble, I ain't average, turn up, I'm savage (Fuck bein' humble, I'm savage, nigga)
He want a block of that sand, we build him a castle (Huh?)
I'm the one, I'm the one taught 'em how walk on them beats, they should bring me an apple (I'm the one, I'm the one, yeah)
Young nigga, young nigga, box on the back of my Glock, won't switch on my niggas (Young nigga, young nigga)
I'm eatin' these pills, I'm geekin' off X (I'm geekin')
Yeah, I'm havin' these hoes, I might overdose on sex (I might just overdose)
I'm GAIG, bae, I'm good as it gets (Good as it gets)
I know her head good 'cause she talk with a lisp (Ooh)
These niggas ain't street, they'll pay for protection (I swear)
I'm late for my funeral, findin' a 'fit (I'm late for my own damn funeral)
I wanna take you to France and kiss you in French (Moi, moi)
I wanna show you how cold and deep my heart is like we ice fishing (For real, bae)
I just, I just want folks to know I'm genius like Kanye documentary (I just, I just)
I'm on, I'm on road to riches solo, ain't nobody ridin' with me (I'm on, I'm on road)
Girly, I'm GAIG, I'm good as it gets (I'm GAIG)
Yeah, even though I make these racks in my sleep, I still can't get rest (I still can't sleep)
I'm a lil' nigga, I stand on my money, I'm bigger than Shaq (I'm bigger than Shaq)
You know it's fuck you for life, if you hatin', say it louder for the ones in the back (The ones in the back)
I got this money to stunt on my ex (Yeah)
I don't got quality time, I got Zelle
She throwin' neck like I'm fightin' giraffes
Park handicap 'cause I walk with a limp (Yeah)
I light a joint like Obama kid, give home tours like Bronny James
I got this ho on my naughty list, I still gotta buy her ass everything
I'm marryin' a ho, my weddin' day, nigga, Neveruary 28th
I break a ho and go my separate ways, man, I feel like Kevin Federline (Like Kevin Federline)
Bae, I feel like you the perfect lady I imagined in all of my fantasies (I dreamed about it)
Get a funny feelin' when we chillin', got a real P thinkin' 'bout settlin' (I think we should stay together)
Bitch, we the M-O-B, come deep like Havoc and Prodigy (Yeah)

I like to shop a lot, spread out the spree, I gave all the Amiri to charity (All the Amiri to charity)
I got the grown racks, put 'em on child lock, dog got money too kiddie (His money's too childish)
I'm 'bout to put all this dirt on my Sprite like a coffin, in loving memory, nigga (Rest in peace, nigga)

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Baby, just treat me like Santa, sit on my lap
I got some gifts in the bag, I got expensive-ass habits
I should be under the jail how I just be killin' the game on camera
Havin' the cups of this red dirt, they think I'm from Alabama, nigga

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