

# GOMD

Veeze

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, yes  
Yes, gang, gang, gang, gang  
Shit too easy  
Too much smoke bro  
(Damn, Tye, you made this bitch too? The fuck got into you?)  
Yeah  
AYY  
Lil Uzi

Get off my dick lil' bitch, and go fuck lil' pit (Yeah, lil pit')  
My weed from the garden, yeah, smokin' on more than a nic' (Yeah, bitch)  
My Brooklyn bitch in the garden, while we watchin' the Knicks (Yeah-yeah)  
Walk your bitch like a pit', dogshit by my hip (Walk her ass, let's go)  
Got more hair all on my sweatsuit, that be that Marni shit (That Marni shit)  
Mix green with that purple, I'm trippin', that be that Barney shit (That Barney shit)  
You got on Dior with a Nike Tech, that be that corny shit (That corny shit, ew)  
Made so many songs, I could make "Lil Uzi Greatest Hits" (No bap)

Called this bitch a scat, 'cause this ain't even my favorite bitch (Brr)  
Me and Lil' Veeze go back to back  
Spent four hunnid thousand, never drove the Maybach  
I talk shit, I don't ever talk back  
Put the tape on the Tec', it's a homemade MAC  
I just wanna rock, made that shit in the trap  
And you wouldn't believe how much I made back  
Bitch, my sole Amiri, I can never keep it cordial (Nah)  
I just had a foursome, pussy, that's triple oral  
My chains so deep down in the ocean, I see shrimp and coral (Yeah)  
Boy, your watch a forty-one, I do fifty or more  
I'm in the cut with a bad bitch, like I'm tryna buck fifty a whore (Woah)  
I bleed anywhere that I go, better watch your mink, 'cause I drip on the floor (I drip)  
I don't even call it Wock, I'm sippin' the woah, I pour me some more (Yeah)  
Bitch, I just poured me a four, just makin' sure that I do not catch a cold (Achoo)  
Bitch, I put my back to the ropes, huh, I'm on my Jeff Hardy shit  
I'm on them opiums, buffs on my face, I don't play, boy, 'bout my Carti's, bitch  
I don't even play with these niggas at all, I don't even know what Atari is  
I ordered a jet, couldn't take no pictures, 'cause I don't even know red carpet is

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If I had dollar for every time these niggas hate, I'd be rich like Jay and Y  
e

I got rich with Babyface, we came up just making plays (Yeah)  
Man, I feel just like Beyoncé, niggas love to say my name  
I can't back down from no nigga, I bring more smoke than Taylor Gang (Shh)  
I'm the G.O.A.T., dunkin' from the free throw, fadeaway (Hit that bitch)  
Whippin' dope, make it Big Sean, you can't say it ain't (Hit that bitch)  
I know if I wasn't that great, they wouldn't even be throwin' shade (Shh)  
Say that shit come with the game, nigga, I ain't never been no game  
I don't even wanna conversate, niggas lie right to my face (Yeah)  
I'd probably be under the jail, they knew how much crime I did today (Damn)  
Crybaby Veeze, use the hundreds, wipe it away (Crybaby Veeze)  
I don't got change for twenty, nigga, twenty ain't nothin' but change (You hear what I'm sayin'?)  
I'm tired of givin' niggas game  
I'm shoppin', coppin' Matty Boy, I got this down in MIA (Huh?)  
This lil' bitch should get a housekeeper, I met her in LA (In LA)  
I got bloods in Brompton, Crips on Slauson gon' make sure I'm safe (Yeah)  
Thottie breaking, Glory Gang, slimy, I should be ashamed (Gang)  
He done dropped a hundred tapes, made no noise like Pootie Tang (What?)  
Nigga, my heart so icy, I'm like Shiesty, I'm like Gucci Mane  
I'm down to a four a day, dirty water, Louie Ray  
These stupid-ass niggas must be freebasin'  
Young nigga, I was middle school, hoes Keir age  
Fast forward a nigga, death day, make him meet his maker  
Broke beefin' nigga, make his mama throw a fundraiser  
7 Mile popstar, bitch, I'm Justin Timberlake (Wow)  
Fuck nigga throwin' salt, but ain't never killed a player (Oh my God)  
Daydreamin' 'bout the Wockhardt in the 'frigerator (Huh?)  
Dog livin' with a broke heart, heard I hit his main one (Heard I hit his main one)  
Get off my dick, lil' bitch, lil' bitch, get off my dick (Get off my dick)  
You ain't met a nigga rich like this, you ain't met a nigga rich like this  
(You ain't met a nigga rich like this, ho)  
He buyin' designer on sale, that be that country shit  
She callin', wanna cheat on her man, that be that horny shit  
Tell me you proud of me, baby, again, I need to hear it again (I need to hear it again)  
I got the gang tatted on my skin, this shit thicker than thin (Yeah)  
I don't trust broke niggas, it is what it is (Yeah)  
She bein' faithful to the kid, but I'll never commit (Come on)  
  
Get off my dick, lil' bitch, lil' bitch, get off my dick (Let's go)  
Get off my-, lil' bitch, lil' bitch, get off my dick, yeah (Let's go)  
I might be OG Sick, I might be OG Sick (I might be OG Sick)  
I- flip them niggas, and I had to whip that shit, gang  
Get off my dick, lil' nigga, lil' nigga, get off my dick  
Hatin'-ass nigga  
Y'all niggas know what the fuck goin' on, man  
I'm like Justin Timberlake compared to y'all lil'-ass niggas, man  
You know what I'm sayin'?