GOMD

Veeze

Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, yes
(Damn, Tye, you made this bitch too? The fuck got into you?)

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 h
ear 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 Bompton, 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 mai
n 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 (What's to him?)
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 hea
r 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'?

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