

# Olé

Vin Jay

Y'all been on that bullshit, like olé  
Swear they on the move  
But going the wrong way  
I be with my ride or dies  
It's bottom line  
And we be gettin' dollar signs that's prolly why  
They all on my line  
All in my face  
Hope I decline  
Hopin' I'm fake  
Won't get my body or my body  
Or my soul

Home grown, so low, the enterprise  
Stone cold, won't slow, or minimize  
Told the globe that I'll be on in a minute  
Catalog growth is overloading the critics  
I'm good, know that I should  
Slow my pace, but don't know if I could  
Know they wanna slide with us  
And and they'll ride with us  
But ain't grind with us  
Probably while they movin' on foot

Still a young god in my prime, got the golden touch  
Too live to recline or control the rush  
It's no lie  
Got 'em waiting on me, and I think I know why  
Take a second I'ma tell 'em

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New city, new place that I call home  
Too busy, that's just the way I grow  
Never post up, until I gross us  
A couple hundred milli, then we cosha  
Settle down, let's settle down  
The shows are finally sellin' out  
They gettin' loud  
So we be livin' better now, we better now  
I know the fam is hella proud, let's get a round, yeah yeah

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