

No Excuses

Warhol.SS

(PJ, pipe it up, cause)

Bags, yeah, tags, yeah, fashion
Put my hoe in Céline in a Mansion
Ooh, my bitch she bad, yeah, lovin' the feel
Count up a whole quarter mil'
I remember when I cracked the seal
I remember when these niggas peeled
Switched, it's a shame
Hop in traffic, we switchin' these lanes
Hit your hoe, think she needed the cane
Love, hate, smoke, in the same
In the Fisker, switchin' frames
Keep it true, we the same

How you fuck up the work it's a shame
Caught your hoe and she pull at my Hanes
Keep a P or two just for a drought
We been havin' this drip like Sarain
Keep biscotti wrapped in saran
And the double cup filled with the demons
Mortal K, kill 'em quick
Die slow, he a bitch
You a gang, or them niggas you pick
Percocet got me with' a lil' itch
He a pussy I chop and he flinch
New whip four hunnid' lench
.45 burn a nigga up, cristo slide keep it on me young buck
John [?], big gas on me nigga no seeds

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Pop out, rock out
Got the Glock's out, we the mops now
Hit your hoe put her up on some game
Need to rob your nigga for some change
Bring it back, then she ready
Leave a nigga red like spaghetti
Private jets and we ride helis
Keep some water like I brought the levee's
Bending corners I can't need a Chevy
Keep a Tesla, on your lawn
Pourin' Act' up, in my lawn
Rockin' Dolce, at the farm
New Gabbana they call me Gambino
Keep my hoe in Louboutin all times

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