

What Would Comb Do?

Wynne

Check, check, check

I wouldn't turn it all up, just some of it

Uh, yeah, that's good

I know I'm that bitch so it's over with now, finito

I take the crown, repo

Throw in the towel, heave-ho

Ay, Dios mío

I rap to rap, you don't know what the love does to the ego

It's icing on the cake and the accolades are the maraschinos

Run it back like Teezo, touchdown, I'm beast mode

Like Marshawn, it's free smoke

I respawn, I reload

I need no' reasons to not out all your clout tokens as placebo

They name drop, I lift names up, that's the fucking cheat code

He's from Alabama, but this pussy is his sweet home

Y'all relationships only last as long as your streak goes

He swing me like Wiimote, tryna record me like TiVo

Babe, that clip could make me a million, can you quit tryna freeload?

Winner of the peer vote, a poet, I'm Cyrano

Y'all don't hear me though, I'm the CEO

It's official, oh, fasho, I've been chose

I'm not fucking 'round, I know they're worried 'bout my libido

Don't sleep anymore, I'm hungry, I don't leech anymore, I plug in

I don't reach anymore, it's coming, we don't speak anymore, we're fucking

I don't freak anymore, I'm shrugging, I don't peak anymore, I'm ducking

I'm in and out of the party, tell the Uber driver to keep it running

It's nobody like me, they come for my bars like visitations

But they don't do me well enough to call that imitation

Ask me, "Fight or flight?" Like, it depends on the situation

Look, I never run from no one, I always think I can take him

I'm Ali-olly-oxen free, show your face when you talk to me

Leave a stain on the game, call Billy Mays for the OxiClean

Talk is cheap, not for me, I rap to pay the bills

Fire in the booth, producers running safety drills

All this hate, for real? These comments don't care how they make me feel

Too much shit up on my plate for me to care and I don't waste a meal

I can't call that man a kin, like staying still, he's old news

We don't talk anymore, I post photo dumps for him to scroll through

What would Comb do? Nipples poke through, this a code blue

Big homies became little homies, it was nice to know you

I ain't gon' hold you, I'm wondering if I can love again

While I'm under him, your man here asking me if I'll cum for him

Not to rub it in, I kill flips like Pac in Above The Rim

Quit asking me when I'm gonna blow up, I can't fucking stomach it

Can't you see I'm trying? I'd kill for it, somebody dying

My drive been racking up mileage, if I had a dick, you could suck on it

I give you something to chew, your neck been under my shoe

I'm running circles 'round these kids, we're playing duck, duck, duck goose

It's weighing heavy on my chest, it's not the bra or the boobs

I'll be the greatest out of Portland if it's the last thing I do