

Bëd Side

Yeat

I done poured a deuce inside my exotic pop and took a Perc and took a X today
And the fent Perc'll leave you smacked up like a truck like it hit you both ways
When you cross the road, you look both ways, yeah... (Zach, you killed this)

I took the Cayenne to the westside (Skrr)
She like when I hit it, yeah-yeah, from the back side
All my diamonds flawless, yes sir
Where you keep that Glock? The bed side (Phew)
And she told me that she like it when I hit it from the left side
I guess a broken heart is a fresh wound
But my baby, she a fresh womb
She drink that nut up, she chose to
Buy that bitch everything brand new
'Cause she just be doin' what she s'posed to
They be copying swag like I said some
Diamonds all bloody red, yeah, yeah
Like a red bottom or her period
How that turn into the issue?
You don't wanna listen to nothing I say
And every time I nut in my bae
When I nut on her face, shut up, nothing to say
I got X gotta take up today (Drank up)
She wanna hit the Vivienne Westwood when I'm on Melrose
Spankin' that shit from the back and the side, she bent over, yeah, she touch her toes
Outside with these racks on me
Outside but it's an inside day
I got Vivienne, we right here, woah
None of that shit matter anyway
Do it in any weather, do it in any state
Can't f*ck with the twelve, can't f*ck with the jakes
Racks got 'em doing what I say
Take the bat out like a kid on a sunny day
I hate being rich, I ain't finna sing
I'ma do the same shit everyday
Everything flawless, never make mistakes
Used to eat the noodles, now I'm eating steak
Sexin', bitch, Nobu with my bae
I can't chase a bitch, bitch, I bank with Chase
What expensive taste? You ain't getting paid
Dropping ten but making twenty everyday
Feeling like dropping deuces in my lemonade with a double cup from 7-Eleven

Yeah, you ain't 'bout to get money, bitches really be bluffing
I can't feel the boy, you fake like a cartoon, you ain't really nothing
Bitch, I really woke up, took a Tesla, then I took a Perc', I get to Elon Musk
More than half the bitches that you rap about, that-
that you cap about really be musty
They told me to let the tarantulas out of the cage, and they can't even get in
And every time I went and doubled back back the assumption knew I was right there with 'em
Can't even go make a song with nobody 'cause they don't wanna hop on and get embarrassed by me

Yeah, f*ck the jakes, f*ck the law, f*ck the twelve, f*ck the world, ayy
My brother told me that the opp hood been playing me, but it's all okay
Told him that I don't care about nothing, I could die now any day
And the fent Perc'll leave you smacked up like a truck hit you coming both ways
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