

Breaking News

Yeat

I'm in my bag, I'm a whole different creature
Woo, woo, woo!

I'm in my bag, I'm a whole different creature
Y'all going out sad playing follow the leader
I don't want your money, I don't want a feature
You smoking on crack, you a whole other tweaker
My cup full of Hi-Tech, my soda get sweeter
I rock out on stage while you sit in the bleachers
I'm making more money than my fuckin' teacher
They flexing my music up loud on the speaker
They hate that I'm on, I swear it's getting deeper
You was just a hater now you a believer
Don't talk to my favorite, yeah, she is a keeper, yeah
Gucci on, Fendi on, drip in my bag
That's why I'm out, yeah, switch to tags
Sorry, had to keep it real, yeah, my bad
Gotta work on me and how I act
Nobody with me going out sad
My chain chomp livid, better my stash
Way that I move like a car on a track
In other words, yeah, I'm going fast

I got some drugs in my bag
Money on me, I swear you gotta tap
Might wonder when this shit really gon' hap'
If I'm on a boat, then I am the cap
Yeah, I was broke, yeah that's the past
I can't explain on my absence
No, don't want your two cents
You're a nuisance
Started talking my shit, now that shit is some blasphemy
They listen to me like a teacher, this class for me
I hate her, I love her, why does she keep happening
Stop asking me questions, you know I'm not answering
I see everything, both sides, panoramic
I'm money-hungry, why you anorexic?
Your girl with me, ate my dick for breakfast
Broke in this bank 'til 11, can't kept it
Yeah
Bring me my money, I need it collected
Can't trust nobody, yeah, I'm skeptic
Yeah, I'm too high, I don't know which way left is

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