

Inside Out

Yeat

I mix the X with the Perc' (Yeah, yeah)
I mix the Perc' with the Tose' (Yeah)
Every day I leave the Earth (Woo)
So we do that braggin' and boastin' (Yeah)
Yeah, I feel bad 'cause I got that bitch on the Tose' (Bitch on the d
rugs)
Yeah, I turned the insides out, new coupe Rollsie (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Yeah, I took a trip to the south and the shit not coastal (Went to th
e south)
Yeah, I basically live in her mouth, I ain't pay rent in a while (Ah)
Yeah, peeping they jacking our style, peeping they jacking our sound
(Jacking our sound)
I already blew all the K's that I had, bitch, I just went, put it out
(Like ten)

I got a whole lot of racks, they ask how we do that, uh (Whole lot of
racks)
Yeah, I got them 'bows in the bag, shipping that boot up (Whole lot o
f bags)
Yeah, I just be takin' the X, this shit got my mood up (Took lot of X
)
Yeah, why they been bitin the swag? They barracudas (Biting the swag)
Really they all just shrimp
Yeah, all of they money just skimp
All of my diamonds went crazy, lil' bitch, had to learn how to swim
I hit that bitch from the side, yeah, the left one, bitch, she know I
'm gon' win
I don't need a deal though, bitch, all my twizzy been up, so it's mot
herfuck what they been sayin'

I'm from the south, but I just made it out (Just made it out)
Broke-ass friends, had to leave 'em all out
You switchin' the side for some pussy, no clout
Talkin' that shit, you don't know what it's 'bout
Posted up with no bread on the couch at your mama house
A year ago you wasn't shit
Took you on your first hit
Fuck that shit, me and my twizzy gon' ball
You ain't got no bread, get the fuck out the mall
Lil' twenty K up in Chanel for that all
In the coupe and I'm finna cut off the top
I make a hit every time (Yeah)
I don't even be wastin' my time (No)
Your broke ass keep sipping a line (That line)
You simp for that bitch, keep cryin' (Keep cryin')

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