

Sick

Yeat

Bitch, I'm sick, yeah (Ginseng, where are you)
Bitch, I'm sick, huh (True bliss)
Bitch, I'm sick and I'm still making hits in the stu'
Bitch, I'm sick and I'm still making hits in the stu' (Ugh)
Yeah, you got no excuses (Yeah)
Yeah, you can hear it in my voice
Bitch, I'm sick and I'm still countin' hundreds, honeybuns
Bitch, I'm sick and I'm still countin' hundreds, still ain't do
ne

Yeah, I just pulled up with the mob, bitch, we doin' our job
All of my fingers is crossed, that police do not get involved
Bitch, I just wanna ball, me and my brothers involved
I can tell that they mad in they texts just by the way that the
y talk
I'm fuckin' a bitch, my money be twerking, my money could damn
near walk
Bitch, I have COVID and I don't give a fuck, bitch, I'm still g
on' sip on this Wock'
I signed a deal for a lil' seven mil' and I told 'em I'm still
gon' evolve
All of my fans is really my family, I told 'em, my twizzy, my d
awg
I still geek up and I stand in the sky, bitch, I'm gettin' it g
one, but I'm talkin' 'bout packs
I made a company, I started rentin' some cars and I made me a w
hole lot of racks
Bitch, I am different from all of the rest, but I told you I'm
simple, I don't gotta tax
You get popped like a pimple if you play with my brothers, don'
t ride with your bitch, we gon' pull up and wax
I light it up, send it in the sky, bitch, it's gone (Huh)
She like the way I smell, she like my cologne (Ugh)
I don't wanna talk to this bitch, don't call my phone (Ugh)
I'm fuckin' your best friend, baby, you ain't even know (Ugh)

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[?] sixty, we get vicious
Pull up on a bitch, she gon' lick it

She clean my dick up just like the dishes, huh