

Louie Bag

Yebba

You, ooh

It was a stormy winter
I watched the city burn
And ever since I can remember
That's just the way it hurts
And it goes on and on and on
Like I can never see the pinnacle of it all

Put it in my Louie Bag, don't let it overflow
Move it in, ship it out, tell me if they want some more (Some more)
'Cause I got that fire, it's comin' for them now
Friends are fallin' off, talkin' shit for no reason
Checkin' all my locks 'cause it's robbin' season now
La, da-da, da-da, da
La-la, da-da, da-da, la, da, da-da, da-da

They cut my palms with paper
Made from her Autumn leaves
I'm bleedin' out disclaimers
Into my family tree
Fuck the interviews to enterprise
I'd rather look into my mother's eyes
And let it be
Let it be, ee, yeah

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La-la, da-da, da-da, la, da, da-da, da-da

When the sky like this, I drop my top (I drop my top)
Pull up on you just like a sock (Just like a sock)
Come and ride we don't even gotta talk (We ain't gotta talk)
Yeah, yeah, YEBBA
Yeah, but I was 'posed to make it by now (Uh-oh)
Yeah, but life threw me in the wrong realm (Uh-oh)
Yeah, we always got time to do better (Uh-oh)
Yeah, but I was tryna to it right now (Uh-oh)
And we growin' up in the town (Uh-oh)
Where they never showed love to the brown (Uh-huh)
Twenty-four hours ain't enough time (Uh-huh)
I was fightin', throwin' hands with the clock (Uh-oh)
Never been sweet, no honeycomb (Oh, oh)
Money gone, granny gone, run along (Woah, oh)
City burn, pin it on Pentagon (Oh, oh)
Can't make it up no Revlon (Woah, oh)
Shit bubble up , RevRun (Oh, oh)
Had the episodes, this a re-run (Oh, oh)
And they tell me, "Go pray to the reverend"
Told God that I feel like a stepson (Oh)
Buy a brand new coupe for the stress, huh
Thick thang on the way for the stress, huh
Big blunt on the way to my chest lungs

Nowadays the distance hit me hard (Hit me hard)
I admit, I'm addicted to livin' large (Livin' large)
One, three, five, seven/1357, beat the odds (Beat the odds)

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