

11:35 In Miami

YN Jay

(J, this shit too crazy)
Man, what the fuck?
All these yachts, man, this—
All these palm trees, man, this Miami shit, man?
This shit lovely, man

It's 11:35 in Miami
Bitch wanna win an Oscar, have a Grammy
Pop a molly, mm, taste like cand—, damn
Got a hundred thousand dollars in my fanny pack, alright
The fanny pack? Alright
I'm the real Coochie Man, hit your granny
Thick bitch got on leggings with no panties
Yo' bitch strong as hell, she—, ah
Yo' bitch strong as hell, she—, damn
Yo' bitch strong as hell, she look manly
She just wanna take a picture, get a cami
Bitch bussin' down, molly lookin' like Sandy
Hit a bitch underwater, look like Sandy
I just met a bad bitch from Miami
I just met a bad bitch from Miami

It's 11:36 in Miami
A minute just went past, got me thinkin' 'bout my family
Fuck, I wish I should've—, damn
Fuck, I wish I could've seen this shit with my granny
Did I still make it if I never win a Grammy?
If I ain't in Cali, then I'm probably in Miami
I've been in the streets since I was young, you can't hand me
I've been bustin' juggs since I was young, you can't scam me
Always thinkin' 'bout another fuck, I got a plan B
Hit a bitch, forgot—, damn
Hit a bitch, forgot I nuttied in her, she need plan B
With the Grim Reaper servin' Billy, he need Mandy