

Back 2 Back

YN Jay

(Fingerz, you a fool for this one)

I mean like

Fingers, why you do that man

You always doing something, man

Why— ah

Got Fingerz on the beat, I'm finna go crazy

I just hit a bitch like fifty-six, that's my old lady

She tryna suck my dick from the back, I'm like, "No, baby"

Man, this bitch just squirted everywhere, I'm like, "Woah, baby"

I'm lookin' for a bad freaky bitch with the toe painting

Bad bitch walkin' in some heels, ain't got no laces

I just beat this lil' bitch down, she had gold braces

Pussy so good, I couldn't stop, I'm a whole date

I just met a bitch that's twenty-one, she got four babies

Stuffed twenty 'bows in the basement, got the whole— damn

Shit, got the 'bows stankin'

One thousand old hundreds, Bens with the bold faces

Police couldn't find no evidence, we gon' cold case it

I just made a hundred racks in blues, not the old faces

I just took some ice out the freezer, it's a froze bracelet

Bitch sniffin' coke all day, got her nose stankin'

Auntie quit fuckin' with the dog, she gon' cocaine it

Finna blow a nigga house up, I'ma propane it

Finna draw a picture like Picasso, I'ma pro paint it

Drop the vacuum sealer, but the 'bows stankin'

Woah, Jaylein

I'm finna cool the summer down like a cold blanket

I just touched a bitch heart, we gon' soulmate

Bitch ain't wash her feet off— ah

Got her toes stankin'

Shit, that's a damn shame

I just threw paint on my old-school, look like champagne

Hundred rounds on my AR, ain't gotta damn aim

Within the first night, I beat the campaign

Nigga only shoot his— damn

Nigga only shoot his gun when he at the damn range

I just hit dog from far away, I got damn range

Not a walker for an old person, but I sell 'caine

I just popped a nigga in all white, ain't got a damn stain

I would never stop shit talkin' 'cause the fans change

I just fell in love with Mary, don't tell Jane

I just got caught with my side bitch, don't tell main

Fuck, that's a damn shame

Bitch, if I don't speak to you first, don't say a thing

Ayy, Mike, hey

Who the fuck gave dog a firearm? He just dropped his flame

Hey, Jay, fuck

Who the fuck gave dog a damn chain?

You can't talk around dog, he gon' tell things

I be fuckin' with the EDD, we got twelve names

I'm a rapper, but I look like I sell 'caine

I just dropped thirteen shots, then 12 came

Okay the W popped up before the L came

I used the ho to catch somebody, that's jailbait

How the fuck you get a manicure, but your nails stank?

Ask how much lean I drunk today, about twelve eights

Shit, okay, the bitch ass real, but her hair fake
Should I break the bag all the way down or sell weight? (We don't smoke the same)