

Rio N Mike Flow

YN Jay

(Ooh, Sav killed it)

Bitch

What up, Sav?

Mmm

What up, Jay?

What he say? Yes, sir

I'll never fold, I stick to the street code
I ain't wearin' these Gucci shoes no more, they a week old
She like, "Rio, why you hit me like that? You did me wrong"
Circle, left, right, up and down, I use the cheat codes
If I shoot this FN, it's gon' travel for a week long
Make a hard left, then bust a right, that's what street we on
We bustin' if they turn right too hard, that's what we on
.223 missed a nigga head and chopped a tree down

When you speak on G.O.A.T. talk, mention me and Ri'
Purple jeans, Off-White sweater, boots D&G
Dropped Dum and Dumber twice and went TNT
I know a young nigga doin' life for a B&E
Damn, is you kiddin' me?
FN and I get along, we got chemistry
Shoot hornets out the snubnose, I'm a killer bee
Caught him servin' out the wrong zone, he caught a penalty
Dog a rat drinkin' on turtle, call him Master Splinter
And my heart cold as February, you can ask December
One thing you'll never hear me say is, "Bro, pass the Swisher"
How your bitch got perfect titties with nasty nipples?

Somebody tried to make me laugh, it ain't tickle me, though
Still tryna fuck Bri with the cameltoe
Gettin' out the car so fuckin' much 'til the handle broke
We ain't gettin' along at all right now, where the balance go?
I'ma come Still Grindin' feel with New Balance on
We at Somerset just grabbin' shit, sayin', "Add it on"
Used to drive the Mag' pearl white with the cantaloupe
I done smoked three or four zips tryna bag a 'bow

Bro, grab some popcorn, it's a movie clip
I just served a new— her name Juliet, ayy
Two Men and a Truck, I'm finna move some shit, ayy
I know the coochie good when the booty grip

Netflix and dick, yeah, that's a movie date
A half pint of green, that's a moody eight
She brought her best friend, got her coochie ate
Her titties fake, but my t-shirt Human Made
I got a text from my plug, "Boy, do your thing"
I did a half 'bow in eighths, what'd you do today?
With the money, me and bro make it boomerang
And treat opp niggas' blocks like shooting range

Beat a nigga ass with my belt like Pootie Tang
I tried to hit her from the back, but her booty stink

I been waitin' all day on the load to come
I hit a bitch first night, that's a hole in one

I don't know which one to pick, it's confusing me
Mad as hell at the juice, it's abusing me
I'm killin' these niggas, read the eulogy
I heard they want smoke, I diffuse the beef