

## Smooove Dude

YN Jay

(Oooh, Sav killed it)  
I don't even know what I'm finna say right now  
Hmmm, hey  
Okay  
Hey, yeah, alright  
Okay, okay, I'm feelin' this one  
Alright  
Okay, yeah

Damn, I'm a smooove dude  
Bitch lookin' for me, she can't find me, need Blue's Clues  
I'ma fuck you good, then I'ma leave, I gotta shoot moves  
Okay, alright  
Bitch tried to play me, I was broke, now I got some money  
I ain't picked up my phone in days, they say I'm actin' funny  
Got a goal in 27 days, I'm tryna stack 100  
You the type that's muggin' in the club, probably mad for nothin'

Shit, this lil money somethin', I never had nothin'  
I just made 87 hundred just last Sunday  
This nigga pockets really fucked up, he got sad money  
They got you out here doin' petty crimes, you a crash dummy  
You can't really trust these niggas, cause they have 100  
Where I come from, every gun hold 30 somethin'  
You don't even own you a car, and you 30 somethin'  
Glock 27 with a 30, got him hurdle jumpin'

Yeah, okay, you mad for nothin'  
Got a beater on under my shirt, but the tag 100  
80 for the eighthy by itself, but the bag 100  
I be hitin' every bitch raw, got them mad for nothin'  
He took your chain, and your? You got a Mac for nothin'  
Money on me now, let me flex, I'm crackin' somethin'  
If I can get this surgery done right, I'll pack her stomach  
Nigga see our shit goin' up, say we had it comin'

Damn  
Always stressin' 'bout some petty shit, boy you mad for nothin'  
Hoodie on, 40 in my sleeve through my jacket bussin'  
When I come through, they step back, like Shaq was comin'  
Break the glass, I'ma throw the oop, like Shaq was dunkin'  
You do not got no fiends, your trap not jumpin'  
I can't send you my location, if you not fuckin'