

Tip Off

YN Jay

(It's a Wayne beat)

Yeah

Like why you always- like (Is this K Dinero?)

Like, like why you actin' like I did somethin', though?

Like I- like when you-

Like, but you was just at the-

You was- alright, okay

Alright, ah

Bitch got me mad, got me askin' questions

Freak bitch give me throat like I had a necklace

Bitch got good coochie, came back for seconds

Drunk a whole pint of lean, got me crashin' reckless

You got took out the game early, got you mad at [?]

Losin' all your bros to gun violence got you mad at weapons

Santa Claus fake, got me mad at presents, alright

Pull up shootin' like Klay Thompson, got me mad at Stephen

Bitch, you play like Westbrook, why you mad at Kevin?

And you left the team when we- damn

And you left the team when we need you, got me mad at Kevin

How you miss your flight? You forgot to check in

Beatin' out the hotel, I'ma trap out Westin

Mixin' cornbread with cranberry, it taste just like dressing

Nigga, you don't put no work in, I don't see you sweatin', ayy

Gettin' ready for the game, you can see me stretchin'

Gettin' ready for the game, you can see me stretchin' (Alright)

While I cook 'caine, you can see me textin'

Okay (Come on, Louie), yeah

I'm the only rapper stay around- okay (Alright)

I'm the only rapper still sellin' rocks, make it look cool

If they ever get me, somebody- alright (Somebody told)

If they ever get me, somebody told, because I'm too smooth

Upgraded a lot since the- (Tell me)

Upgraded a lot since the Coochie song went coochie-coo

GIA books for the diamonds, watch came new

Hood wasn't expectin' shit for Christmas, we had came through

Could've been border sideline, gettin' 'caine through (Okay)

I'm obviously playin' with some cake, look what it came to

Even though we shine every day, it'll rain too

Lil' bro ain't change up at all, I'm the same too

My lil' trife bitch actin' like a diva

Soon as the pack land, I'm actin' like I don't need her

Fuck with me, you know we got it for cheaper

I ain't tryna sell this M16 'cause she a keeper

Demonic demeanor, my niggas heathens

Gangland, body for body throughout the season

Ayy, we be hexa hella extra on the geekin'

Hexa hella extra on the tweakin'

Uru' off the lot and on my daughter, we ain't lease it

Bitch, I'm from the block, and on my daughter, it ain't Peaches

Walkin' through this thing Dolce'd down, lookin'-

Nigga walkin' through this thing Dolce'd down, lookin' decent

All my bitches hoein' and they into- uh

All my bitches hoein' and they into petty thievin'

Ayy, I'll hop up out your bushes with this kayda for no reason

Tell him put his pockets on the floor, I need to see them
And that's on Jesus