

Watch

Young M.A

Ah, this what we doin'

Man, you know my body
I'm comin' harder than niggas in tight pussy
I'm still a bully, I'm not friendly
None of you rappers still can fuck wit' me
I'm her, I'm him, I'm shim, not them
And I put that on mommy
I'm kinda weird, It's kinda hard to define me
Men hate 'cause women never decline me
Sex symbol, I got drip but I dress simple
And my neck and my wrist on Dasani
Or black shades all I see is Versace
I'm from the biddy or the top ooters
Them Glock and rugers
Them [?]
Nutcrackers and them box coolers
Mix the henny wit' the wine coolers
Gettin' benjie wit' the brodies
Fronto wit' the sour
Ol' heads [?] bogies
See the oops
Quick to spin a block in a stolie
G check him if he claim he homie
We ain't [?] phonies
I'm grown now
Had to go and plain jane a rollie
Cut ties wit' a lot of guys and I'm ok wit' it
Heard he did some foul shit and lied
I'mma pray for him
Put a watch on a nigga wrist
He said they stole it
Nah, I put a watch on that nigga wrist
And he sold it
I feel sorry for niggas that disrespect me
Like I ain't got niggas here to protect me
Still got them hittas on the right and the lefty
My Glock is my bestie
I'm back in my hefty
The money like "come an collect me"
And my bitch from Compton
She hood and she sexy

The way to impress me
No yes men around me
'Cause if I'm wrong correct me
Don't wanna talk about what you got
'Cause if you got it connect me
I'm the plug, I don't need a plug
Just respect me I don't need [?]
Been through a lot I probably need a hug
So many scars
Man, it's hard not to see the blood
Came from the mud
It's kinda hard not to be a thug
Still puttin' belt to ass
Still blue faces when I count the cash

Fresh hundreds, can't even count it fast
This whole summer I'm about to have
And all that bullshit they rappin' 'bout
It ain't about to last
Thought that I was dyin'
When they see me wit' them yellow eyes
Surprise motherfuckers, I'm alive
God wasn't finished wit' me
Got some more shit to do
Had to tell my side
Open scars was the interlude
Listen to the music
I ain't 'bout to do them interviews
Don't worry 'bout what happened
Just be worried what I'm finna do
If they ain't talkin' money
Cut 'em off like I'm [?]
And if they want war
We at their door like the rent is due
It's 2024 and that's my mood, aw yeah
Got a big appetite
Y'all niggas food, aw yeah
I'mma [?]
Makin' moves, aw yeah
Out the bank
Sayin' I can never lose, aw yeah
Man I was cool, aw yeah
Hittin' snooze, aw yeah
Like what, fuck that
I'm breakin' rules, aw yeah
This the shit I'm finna do, aw yeah
Collectin' blues, aw yeah