

Outro

Young T & Bugsey

This one feel so much different than the other one because it is
Yee
Quarter to 3, I know you catch my drift, babe
Baby
Yea

This one feel so much different than the other one because it is
Feel it like a hymn, gotta get it how I live
We dipping out the back 'cause I'm digging out your bitch
And I got the upper arm in the war 'cause I'm rich
Golden waffles with manuka honey
He was wid us, now he moving funny
You look worried, you ain't gully gully?
Keep repenting like it's Armageddon
If your brothers down, will you stretch your arm and get him?
I remember me and T working back to back in KFC
Barely making ends meet
Now we making aunty's legs week
Spread 'em on Versace bedsheets
She responsible and carefree
Speed boats tryna race to shore
Sipping Ace for sure
Polo briefs on my waist, of course
I know how to take a L, don't know how to lose a Jib
This a new space coupe, bet I'm peeling off the lid
Ace B, don't know how to lose a Mitch
I know you catch my drift
I reassemble and I rearrange
I'm with my family, why am I feeling strange?
EY, I beg you turn my vocal up
They need to hear me when I open up
It's me again, room service and I order lobster
The cream is ours, not yours
Send 80 to the Swiss offshore
Yeah
Black on Black motorsport "cause I'm
Down for the cause
But my niggas still moving ounces in Fords

Yeah, comes like the more I know, the more I say less
Cah I know how niggas move nowadays

It weren't so different than the other one
Maybe 'cause my gibs is up
Nigga I don't give a fuck who I gotta stick it on
Live by the hymns and hmms, our ancestors live in us
100 rack large, I ain't a member of a Synagogue
See Reals hard to imitate
Goals on my dinner plate
I'm cleansing out my inner state
Ice freezer in a Range
I was broke as a joke, now I'm on loads
I'm humble, I can only tell you what I know
I'm still breezing in the vill, if there's suttin' I gotta do
They can't tell me I ain't Gooch "cause that where a nigga grew
Steady sing in a coupe
If there's a problem when you see me then buss it, make me the news

You wasn't with me in the zoo
Caught a case, I was a court, you wasn't with me in a suit
Wealth spreading out the food, Monclizzy for my dudes
Getting money still the same, how my life gon' change your mood?
Cah they act real, they fake
It's Cali gelato cake, smoke it by my brother's grave
Came a long way from JA where they sent the disobedient slaves
I'm getting money, getting paid
I'm styling in these Gucci frames
I took the top off on the mains
I make the game, you play the game
I don't even know if my real dad can spell my name
This is light work, put you little rappers in a shame

Yea