

QRed On The Track

Ay, Ay Youngboy

Oh, yeah

Shinin' on my necklace got these bitches sprung

Brand new Rollie on my arm and it's a 41

I can't tote it but you know my niggas keep a gun

Diamonds, shinin', shinin' on my necklace got these bitches sprung

Brand new Rollie on my arm and it's a 41

I can't tote it but you know my niggas keep a gun

They like there go that lil savage, they like how I come

She say "Youngboy this love we got, we just can't throw away"

She say "baby you can call up on me any day"

Say that, but you don't know I'm gon' be in MIA

I don't know you baby bitch, bitch you way from another state

I'm on that 3Three shit, you know how I'm rockin''

I got Valentino's on and my shirt is Versace

Buku racks up in my pocket

Jiggalo strapped with the rocket

She say she ain't heard of us, Montana told that bitch "stop it"

Gettin' money by the hour, yeah we steady clockin'

My cuban links they shinin'

My Rollie watch would blind ya

I'm covered in designer, yea

Every day I'm grindin', yea

In the Maybach, in that Sprinter got shooters behind me

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I just came up with a answer for that petty shit

Draco with a drum on bottom and two thirty sticks

I'm in California coolin' with a foreign bitch

Montana say 'we gotta go cause your flight leave at 6'

Expensive clothes, 'lotta diamonds and some flashy lights

Shawty steady asking me 'what I'm gon' do tonight'

Explain to me, what's on your mind help me realize

Bae don't cry, I ain't lyin', I ain't got none to hide

Ride or die, promised the hoe you stay by my side

Lord knows we done been through this too many times

My down chick, my gangster bitch that's for you to decide

They can't peep out the move, no we can't be televised

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