

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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