

Turn me up, Bally
Let's go

Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
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Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)

Can't drag, no tag
Ambush the boo and I ambush the traffic
Bitch look at me like magic
No steppin', I feel like a Celtic
Like, how could you get ready?
Fuck on me and it hit like a Patek
Got scripts, now she think I'm the medic
Pull up, no sleeves, it's ten-K for the jacket
Stretch the tape like I'm makin' a package
Play with sticks and the pockets do rest
Start the kickoff, you know how I'm havin'
In the sky like I'm talkin' to family
Hit one-
fifty (Go), these niggas be wavin' the stick like Disney
Came fifty-seven on dizzy
Know that we spray everyday like I'm cleanin' the vent
Like it's halftime, I'm changing my kicks
Got on VET' like I'm talkin' to Virgil
Off the curb and step right on the curb
Hit that bitch then I turn about, swerve

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Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
Drag on the flight, trends
Louis V on the scene, that hit like lean
Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
Hit one-fifty, so you know I got it (Hit)
Drag on the flight, trends
Louis V on the scene, that hit like lean
(Skrr, skrr)