

Ain't no stopping you, girl
I introduce you to a new world
Don't got no money for no hooker
And we moving 'cause this high came down from slow burns
Bitch, come through, the roof gon' fold down
You left me but it left you hurt

In the X6, don't slow down
I still ride around in my hometown
Went through the war like Rogue One
I ain't never hold on no one
I might Zelle the girl but won't tell the girl that I love her
Got my chest out, heart got rugburn
Get left out 'cause you not one of us
And I know it might be my fault
M19, Glocks, and .44's
My guys pour Ace and pull up four-door
I want your blood, took your glucose
I was walking a tightrope too close
Bad bitch [?] my Rick Owens
My Louboutin [?]
Make sure to bring ten racks way before dawn
If I trust you, I'm leaving a pack, I'm leaving a score
Came with a [?] 32 with a muzzle
You can't rebuttal
VVS's, I'ma flood you

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