

Ghostface / Shyguy

Yung Lean

Lean

Leandoer (Leandoer in this bitch)

I got so much shit up on the stove, it gotta go, I need a boat
Money high, my power low, my heart during coke, can't let you go
Don't need this shit, don't need these shows
I'm on a roll, leave earth, need more
So much shit up on the stove
Show up in chrome, I leave in gold
Don't need to sell my fucking soul, the devil in me, already know
I do this for my kin, my folks, my bitch, my bros, might buy my soul
You know that I gotta know
Do you love me? Can't let me go
My cousin pouring Listerine up on the stove, got Louis toes

Ghostface, shyguy, dope nice, ride by
Sadboys, drain gang, yeah them my guys
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Burglar bars around the car
Frankenstein boys in my yard
Champagne bloody, fast go-karts
All my boys, they go too hard
Shadow streets, no signs of life
Sounds like Rome, straight from dome
I go hard, yeah, you go home
We not the same, braces filled with stone
Sunny, wear it out
Purp, dirty sprite
You know what, Leandoer, bitches all about
I got bitches and ice, yeah they think I'm nice
I don't really feel it, hang with snakes that eatin' mice
(Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up)
I pour a stripper and get dirty, dirty
We from the north, yeah we get flirty, flirty
Ay, we got some demons in this birdie, birdie
Ay, I fly like an eagle, not no birdie, birdie

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