

Miami

Yung Mal

Ro
Huh, yeah

I just jumped on the yacht with some bad lil' tenders
I remember I was stuck on Candler, now a nigga richer
SS cruisin' 'round Biscayne, switchin' lanes
Call up migo, he gon' pull up with them thangs in the Sprinter
A bad bitch, a mamacita, she got ass and some dimples
Half Cuban, Puerto Rican, long hair down to her nipples
Baby, top back, get blown on Ocean Drive, smokin' cookie
Top floor by the horizon, over the city, we be lookin'

I got the trap settin' off on Kylie
A couple ninos who be wildin'
Some bankrolls slouchin' to the side
I got them sandals made by Gucci
Get on the yacht and we be stylin'
Mama called me, say she proud of me
Remember was was walkin' Masis
Stuffin' work off in the bricks
Floatin' licks, they be in Veneto
Can't rap just like burritos
Bad lil' tenders at the spot
They don't speak no englo'
XX with the tinted window
It's the weed from Puerto Rico
All I ever wanted was dinero
Bank account filled with zeros

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On Sunset with the check, want a show, you gotta book me
Fuck 12, a nigga hell, I'm burnin' rubber while they lookin'
Mamacita at the spot, she butt-naked while she cookin'
I just jumped on the yacht with some bad little tenders
Backwood, dark stout, I ain't smokin' no swishers
Private location, ducked off, can't take no pictures
Come from the bottom to the top, boy, it's a great feelin'
That's my migo, that's my motherfuckin' vato
Me and Quill some Baby Glaciers, man, we feel just like El Gato
Get out of line, play with that paper, then I spit your damn tomato
1017, that's the squad-o, Eskimos, everybody cold

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