

Woo (Wait)

Yung Mal

(The fuck you mean, you don't know DJ Marc B?)

She fucked around and sucked me in the back of this Benz
I fucked 'round and picked up her friends
I left the show about two, then I went to the booth
And I fucked 'round and left about ten
Candler Road don, they treat me like a prince
Askin' myself why I drip like a rinse
Got all this fame, shit wasn't even part the plan
So many bands, I can't go broke again
I gotta pull up my pants when I go on my 'Gram
So many sticks like we goin' to Iran
Huh, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait
She make that fat ass shake like a 'quake
You ain't gettin' no cash, you can't do nothin' but hate
No debates, we gon' get the bank
We sell out these dates, get to rockin' this place

Sell out these dates, get to rockin' this bitch (Sell it out)
Land on that boy, he was poppin' his shit (Man down)
Green light the boy, we not stoppin' for shit (Green light)
One-of-one made, we not shoppin' for shit (One-of-one fabric)
Nigga got that cannon, we gon' crop him out the picture (That's on God)
I just caught a rich bitch, she just took me to the Ritz (Huh?)
No kid (No kid), got Amari fur on my bitch (Got Amari fur)
No, not no five-oh, these backends we gettin' (No, not five)
Don Corleone, he don't wait, he go get it (Don Corleone)
Poppin' late night with like thirty-some sticks (Huh?)
Like Trump finna send us all the way to Iran
Geeked off this Henn', no pad or no pen (Geeked up)
He ate the cheese, got the rat on the stand (Ate)
Wait (Wait)
He don't want no beef, he get ate (Hell nah)
Stay out the way, it get late (Let's go)

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We sell out these dates, get to rockin' this place (Iceburg)

Iceburg and Big Quill get to rockin' this place (Yeah)
Act like a bitch, the Glock right in his face (Skrtrt)
He poppin' his shit, pop him right in his face (Pop)
Paparazzi, they run up, they all in my face (Mhm)

I'm hot like a Taki, I'm Scotty 2 Hotty (Hot, hot)
I got this shit flamin' on plate, okay (Ooh, shit), alright
My Benz got big old body
Hit it cough, I smoke exotic
Bitch, I'm a boss, still be in projects
Soon as I pull up, she suckin' my private (Skrtrt, ugh)
Nigga run up quick, I bet he die quick
Gave me the key to the game and I locked it
Walk straight in that show, start a moshpit (Yeah)
Hold up, open that shit up (Hold up, open that shit up), up
Open it up, up, huh (Iceburg)

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