

SUPERIOR

Zaytoven

She know she her and i'm him
She my lil' motherfuckin' twin
I get high just like a blimp
I burn a nigga like hemp
I know your thoughts was skeptical
Don't have no worries, I'm credible, yeah
Baby, your body incredible, yeah
Baby, your body incredible, yeah
Speedy to go get it, babe
Fly your ass out to Jamaica
You know I'm smokin' on flava
Love it when you ain't on pain
You better get a grip
Fight and we fuck and we back up
I'm finna go hit the bank up
Ungrateful nigga, should thank us
I be your personal trainer
She step behind like a trailer
Monogram slacks with the blazer
Give a lil' nigga a taper
Come get your bitch 'fore I take her
On the east side, to Decatur
What's up with you, baby? You comin' or not?
I'm finna cop a Bugatti
What's up with these nigga? They hatin' a lot
I'm finna shoot up the party

Too many sticks in my den, den, den
I should enlist in the ARMY
You know I'm cold with the pen, pen, pen
I'm a superior artist
You know I pull up and spin, spin, spin
Fore I'm takin' a life
You know she just like a twin, twin, twin
Me and her thinkin' alike

Nigga in pictures, they tuckin' they ice
Run in your spot and I'm leavin' it white
She a bad bitch, that's what I like
Take you to Doha, baby, I might
Spin like Sterling, Newman, might
Jewelry been hittin' incredible ice
Me and her livin' incredible life
Real big shark, yeah baby, I bite
Money touch the sky yeah that shit got height
I can put you way, way up in the building
Baby, I'm a real king, yeah, she never
LV speedy, yea come get that
LV keepall, yeah come get that
Tryna go OC, yeah, I'm with that
Tryna go splurge right now, I'm with that
Hold on, put your money up, I got that
Hold on, I'ma hit his ass with a compact
Mind, body, soul, baby, need all that
Give me my money right now, I need all that
Foreal

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Yeah, comin' right now, need all that
Shawty got ass, need all that
You can do what you want, when you ballin', yeah
I'm tryna wait these plays keep callin' yeah
She know she her and I'm him
I'm havin' tree, I could sell you a limb
Bitch, I'ma star, you should get this on film
Damn that shit crazy, she thick and slim
I'm out in Houston, like, Stefon Diggs yeah
I'm on that block with the sig, yeah
You know I ain't blowin' no mid, yeah
This shit here the best you can get, yeah
I'm addicted to dough, though I admit it
Throw a lil' bag if you with me
Motherfuckin' with a dime, I'm picky
These streets get slick and sticky, yeah, yeah, yeah

Lil mama down to ride, if I get caught, she alibi
So I ain't got no problem gettin' busy if you get out of line
So if we pull up, then like Denzel that nigga out of time
Them binary triggers, on them glizzys get to same line

(Doo, doo, doo, doo)

That's how we hit 'em, yeah
Shoot her whole face like Lillard, yeah
Your head half-off like Dillard's, yeah
Man, she from AD, Mike Miller
Trap from my soul bryson tiller
Ain't nothin' like them nigga from the back in the day
Don't push me, I might

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