

Lyfted Intro

EARTHGANG

Oh, bout to go pick up Andrea
I hope she with the bullshit
Man, I ain't fucked in two days
My shit backed up (God damn)
Oh, oh, let me unlock the door, baby
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, shit
Get, get in the car
You, you coulda sat in the front too
No, I'll sit down back here
I don't wanna make it seem like I don't know you like that
Cause I'm tryna get to know you
OK
Where you finna go?
We going to the Westin
You finna go to the Westin
Let's go to the Westin
Who you know in the Westin?
You gotta baby daddy?
No, I don't have a baby daddy
You know I ain't tryna shoot nobody bout no bitch
What?
Ok, ok, you ain't got no kids
Let's do it, we ride, we ride
We ride now, ay, we ride
What the fuck? Is this shit broken?
Oh yeah, that seat belt don't work, baby
You know what I'm sayin'?
Just, just put it over your shoulder
Know what I'm sayin'?
Like a safe control
Put it over my shoulder? Niggas can't be serious