

Just chill hoe.
Let me work my, let me work my,
let me work, let me work this real slow.
Tell me how it feel hoe.
Just chill hoe. Be still hoe.
I'm working wood real slow, why my grill glow.
She say she on the pill though.
And I'm puffin kush by the pillows,
wrapped up with cigarillos.
So hell yeah, nigga still throwed.
Rolled eighty-fours, fresh to the bones.
When I'm on the road slap so cold.
Drank poured, I'm a syrup-aholic.
Watch the crib when those po is crawling.
Was broke but now I'm balling.
Used to cap but now they calling.
She's ready to ride, ain't no stalling.
Her and her friend, yeah they all in.
She shotgun on my shotgun, I blast off and mash off.
Took em to the pad on that note,
gave em something they can brag about.
Thug boss, toe tag em out.
Kill em, make em feel it.
She say she tired of y'all fake niggas.
She wanna ride with the realest.

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I gotta crack my window cause they in dough.
Got your mind on nympho.
So let me beat your tempo with your mental.
Pimp pimp string roll.
I get you stuck like limpro.
Cause I'm stuck to play, keep the list super fly like.
You don't know what you in for.
So stop and roll and pour fours, susta sucka shucka.
Creepin bean, how you lane,
press your chest against my nuts bitch.
I need a big clone for my team.
Don't twisted now to pushing buttons hoe
can't all this bass and your thoughts are scream.
Don't shake, do it under these things.
Run, get the fuck out my ride.
See here ain't a one time thing.
Be grateful that I let you slide.
And not your friend, and not your pot nigga.
She was a five foot claim she twerk.
But she at the top now bitch and back.
Why peel nigga had to chose you first.

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