

Pricey & Spicy

Tory Lanez

It's been way too long
And my stomach touchin'
I know I gotta get right
'Cause the summer comin'
Talk to me nicely
Talk to me nicely, yeah
Lone Stone

Whippin' up dope (Whippin' up dope)
Back on road (Back on road)
Pickin' up paper (Picking up paper)
Dippin' that stash (Dippin' that stash)
Gettin' to the cash (Gettin' to the cash)
Shooters on go (Shooters on go)
Shooters on go (Shooters on go)

Talk to me nicely
When I pull up, I'm stuntin', I'm talkin' spicy
New Givenchy and Saint Laurent, this shit pricey
I give the hood motivation, 'cause this shit pricey
'Cause this shit pricey, woah

Most of my niggas on fed' time
Deep and they doin' the dead time
We in it puttin' the redline
On niggas that's thinkin' it's their time
Put my dawg onto the whole lick, he made a hunnid off a headline
Grrr, shh, back
Puttin' these p*ssy niggas on the bedtime
Come again, I'm pullin' up in a Cullinan
With all of this money, I'm pressin' my thumb against
Due to the plug, I'll shoot if you run again
I'm 'bout to spazz, I'm dominant
Bitch, we got another one again
I was down and now I'm up again
They don't know what I was up against
Trap floor, on the sofa

Down bad, that was every night
White rice with the ketchup on it
Corned beef with the yellow rice
Trap nights, tryna make it out
Headshots, but I paid 'em out
When you see the nigga, lay him out
We about to see what they about, woah
They don't spark no fear
p*ssy nigga, we could play it out
You know it's dark out here
And the sticks, niggas can't play without
Hit a lick, shoot a nigga
Change clothes at my baby house
New pay, good work
We won't go another day without
Trap boomin' (Woo)
'Bout to spit the whole baby out
Shooter 'bout to throw a eighty out
Make you wish you never played me out

Hey, ayy, lil' bih, my trap boomin'
Got my bih like Katsumi
Got two sticks, I'm that goonie (Grrr)

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