

Double R

Ty Dolla \$ign

Oh, oh, yeah
(Damn, James)
(Off to Neverland)
Ooh yeah (Dolla \$ign, Dolla \$ign, Dolla \$ign, Dolla \$ign)

I was deep, I was deep in it
She see the stars, she see the stars in it
I got a freak, I got a freak, yeah
I had to park, had to park my shit
Say that man a broke boy, I'm the opposite
Staring in the mirror, she a narcissist
I got hitters with me, they like popping shit
I got red bottoms with the ostrich
Getting toppey in the Dawn
I'm on my boss shit, told that ho don't gossip
Maybach getting top in the Dawn
Yeah, I'm on my boss shit, told that bitch don't gossip, yeah

I was laid back getting neck in the double R
Laid back getting neck in the double R
Laid back getting neck in the double R
I was laid back getting neck in the double R, yeah
She said she want a rockstar, yeah
She wanna be a popstar, yeah (Double R)
Folded in the double R, yeah (Double R)
Rich sex in the double R

Do the dash in the Lamb', got her busting on my seats
Get my pants out the mail, I don't usually wear a crease
Caught a case, I got my gun still, I got a high speed
You won't catch a nigga broke if he standing by me
I done fucked majority of the models off of IG
And I need some Percocets, yes, just like caffeine
I done took a fucking jet, I ain't bring an ID
She ain't fuck-you-when-she-met-you type, she can't come 'round me
Prada shoes 'cause she proud of me
Lot of blues like I'm banging C
Blow my phone up getting head, I let it ring
Baguettey daddy, baguettey the wedding ring
Gotta go and chase a check, bitch, that is my job
I be laughing to the bank, all blues, haha
Give you head (Nah-nah), give you bread (Nah, nah)
See, I don't do that in my car

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Folded in the double R, yeah
Rich sex in the double R