

Wooden Beads

Tory Lanez

[Talking]hahahaah CANADA!
you know the wooden beads, uhh Swavey...baby.
[Verse 1]Hola how you do me, this that polo with that Louie.
I'm Pacino in this bitch, and you Manolo in that movie.
This that uzi, I'm no thug. No bitch can't use me, I'm no drug.
But I put that toolie to your mug, hot as a two-piece to your tongue. (Oww!)

Canada conglomerate, blammers i've got on my back,
You ain't gotta go to the zoo to see where them llamas at!
Put them 24s on my coupe, it look like I'm tryna stack.
Higher than a pile at the laundromat, Swavey! (Aww)
I be stacking books, so I'm a time-is-money author.
Please don't hit my phone, unless that thing a money offer.
I be balling so hard that my name fill the whole roster.
I could never go to jail, cause boy I own a law firm.
Bitch I got that twista in my swisha,
this the shit to hit ya frame until you niggas get the picture. (Awww)

I just hit 180 on my jigsaw,
thats your lady she my bitch,
look i'm so mixed up, where my fix-up? (uhh)
Hola como esta? Spanish women on my jock,
spend so much guap at the club that they had to ban me from the spot.
I live in Miami where it's hot.
and I get in them panties, where your spot?
I be sipping that liquor that put me inside the position to get me to getting that guap boy.

Hop in my delorous-lorious.
Y'all niggas should forfeit-forfeit.
My new chick is so bad.
She used to be your bitch.
Hear you haters talking, but I just ignore it.
My money, my lady, she overweight I feel like I'm Norbit (Ewwww)

[Chorus]Don't take a picture, take a look at me.
Boy I goes hard this my wooden beads.
Hating on money, you couldn't be.
Oh and I'm so sick. These niggas sick of me.
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me.
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me.
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me. (I'm going back in Jae! Yeah)
Boy I goes hard this my wooden beads.

[Verse 2]

Uhh, Back in this bitch, and I'm packing a fifth.
And i'm ready for action, you acting the ish.
and you talking that trash, s-smack to your lips.
I don't give a fuck bout it, I'm packing a clip.
That'll give you that static with that automatic
I let niggas have it who's back in that ratchet.
Despite all the havoc, i have what you lacking.
You assholes, fastfo'd.
Rewind! Now we are on me time.
Niggas got them pies and I ain't talking bout them Key Limes.
Ooh I'm, Saying this more than two times.
Saying this more than two times.
Thousand-thousand-thousand dollar necklace out of Dubai.
Look up in the sky and you would see me if I flew by.
Put that .22 right to the middle of your two eyes.
If you in the building (uh), bitch meet the new guy. (new guy)
If you in the building (uh), bitch meet the new guy.
Oh you love me? Me too.
I'm riding with no G2.
I just call her up before I beat it, get her pre-juiced.
Tryna get this cash but if I smash, she can be loose.
I'm too busy being me so fuck tryna be you.
[Chorus]Don't take a picture, take a look at me.
Boy I goes hard this my wooden beads.
Hating on money, you couldn't be.
Oh and I'm so sick. These niggas sick of me. (haha)
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me. (and i'm so sick these niggas sick of me nigga)
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me.
Aww Swavey, these niggas sick of me. (Get used to being sick motherfucker! Yeah)
Boy I goes hard this my wooden beads.
[Talking]Ay, ay Jae Fresco
Ay, ay, ay Jae Fresco
Give these niggas a fucking year supply of thermometers, some Tylenol, and some robbitussin.
These niggas sick of us nigga!
hahahaha, yeah!
Swavey!
CANADA!
and I say that to the death, nigga.
Uhh.
Yo Cirracco take my beat out man. I don't want these niggas looping it, hahahaha.