

Yeea (feat. Kevin Gates)

Starlito

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Don't matter just don't bite it, and don't spill my cup
And I don't want the bottle unless they sell mine up
She wanna fuck in my car, so we fucked in the trunk

Mr. Officer you handcuffin' or what? For hundred dollar two liter I pour that shit up

I owe this nigga, but I don't give a fuck

Just made sixty off the road damn right, I scrape this shit up

Goin' back and forth that [?] I'm in grade with the plug Take what they want, they think I play for the son

I come from straight runnin' guns, my heart don't play one on one

I sip that drink till I'm numb, and I'm impatiently dumb

Like once our dude calls you an Uber you can stay 'till they come Your ho just smoke up your grass shit, your
last shit

Just been spent sixty racks on Texas, just last year

Got me back sellin' bag shit, no half shit

Pourin' hot take off the glass yeah, don't know how I ain't crashed yet

When crunch time all the youngins go to stickin' shit up

Outside with that iron while they clinkin' the club

Booty plump, she got trunk, shawty shakin' her rump

I've been gone a couple months tryin' to see what is what

[?] No matter what I swear I love her to death

When I was fucked up all the girls, she was the only one there

Quarter chicken got delivered got it thrown on the scale

When the money go flippin' all the herb go to hell

Ya tell her oh well, get weed from somebody else

Designer stitching on my denim you could tell by the belt

Vacuum suction on the [?], lips murdered the blunt

By the time you go to hit it ain't the shit for your lungs

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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