Yeaa (feat. Kevin Gates)

Starlito

Starlito]
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 plugTake 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 comeYour 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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