

Wicked (Prod. By Metro Boomin & Southside)

Future

Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Stand up in the motor, bust the dashboard
Stand up in the motor, bust the dashboard
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked, wickedCandles burning, money burning, graveyard these niggas
Phantom parkin', big dawg barkin' hey
Blood tales on me, oh-oh-oh-oh
Shawty want that wig, oh-oh-oh-oh
I'm drippin' Cartier, oh-oh-oh-oh
Put a gold bird on you, that's what's happening
I put that lingo on her, she was Spanish
I fill a one liter up with Xannies
This continental and it's panoramic
It's complimentary to the savages
You fuck around with me, it be a tragedy
I want green, green, green, all asparagus
I drink lean, lean, lean it ain't embarrassingWicked, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Hold up, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked
Woah, wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked, wickedNow she going, now that bitch going
I purchase Avion and now she lit, huh
Wedding band rings on me lit, huh
Married to the game, I'm the shit, huh
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Bitch we made men
We ain't pullin' up in cribs that we can't get
You can't pull a bitch on Instagram I ain't hit, huh
And then she tellin' lies about me 'cause she ain't shit, uh
She wanted big-big dog status
I was in the alley with them nickel bags, tallyin'
Now I'm Taliban gang status, that's what's happenin'
And you niggas can't get close 'cause you don't know me
It ain't no more dip and dabbin', hangin' low key
These bitches see me and they panic
I can't believe it, I was on the corner gamblin'

Songwriters

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