

Ps & Qs

Lil Uzi Vert

Yuh

I ain't gone lie

This song right here slick hatin'

So Yeah, I took what's yours

I made her mine

Yeah, I took what's yours

I made her mine

Jump in the Porsche, ride through the night

I changed your life, now you gone rock

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money She had a nigga that was on the music scene (what, thought he was me?)

Had a nigga, thought he was going straight to the league (yeah, straight to the D)

Yeah, fuck with my baby I swear that, that nigga gone bleed

She left that boy and ride for me Stay on my P's and my Q's, yeah

Stay on my Q's and my P's

Cause that could happen to me, yeah

Ran that girl to the big league

Diamonds that's all on my teeth, yeah

Diamonds that's all on my teeth

Put my girl in new Chanel

And I got her a new weave

Put my girl in new Chanel

And I got her a new weave

Like, haha, oh well, now your girl with me

Like, Austin was holding her up, yea, um boy please

Like bye bye, Austin, hello to Lil Uzi Yeah, I took what's yours

I made her mine

Yeah, I took what's yours

I made her mine

Jump in the Porsche, ride through the night

I changed your life, now you gone rock

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah Watch out for my doors
Lambo that bitch roar (skrt)
Tell my girl that the world could be yours
Number one rule, don't listen to whores
No, you've never lived this life before
More money than your last man, of course
Drivin' in that foreign
Where you thought you was goin' in that Ford
I took what's yours, yeah
I made her mine
I made her mine, yeah
I took what's yours
I made her mine, yeah
I took what's yours
I made her mine, yeah
I took what's yours
I made her mine, yeah
I took what's yours Yeah, I took what's yours
I made her mine
Yeah, I took what's yours
I made her mine
Jump in the Porsche, ride through the night
I changed your life, now you gone rock
Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money
Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money
Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money
Ooh sang it, he ain't got no money Stay on my P's and my Q's, yeah
Stay on my Q's and my P's
Stay on my P's and my Q's, yeah
Stay on my Q's and my P's

Songwriters

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