

some fakes and some bitches

These niggas will tell on they partners, just hoping the judge give a break on the sentence

Hand on the wheel, I just handle my business and I wish Dolla Bill was living a witness

The way this lil nigga done round up them digits, man I got that gift like it came with ribbon

I tell these lil-biddy bitches that I ain't switching 'less we talking 'bout switching positions

I turn the wood to the world for my niggas, I hope that shit did make a difference

They dodge a homie 'cause of codeine I'm sipping, these glasses, homie, gave me Cartier vision

They hating on me, faking on me, but still I ain't tripping All I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain

Now I need all thirty-six O's out the whole thing

My watch be telling me I ain't got time to play with hoes, man

All I ever wanted was some Jordans and a gold chain

Wake up in the morning feeling like we don't deserve this

Once we get it started, ain't no way you could reverse this

We do this for real, it ain't no way to rehearse this

You play 'round with mine, I fuck around and get you murked bitch

Songwriters

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