

OMG (feat. Joji & Chief Keef)

RL Grime

Fucked up every hour on a week day (week day)
Flexin' on my exes, oh my god (oh my god, oh my god)
I just fucked another freaky (freaky)
Doing donuts on the quad (on the quad, on the quad) Geeked up on the motor, got the engine running deep
Poppin' rocks at the bottom of my feet (of my feet, of my feet)
I don't care about the topic if you're talking 'bout me
Got another couple racks up for the
cheese (for the cheese, for the cheese)
Like oh my god (oh my god)
I don't know (I don't know)
What the fuck? (what the fuck?)
Is going on
Like oh my god
Yeah, you shouldn't pull up (pull up)
'Cause we don't give a fuck about love, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sit and watch me eat a bun
A vampire, I'ma inaawon (phew)
That check, I want the biggest one
Left and right pocket arm big and one (phew)
I'm landin' on my fucking heels (ay)
I just went to the fucking hills (phew)
She don't wanna give me grill (ay)
But she want me to fuck her still (ay, phew)
These niggas just lil fruit cups
We got 3K's, no klu klux
At Soho in the suite with two sluts
It is 3AM and they are too much
You see the bank roll in my pocket
Talk crazy, I'll blow your ass with a rocket
Took the plug, 'cause he was out of socket
Gettin' top, 'cause she was out of pocket when said that she wasn't
Giving in to me
Everything will freeze
Teleport me, please
And my watch big D's
Pants saggin', 'cause bankrolls and these keys
Memory loss from drank flex and weed (phew)
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'Cause we don't give a fuck about love, yeah, yea-
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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