

iSpy (feat. Lil Yachty)

KYLE

[Intro: Kyle + Lil Yachty]

Man fuck...

What's wrong Kyle?

Man these...kids man, talking shit, making me feel bad
Man...fuck them kids bro. Look around bro, look at life

Man you're right

Mn...you see, you see these fine bitches over here?

Yeah, woah

You see these trees man? You see this water?

I guess it is okay

Come on man, you got so much more to appreciate man

Man you know what...y-you're right

You damn right I'm right, I can't remember a time I was goddamn wrong

Man thanks Lil Boat

Hey man, that's what I'm here for[Verse 1: Kyle]

I ain't been gettin' high...well maybe a little, baby I don't wanna lie

I know when you text me girl, I don't always reply

Well you're not an angel either, you can't even fly

I notice, you think that you know shit

All this shade that's coming at me, I wonder who throws it

They can't see the vision, boy they must be out of focus

That's a real hot album homie, I wonder who wrote it, oh shit

Otay, pray them niggas go away

Always tell the clowns around it look like Cirque Du Soleil

This is not the album either, these are just the throwaways

This shit still so cold when it drop, it's gonna be a mothafuckin' snow day

Ayy, boy is good and he knows it, he don't say it, he shows it

I am just like the DeRozen, if I shoot it, it goes in

I am in Cali just coastin', get 'em so wet they need coasters

I got a selfie with Oprah, I just ain't never post it

And I'm in my happy place posted, I ain't frown since '06

I ain't cried since '01, my bag like Six Flags and your house is no fun

You can come back to mine though, your friend named Cupid is fine though

We gon' end on a high note[Hook: Kyle]

I spy with my little eye

A girlie I can get 'cause she don't get too many likes

A curly-headed cutie I can turn into my wife

Wait, that means forever, ever, hold up, nevermind

I spy with my little eye

A girlie I can get 'cause she don't get too many likes
A curly-headed cutie I can turn into my wife
Wait, that means forever, ever, hold up, nevermind[Post-Hook: Kyle]

Oh I, I spy with my little eye
I spy, I spy with my little eye
Oh I, I spy with my little eye
I spy, I spy with my little eye
Oh I...[Verse 2: Lil Yachty]

She said she twenty-one, I might have to I.D. that
All my bitches come in pairs like balls in my nutsack
I remember riding around the city in a Hatchback
Lookin' for a problem with my young goblins
I'ma send a model home with her neck throbbin'
I done made so much money that it's non-stopppin'
Got my brothers on my back like the last name
I remember tellin' everyone I couldn't be tamed
Woah, six months later I [?] and now I'm in the game
Went from fake chains to diamonds in another lane
Went from "Can you take me here?" to screening out the lane
Went from "Damn this nigga lame" to remember my name
So I remember all the people who ain't fucked with me
They went to college now all them niggas is history
Upgraded from gold to diamonds in my tee
Riding deep in the van, like we lookin' for a mystery (Raggy!)
So don't fuck with me, no, lately I been livin' like luxury
Boat and Kyle stick together like piano keys
And on my mother's mother I won't fuck a bitch without a damn rubber[Hook: Kyle]

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Wait, that means forever, ever, hold up, nevermind
Oh, I...I spy with my little eye
A girlie I can get 'cause she don't get too many likes
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Wait, that means forever, ever, hold up, nevermind[Post-Hook: Kyle]

Oh I, I spy with my little eye
I spy, I spy with my little eye
Oh I, I spy with my little eye
I spy, I spy with my little eye
Oh I...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.