Transit (feat. Lola Monroe)

Chevy Woods

(Lola Monroe)
This beat is fucking crazy
(Chevy)
Turn the music up a little bit more.
Cool.
[Chorus]
(Chevy)
All these bitches they love it
All these niggas they hate it
They be sick to their stomachs
Look at the look on they faces
Me and my niggas just ballin
We make somethin' from nothin'
we're just fucking the money she sayin' "baby, I'm cumming"
(Lola Monroe)
All these niggas they love it
All these bitches they hate it
Look at the look on they faces
Me and my bitches just ballin
We make somethin' from nothin'
I ride this hustle so good the money never stop comin'
(Chevy)
that new beast hella sick
you probably talk when you pitch
only had time for that combo for niggas scoring them bricks
no I ain't lyin at all
ask them fiends cuz they know it
my niggas empty them clips then fill em up that's reloadin
I got a thing for that money, fast cars and that dope
I was acting the fool, I was selling 20s or so
like anything for a dolla, but I was cool with myself
you gotta fight for your hustle
what would you do for the belt?
Even them bitches is (?)
blow a kiss from that pistol
couple hot magazines so you can come get your issue
all of them taylors a show
and all you heard was a whistle
it's really stripes over here cuz all my niggas official

[chorus]
(Lola Monroe)
Ok, oh shit, Chevy they gon' make me grab a machete
Whole clique ready, bitch better go down like confetti
I push harder than pussies giving birth I say
now these dry ass bitiches sending thirst my way
got the whole city on my shoulder
my drive ain't never been chauffered
can no mothafuckas tell me where to go, when to stay, what to do, how to play (?)
and no opposing my roles
I be exposing your hoes
like how you fucking (?)
until you grind like me and make it in the struggles
shut the fuck up our lions in to miss the jungles
I'm closing curtains so you can throw the towels in
Versa chi linens my style been down within
[chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/