

Oh My (feat. SL, Yung Fume & Tiggs Da Author)

Nines

Yeah yeah yeah
I don't know what they want, I don't know
In the cold with my Gs, in the cold
We supplying you the ting, in the snow
I think I know what they want, I think I know I can smoke for your whole fucking ends
On the low, got the woah in the Benz
Only bros, I got no fucking friends
Cos I don't trust 'em, no fucking chance
Buss a move, when I'm juice oh my
In a coupe, getting whoop, from your wife
She was yours, but she loose, now she mine
From the roots to the roof, all my Gs are together
Take the scale out the cupboard, hit the block then I flood it
New watch looking flooded, paigons watching all gutted
Look at all this white on my clothes,
I ain't got time for them hoes
Looking like it snowed in the kitche
I spent all night by the stove
Heard these niggas wanna run up on me,
You niggas better not roll with nanks
Broke rappers talking 'bout yay,
I really got Rolls Royce stamps
Niggas act hard all on the net
When that gun blast you better run fast
Got my first check and like Spike Lee,
I did the right thing I gave my mum half
I can smoke for your whole fucking ends
On the low, got the woah in the Benz
Only bros, I got no fucking friends
Cos I don't trust 'em, no fucking chance
Buss a move, when I'm juice oh my
In a coupe, getting whoop, from your wife
She was yours, but she loose, now she mine
From the roots to the roof, all my Gs are together She the sweetest of females
Big bump oh gosh let me test my luck
This is a gorgeous one,
Baby it's S, this is some gorgeous bud
She a real naughty one,
She said S you're a rebel
She said S you don't give two fucks, ok ok my love

Now suck me off, let me spark my skud
They start soft your dox in the morning
Two long ones get a big boy touched
Ayy
I think I know what they want, I think I know
I buss the AM pack and put it to their nose I don't know what they want, I don't know
In the cold with my Gs, in the cold
We supplying you the ting, in the snow
I think I know what they want, I think I know I can smoke for your whole fucking ends
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She was yours, but she loose, now she mine
From the roots to the roof, all my Gs are together I don't know what you want, I don't know
I just be trapping and jugging, I just be trapping and jugging
Broke niggas can't do me nuun, broke niggas can't tell me nuun
And I can't even be in public and I just think I blew your budget
I don't father too many, imma pull me up a henny
Oh my, oh my
Feds coming, stash the readies
Say you got racks, don't believe 'em
You niggas ain't act like I need 'em
I had to link up with Nina
Dis a banger for your speaker I don't know what they want, I don't know
In the cold with my Gs, in the cold
We supplying you the ting, in the snow
I think I know what they want, I think I know I can smoke for your whole fucking ends
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