

Shoota (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

Playboi Carti

Yeah

Now, now is my time

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Tha-tha-tha-th-th-that be Maaly RawEverybody rock with me because I'm up now

Took your girl and I'ma score, like I made the touch-down

Swervin' and the Lambo doors go up, not on the bus now

Used to want a G-Shock

Now I'm walking with a bust down

Pull up and I'm flooding with an iced out watch

Whip it look like butter baby, pecan drop

Pick and drop, put that four inside drop

Stack my knots, count a lot, saw a lot

Got them rocks, diamond rocks, whip the pot

Suicide, 1600, that's the block

Hit your girl that's check free

She ain't used to text me

Now she wanna caress me

She keep tryna neck me

I got' tell my bestie, someone call my bestie

Think I found my bestie,

Link up make the check bleed

You know that I'm smoking dope,

I'll be high til' next week

Know I had to let her go,

'Cause she can't arrest me

Woke up with my toolie, what it do?

Meet me in the alley with the troops

I got red shooters, I got blue

Let that thing down then point at you

Bentley or that Rari, hoe, let's choose

We gon' the rob the bank, bring the loot

We gon' take the boy back to school

Money on the floor just like some shoesMoney on the floor just like some shoes

I'ma fuck your thot, she just a slut

I'ma fuck your thot, she just a slut yeah

And I love my goons, (yeah)

And I love my tool (yeah)

And I love my loot (yeah)

Fuck with me and you gon' lose

Don't talk to me just talk to my lil dude

Don't talk to me just talk to my lil dude

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Meet me in the ally with the troops
I got red shooters, I got blue
Let that thing down then point at you
Bentley or a Rari, ho, let's choose
We gon' the rob the bank, bring the loot
We gon' take the boy back to school
Money on the floor just like some shoes

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

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