

Psycho (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

Post Malone

[Chorus: Post Malone]

Yeah, my AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Come with the Tony Romo for clowns and all the bozos
My AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends, though

[Verse 1: Post Malone]

You stuck in the friend zone, I tell her four, five, the fifth, ay
Hunnid bands inside my shorts, DeChino the shit, ay
Try to stuff it all in, but it don't even fit, ay
Know that I been with the shits ever since a jit, ay
I made my first million, I'm like, "Shit, this is it," ay
Thirty for a walkthrough, man, we had every slit, ayy
Had so many bottles, gave ugly girl a sip
Out the window of the Benzo, we gets in in the rent'
And I'm like "woah"

Man, my neck so goddamn cold
Diamonds weigh my teeth is sore
I got homies, let it blow, oh, oh
My money thick, won't ever fold
She said, "Can I have some to hold?"
And I can never tell you no

[Chorus: Post Malone]

Yeah, my AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Come with the Tony Romo for clowns and all the bozos
My AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends, though [Verse 2: Ty Dolla \$ign]

The AP goin' psycho, my Rollie goin' brazy
We're hittin' lil' mamas, she wanna have my babies
Sippy on the Panky, chain so stanky
You should see the whip, promise I can take yo' bitch
Dolla ridin' in an old school Chevy, it's a drop top
Boolin' with a thot-thot, she gon' give me top-top
Just one switch, I can make the ass drop (ay)
Uh, take you to the smoke shop

We gon' get high, ayy, we gon' hit Rodeo
Dolla Valentino, we gon' hit Pico
Take you where I'm from, take you to the slums
This ain't happen overnight, no, these diamonds real bright
Saint Laurent jeans, still in my Vans though
All VVS's, put you in a necklace
Girl, you look beautiful tonight
Stars on the roof, they matching with the jewelry[Chorus: Post Malone]
Yeah, my AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Come with the Tony Romo for clowns and all the bozos
My AP goin' psycho, lil' mama bad like Michael
Can't really trust nobody with all this jewelry on you
My roof look like a no-show, got diamonds by the boatload
Don't act like you my friend when I'm rollin' through my ends, though
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>