

Billie Jean

A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Won't miss that shit
If you find them, they gon' get that shit
Go Grizz
And I won't miss any of them
Yeah, mmh
Winners Circle
Uh, uh, uh, and uh
Uh, uh-uh, they uh, and uh Look at my schedule, nigga
My itinerary is lookin' too busy for niggas
But I still fuck with you niggas
Yeah, I swear to God, yeah, I got love for you niggas
Shedded some blood for you niggas
If you think I'm slippin', you buggin', lil' nigga
I stay groupied up, lil' nigga
Fingers twisted up, throwin' up W, nigga
I'm thinkin' ahead of you niggas
All my niggas' cases went federal, nigga
I'm so immaculate, nigga
On my way to the bank, I laugh at you niggas
All my chains on everywhere I fuckin' go
So I keep the ratchet, lil' nigga
Mike Amiri jeans on in my Billie Jean bag
In my bag on you niggas
Bitches want a t-shirt, you ain't like that
You don't want static with niggas
She think I'ma keep her
Beat it up bad like I caught a battery, nigga
Blood on my sneakers
Louboutin bag, I'm givin' swag to you niggas
I don't really think they could fucking keep up
I still got respect for you niggas, ah
Shawty wanna kiss me, fuck me
Suck me, lick me, love me, ah
Look at my wrist, my drip, my dick
My stick, I get like ah
Shawty gon' stay down, spin around
Get around, come back, just like ooh
But it's okay now, found out
You're just like me and I'm just like you
Ah, ah, ah, I'm just like you
Tryna get my fuckin' bread up
I got drugs on me but I'm blessed up

Gotta keep my fuckin' head up
Diamonds all around the bezel
Hoodie on, feelin' mellow
They hit my nigga in the head, yo
That shit made me wanna let go
(That shit made me wanna let go)
That shit made me wanna let go
That shit made me wanna let go
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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