

Aunts N Uncles

Chevy Woods

I know I did some things that's wrong
But still you gots to love me
So tell them haters they can keep on hating on
Cause I know they gots to love me

I got my carry on and ticket, my plane number 7
35 on a hundred, getting weed and while I drive
Let your bitch be trying to kick it
That's word from my homie
Get a shovel if you dig it,
I show her mr perfect, just to hit it over dinner
She fucking with them vets see them rings and we winners
They rookie over there, you say you don't fuck with beginners
You see, all these diamonds got you thinking of winter
And that's cold, game for you, let me roll a plane for you
No room for your drive, how I hug the lane on you
With no motorcycle, just my taylor guys
They smiling in our face, but hate it all inside
We just keep it cool and throw some pimping on
And ride to some shit we did last night
So cool, so fly, so taylor, [?] I'm high [?] or die

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Ah, tell them all, fuck them all
I miss some shit I don't know how much it costs
In the game, playing hard
Them haters just trying to catch one of my bars
[?] I be shutting down mars
My iphone is full of important calls
Soon as I get on a song, I turn the booth to a star
And start shitting on niggers properly getting them figures
Got so much gin in my liver, doctors say I need a break
I'm rolling lots of weed and dropping chees on real estate
These niggers always say they real, but they ain't real, they fake
And I ain't never a fuck about they feelings
I just say, tell them all, fuck them all
These niggers lame they don't get no trust at all
In the game, playing hard
When niggers say some [?] take them all, yeah

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