

# Elephants

Tory Lanez

Hello its the fly guy  
Money to the sky guy  
I can let the 9 color yall like some tie dye  
Bars like my wif  
Cars like a drive by  
Even when you tweetin still ain't even on my timeline  
I keep the 9 I'm gettin cash times 9  
I like my women real quiet like some mimes  
I'm gettin lost in the money still I find time  
For the brain like I'm Einstein  
I don't know what them bitches thought  
I can make your chick depart  
I be hittin hoes you only see on 106 and park  
Funny how them same hoes is always at my crib to talk  
But if you came here just to talk, bitch get out my whip and walk  
Cuz I ain't got time for losin time on stupid dimes  
Take my head and lose my mind  
I fuck these hoes in twos at times its 3 yea they at 2 and 9  
See I make you feel the shine like I don't use your blinds  
Baby give me brain and let my dick bruise your mind  
Get money like social bankin  
My hoes is so Sri Lankin  
Its funny you boast n braggin  
And I ain't got no hoes that's laggin  
Got love and basketball  
Chicks hug and pass my balls  
She keep her flockin mouth shut and her ass involved  
I love to freakin score, I never pass the ball  
Your chick is on my pipe, cum white as Asher Roth  
Wow, bitch I bling like blow  
The money chinese so it ching like chow  
Now what your hoe name is  
My whip is so brainless  
I let your chick suck on my dick until her throat famous  
Your man is so nameless, and me I'm so famous  
She ain't gettin no money from me, fuck what your hoe game is  
Bad bitches only, sign on my dick  
Give me brain shawty put your mind on my stick  
I got thugs with me that'll grind for the brick  
Time is money I ain't spendin time on your chick  
Ew, still I pitch to a mil  
I'm pullin hoes in like fish to a reel  
My watch swimmin like my wrist full of gills  
Cold dick leave a bitch full of chills, for real  
Yall niggas can flip and kill me  
I'm spittin that shit that's filthy  
I cut your arm and put it on me ask you if you feel me  
Aye Hanz my nigga is you filmin  
I think that we should film it  
I think that she should feel me  
I'm spittin coke fiends ask a nigga if your dealin  
I'm stackin money til that mothaflocka hits the ceilin  
Yup, my bitch sweet like some penicillin  
And I keep it drillin, that's a tool box nigga