

They Afraid of You

Trippie Redd

Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Chopsquad
DJ on the beat so it's a banger

I hope they love you like they say they do
You gotta sit back and listen to what they say to you
Tried to put on niggas but they betraying you
Really they are some bitches and they afraid of you
They never shoot for the stars and they gon' aim at you
Gotta play right with your cards and win a game or two
I'll hit you when I depart, I just smoked a plane or two
I just landed on Mars and I don't know what to do, yeah

I'm on lean, I might blackout
Shawty wanna show her ass out
All black Wraith, got the guts out
Pouring up lean 'til I pass out
I got a whole lot of mugshots
Too much money, can't count this guap
Backseat with the bags out
Rick Owens with the tags out
Got a bad bitch with a ass shot
220, yeah, the dash, oh
Racks in, hell you talkin' bout? (Bitch, hey)
Calvin Klein, hell you talkin' 'bout? (Bitch, hold up, talkin' 'bout)
Good Gosha, hell you talkin' 'bout?
Undercover, hell you talkin' 'bout? (Uh, yeah)
Hermés, hell you talkin' 'bout? (Talkin' 'bout)
I'm a lil' model, huh (Woah)
You a Chanel lil' bitch (Yeah)
I got the cash, lil' bitch, yeah
We smoking that gas, lil' bitch, uh
Ain't wasting no time, lil' bitch, yeah
It's about to go down, lil' bitch, yeah

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