

# Post Malone, Psycho (Feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

Damn, 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  
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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 that four-five the fifth, ayy  
Hunnid bands inside my shorts, DeChino the shit, ayy  
Try to stuff it all in, but it don't even fit, ayy  
Know that I been with the shits ever since a jit, ayy  
I made my first million, I'm like, "Shit, this is it," ayy  
30 for a walkthrough, man, we had that bitch lit, ayy  
Had so many bottles, gave ugly girl a sip  
Out the window of the Benzo, we get seen in the rent'  
And I'm like "Woah, man, my neck so goddamn cold"  
Diamonds wet, my t-shirt soaked  
I got homies, let it go, oh  
My money thick, won't ever fold  
She said, "Can I have some to hold?"  
And I can't ever tell you no

[Chorus: Post Malone]

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[Verse 2: Ty Dolla \$ign]

The AP goin' psycho, my Rollie goin' brazy  
I'm hittin' lil' mama, she wanna have my babies  
It's fifty on the pinky, 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 (hey)  
Uh, take you to the smoke shop  
We gon' get high, ayy, we gon' hit Rodeo  
Dial up 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', put you in a necklace  
Girl, you look beautiful tonight  
Stars on the roof, they matching with the jewelry

[Chorus: Post Malone]

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