

Clavish, Tip Toes - feat. Aitch

With the yay let it dry by the window
Gave her two strokes, now she copying my lingo
My youngin' on the other side, tryna spill a vimto
Told her that I don't trap, but then she heard my ringtone
Either way, these pretty girls I got them on their tip toes, tip toes
My enemies, I got them on their tip toes, tip toes
My favourite letter Z, 'cause I flip those, flip those
Plugs don't trust me cause I ask where I stick those

Your boyfriend, he ain't got no backbone
You said you want your back blown
Niggas tryna backdoor
That's why I've got a mash for
You don't really crash corn
You rap 'bout the trap but, you ain't ever ran yours
When my hood was hot, I was going OT
Never saw my friends for time, I was with the dope feens
I'm tryna put on for my whole team
My old ting cute, but my new ting pretty like the Maldives
My thick ting started going gym and got slim
My slim ting started going gym and got thick
Used to borrow but nowadays I've got my own sticks
I could do plain jane or switch to a cold wrist
I got bitches from a far, I got bitches in the Brix
I got bitches from the opp block that I never even link
I got drillers that are smart and ones that never ever think
My straps come out to play, yours stay under the sink

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I made millions from rap I don't do crypto
Shit, I've been getting girls since I had the flip phone
Shawty got that brain, tryna give me all the info
Got me putting rocks around her neck like she a flintstone
And I got, 100 grand wrapped my wrist bro
Pull up to your baby mums and fuck her to the kids home
I been whipping rari's my little brodie, tryna whip o's
You been acting weird 'cause your new chick got you on simp mode
If she wifey, buy her a whip, we can't share one jeep
And I give her a couple bills to put her hair on fleek
Tell her spin and I slide in I'm tryna tear some cheeks
And were back to square one, I swear this hair ain't cheap (Shit)
Put her in a Maybach, we ain't getting no cab
Heard she fucking with the boy, now her ex's are mad
Got more money than her pops, It must be stress for her dad
Played my cards got the queen and you ain't getting it back
Bitch

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