

Fivio Foreign, World Watching (Feat. Lil Tjay & Yung)

(She's watching, yeah)

Flashing lights, bigger stage
World watching, street's a maze
Going gold, living life
Another day, another dollar
Another fight

She couldn't stop, I pray to God that I see a opp'
He think he's shining my niggas on time
And we take everything but his sneakers and socks
Mention my name when you speak of the block
Picture my face when you reach for the glock
I could just do it and act like it's nothing, they asking like Fivio it's easy or not
I got a story and I'll never tell it
I got a soul and I'll never sell it
I see them hating they watching, they jealous
Like how you get a million dollars on the debit?
How you get a million views on the edit?
How you marry a million bitches without a wedding
He got a million bitches in the section
That's like a million bitches to have sex with
I got some demons that's hotter than me
They keep on waking me out of my sleep
I look on the gram they ain't hotter than me
'Cause I'm killing the fit and I body the feets

All of my shooters alert if I tell em
I pay em the money, they doing the work
Bullets is biting and chewing his shirt
Show up the funeral, shoot at his hearse
I chill with the bitches and roll with my niggas
And hang with the baddest and move with the worst
Shawty a baddie, she wish she could have me
I ask for her name and I Google her worth

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He was on Sunset with a pistol
I turn a check boy to a victim
Hope you could tell that I'm not finna play with you
Bitch ass nigga we sliding tonight
We put that lasers on top of the glock
And we slid on the weekend with blinding lights (Yeah)
I'm try to bury a nigga
Get out the block 'cause you ain't from this area nigga
We shot at his stomach, that's a miscarriage lil' nigga
The fuck is you staring lil' nigga?
For the record I might have to address all the niggas that say I'm an industry plant
They say all my cards is rigged
I guess they ain't used to know young niggas having these racks
These niggas be trolls, we fucking they hoes
They get on the Internet, go on a rant
He try to approach, he gon' get turned to a ghost

'Cause I got this bitch in my pants
I probably punch a nigga if he glance
I finna shoot, don't worry about my stance
I got my bro a new hellcat
When you hop in this Rolls, put your hair back
I was in the hood where they tote glock
And they sell crack at the same motherfucking house
Put me in the club I go through the back door
I don't trust nobody, Imma pick your ass out
Right now I'm in Vegas
Tryna get a bad bitch to come through
Maybe she could take the edge off
I ain't got no money when she go to the bathroom
Imma take off, it's hard to head home

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