

JID, Van Gogh - feat. BlakkBoyz, Lil Yachty

Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, wow
Yeah, yeah, you know what I'm sayin'
It's Lil Boat and JID as far as your eye can see (Yeah)
You know what I'm sayin', it's water on me
And you feel me, you get that? You got that?
Is that understood?
Good, good, you got that?
I'ma ask you one more time, you got that? (Uh)
You got that? Good (Look)

I'm sick of these niggas, I'm sick of hoes
Got a bone to pick with you, I'm pickin' a bone
The hardest thing for me is stayin' composed
'Cause killin' shit is really all that I know
Funeral goes, casket closed
The choir sings, the pastor goes
Women cryin' in the rafters
Turn your baby to a bastard
Free my nigga 'til it's back-wards
Shit, come here, 'lil bitch
Let me show you a magic trick

I got the gun in my lap near the abdomen
I took a break, but they want me to rap again
Bro just got out and he already trap again, back at his craft again
New Chanel, tote that shit, sit like a daffodil
Bankroll thick, the same size as a movie reel
Tell me who keep it real, niggas be flauntin'
Fantasizin' my bitch, she look like Taraji
Take me out my body inside the safari
Couldn't dent the Ferrari, shit feel like a coffin
I use the codeine without coughin', I sleep without tossin'
She call me daddy 'cause I'm bossin'
I had a show in two cities, call me Dallas, Austin
When I talk, I'm flossin'
The gang bang red B's like Boston, hmm, huh
Everybody think a nigga lost it
Pop out the cuts, nigga, burn you like pollen
Dick up in the gut, make her feel it, Phil Collins
I don't read columns, niggas be hatin'

Pull out the pistol, they whippin' them naked
They chillin' outside of your whip and they waitin'
They'll wait on a witness with nothin' to say
I'm from Atlanta, the diamonds are Africa
I don't know algebra
I been the mouth of the South, not a traveler
Give her the dick with a curve, a parabola
I'm a spatula, I flip it, amateur, a Pamela, Angela
Palm Angels with a choker or strangler
Banger hangin' in my dang-a-lang
Lingering, peepin' out the scheme of things
If you got a problem, then I'll red the sea
I'm a lil' nigga, you ain't scared of me
Trill said he'd kill a nigga dead for me
But when he get out, I'll be seventy-three
Tell me, "Go to Hell," I'll be waitin' to see you there

Lookin' for me, and I know I be in there
Plottin' on it, tryna be a billionaire
Snuck it in, that's how we got the P in here
Uh, come on
I'm gettin' top with the coat on
Doin' so many donuts, the smoke fuck up the ozone

Lookin' like Frozone
Told her to keep to all her clothes on
I just want mouth, she just want Venmo
She let me score in the endzone
I put that ho in the friendzone
We put that ho in the friendzone
'Cause she came over rockin' Kenzo
Bitch, I don't fuck with no Kenzo
Double C me in the bando
Took her to church like I'm Chano
Don't change the channel, I go commando
I might just fuck on a fat ho
This shit art, Van Gogh