

Young Lungs, Tennis

they a lot of talk
i don't talk, i get it
you know I am bout it
if it kill me imam let it
running to the bag like I am so athletic

I've been up since 5
making hit like tennis
I've been on fire I just need my setting
reaching for the stars hope my feet touch heaven
haven't had first bitch already want seconds

wanna beon top popping off like a 4 4
life been going fast I been trying not to go slow
I just hit the gas now
I am faded going slow-mo

you think gon pass but you tripping that's a no go
bitch you know I am sick
got mr spitting like a sore throat
I was out in Europe that dun stopped me for some though
I just wat a couple chains my shawyt like some rose gold