

Dripset

Young M.A

Yo, brodie
Yerrr
Hey man, we about to go to Miami, man
We about to go to the Yams, bro
I'm stressed out man
I need some love, manAy, uh
Just drunk a half a bottle of that Henessy, I'm wavy
Had to leave that bitch before she played me
My feelings hurt, I cannot even lie that was my baby
But fuck love, love is just a bitch that never paid me
Then what'd you do? Went and got a bag like a boss do
So next time you wanna have my heart it's gon cost you
It's Redlyfe, baby, but my heart blue
My money number 1, so listen hoe you just a part 2
So play your part, I ain't got no time for your feelings now
Landin in Miami, rent the Rari, put the ceilin down
Skrrt
Drip check
Shades on, Neck wet, wrist wet
And I got that smile that'll make your bitch wet
In Miami like Santana town
Dipset, dipset, dipset, dripset, dripset, dripset
And I'm with my guys, all foreigners at the stop sign
And we spinnin blocks, got a watch where the opps hide
Bad bitch, lookin like a pie, she on thot time
Put Henny in her Mai Tai, now she on my time
Then I hit the bro up, like let's go up on a Sunday
5 foreigners deep, gang hoggin up the one way
Liv on a Sunday, we ain't throwin chump change
Party on the yacht, couple thots & the fuckin gang
We ain't got no worries, drinkin Henny just to numb the pain
Big Cuban links, diamonds dancin off the sun raysDrip check
Shades on, Neck wet, wrist wet
And I got that smile that'll make your bitch wet
In Miami like Santana town
Dipset, dipset, dipset, dripset, dripset, dripset
Jim Jones ballin
Big drip saucin
Money and respect, got that Power like I'm Austin
Back end money, get like 15 on the walk-in
15 niggas deep, tell them bouncers let my dogs in
It's gon be a problem if this Glock get to barkin

We gon turn the opp into dog shit
Put a price on him like an auction (he don't want that)
My niggas walk shit, we don't talk shit
I collect a bag, give my brother Reem a portion
And we in them stores, came off tour with a fortune
I'm tired of flexin on em, it's exhausting
Neck on faucet, bad bitches on itDrip check
Shades on, Neck wet, wrist wet
And I got that smile that'll make your bitch wet
In Miami like Santana town
Dipset, dipset, dipset, dripset, dripset, dripsetFlex

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>