

A.D.H.D. Freestyle

Sad Frosty

[Intro]

Your call has been forwarded to an automated voice messaging system

[Verse]

I feel like Teezo, I'm back on that bullshit

If you talk reckless, then empty the full clip

I don't sip no lean and I don't pop no bars

Shawty, she on me, she think I'm a star

I'm chasing this money, I really can't stop

All these bitches wanna suck on my cock

If she cannot pay me, I don't want the top

Frosty, he blowin', he cannot be stopped

Look, aye

I hit that hoe from the back

I don't love her, shit is wack

Catch me at Barney's, I'm spending them racks

I make a withdraw, then I'm back to the rap

Bitches, they on me, they just wanna flex

Them broke boys, they hatin' cause' frosty up next

I only take cash, I don't want no checks
Go peep my numbers, I'm at all y'all necks

Woah, look

I pull up, big body Benz

Fuck that little bitch and her friend

Frosty, he winnin', he did it again

The way that I'm comin', it should be a sin

You broke as hell boy, you need to relax

I spent your rent money, all up in saks

I'm not really trippin', I'll get it right back

He need a verse, you know I'ma tax

You know I'm a stunt

You know I'm the best

I peeped your last song and I know you stressed

You ain't getting money, boy, stop with the flex

I feel like I'm Lonzo, I know I'm up next

Used to get hated then counting it out

Your pockets, they empty, it look like a drought

Call up your bitch, tell her I want the mouth

Frosty, he blowin' from north to the south

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