

Why You Think

Toosii

[Intro]

You know

I thought they knew I was a big stepper, well-known flexer

Girlfriend ass caresser

You heard?

[Verse]

Why?you?think we the?same, nigga? We ain't the same,?nigga

I'm the type to do the hit and up, you the type to pay hitters

I'm the type to walk over the body, let the flame hit him

You the type to spin the block, don't give a fuck if you graze niggas

Bitch, I ride with hitters, uh

Even if we four deep, it's eight rods inside the Sprinter

They want me to go like Rickey, got a rod inside my denim

Life like Kahoot, he answer wrong, he sent to the sender

We was praisin' shooters, wonder why life keep on descending, uh

Still don't give a fuck, I spin a bend like I was Simmons, uh

I feel like Raf, I ain't gotta hit Neimans to get them Simons (No)

Tryna change my ways but I'm on the opps head, you can say I'm tempted (For real)

Bro say just for a feature he'll get 'em dead, he reminiscing

Nigga, is you gon' pay your shooters or is you gon' play your shooters?

We treat your shooters like they target practice, slay your shooters

He got no play, he on the bench, nigga, you 2K-ed your shooter
Wonder why he gunnin' for your head, 'cause you ain't save your shooter
K's on the block hot, wish Tadoe never died or I could've saved Nico
Your whole gang full of crash dummies, your frontline like a free throw
We can hang on the opp block like the wifi, that's a hotspot, and we keep rope
Wintertime, I keep a P inside a jacket, for rainy days, got a peacoat
I was goin' to school with P clothes, I still feel like fuck the R. I. C. O. 's (Fuck 'em)
Grew up in Bearwood West, that's why I'm so close with the 'migos
I do my dance when the pack touch down, they start to call a nigga T. O.
I make my mama mama rich, give her them chips, she love casinos
We want more life, nigga, like Vedo, think I'm broke? Well, shit, she know
Ain't free Pooh up out them chains, but I'm happy we got Dido
We'll box a nigga up like he a pizza, work for Dino's
And my dreadhead smoke Keef, he a chief, get 'em gone, finito
Yeah, Panama Beach, we still got Glocks, they say, "Baby Toos, you hot"
They don't know it's a warzone, I'ma pop 'fore Baby Too get shot
Always keep my guard on, let a shot off 'fore this tool get popped
Who the fuck I'ma call on or I'ma fall on if Lil Too get shot?

[Outro]

For real

Thinkin' like, who I'ma talk to about my problems?

They say I'm a, uh, blessing

Can you tell me, am I in disguise?

Word

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