

Shoota (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

Playboi Carti

Yeah
Now, now is my time
Now is my time
Tha-tha-tha-th-th-that be Maaly RawEverybody rock with me because I'm up now
Took your girl and I'ma score, like I made the touch-down
Swervin' and the Lambo doors go up, not on the bus now
Used to want a G-Shock
Now I'm walking with a bust down
Pull up and I'm flooding with an iced out watch
Whip it look like butter baby, pecan drop
Pick and drop, put that four inside drop
Stack my knots, count a lot, saw a lot
Got them rocks, diamond rocks, whip the pot
Suicide, 1600, that's the block
Hit your girl that's check free
She ain't used to text me
Now she wanna caress me
She keep tryna neck me
I got' tell my bestie, someone call my bestie
Think I found my bestie,
Link up make the check bleed
You know that I'm smoking dope,
I'll be high til' next week
Know I had to let her go,
'Cause she can't arrest me
Woke up with my toolie, what it do?
Meet me in the alley with the troops
I got red shooters, I got blue
Let that thing down then point at you
Bentley or that Rari, hoe, let's choose
We gon' the rob the bank, bring the loot
We gon' take the boy back to school
Money on the floor just like some shoesMoney on the floor just like some shoes
I'ma fuck your thot, she just a slut
I'ma fuck your thot, she just a slut yeah
And I love my goons, (yeah)
And I love my tool (yeah)
And I love my loot (yeah)
Fuck with me and you gon' lose
Don't talk to me just talk to my lil dude
Don't talk to me just talk to my lil dude
Woke up with my toolie, what it do?

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