On Me

Quality Control, Lil Yachty & Young Thug

Earl on the beat
I can't even promise, it's a [?] promise
Yeah, yeah
Jeffery

Lil BoatAny problems (any problems)

Any bottles (any bottles)

Any models (any models)

That like to swallow (like to swallow)

Like gobble gobble (gobble gobble)

Talkin' gobble gobble (gobble gobble)

Extended clips (yeah, yeah)

And they filled with hollows (brrt, brrt)

22 hoes on me, 22 clothes on me, oh

22 golds on me, 22 broads on me (keep broads on me)

Givin' you swag for free

Learn how to dress from me (how to dress from me)

Keepin' these hoes beneath

Keepin' 'em beneath my feet (okay)

I done got backbone

I done got back on (okay)

Gettin' my racks on, racks

I'm gettin' to a bag home (okay)

Chanel my backbone

Never my backbone

Read my texts, better read my texts

Lil Boat!

Country Thomas might believe your promise (okay)

Say he never let a bitch divide their commas (facts)

Before they got rich they was some roadrunners

Puttin' pipe in niggas' bitches like a full plumber

They think a nigga stupid, I'ma act dumber (act dumber)

The whip seen more donuts than the nigga Homer (skrrt)

Ayy, drop her off at 5ths, tell her take a trip (take a trip)

Then I take her back home and nut on her lipsAny problems

Any bottles (any bottles)

Any models (any models)

That like to swallow (like to swallow)

Like gobble gobble (gobble gobble)

Talkin' gobble gobble (gobble gobble)

Extended clips (pew pew)

And they filled with hollows (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)22 hoes on me, 22 clothes on me, oh 22 golds on me, 22 broads on me (keep broads on me)

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Read my texts, better read my textsKeep me fucking on a jet (woah, woah, woah)

Keep me fucking on a jet (woah, woah, woah)

Bitch, these follow on me

Can't buy all that (woah, woah, woah)

Flyer than a eagle and a seagull and I'm on a jet (woah, woah, woah)

Left wrist sittin' on bricks (woah, woah, woah)

I'll put these racks on your kids (woah, woah, woah)

Know you got a real big bag, don't you? (woah, woah, woah)

You think about a Jag, don't you? (woah, woah, woah)

Poppin' these tags, don't you? (woah, woah, woah)

Makin' love to the dick, won't you? (woah, woah, woah)

You'll slurp a nigga's dick, won't you? (woah, woah, woah)

You'll squirt in my bed, won't you? (woah, woah, woah)

You'll suck it through the fence, won't you? (woah, woah, woah)

You'll swallow my kids, won't you? (woah, woah, woah)

Won't you?

I was on a helicopter

Cartier like binoculars

I was feedin' bitch lobsters

Satan like [?]

I was drinkin' too much, girl

We was [?]

I was drippin' in Nautica, err, err, errAny problems

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