

Dallas (feat. Playboi Carti)

Joey Fatts

Fuckin' hoes, doin' shows
Man I think that I'm in love with Dallas, love with Dallas
Every day a nigga pourin' fours, they got it for the low
Man I think that I'm in love with Dallas, love with Dallas
Hit a club and make a movie, after that go eat at Rudy's
Man I think that I'm in love with Dallas, love with Dallas
Now I'm at The Galleria, blowin' bags on some Louis, man
Man I think that I'm in love with Dallas, love with Dallas
Every time a nigga out here, all the bitches show me love
See that's why a nigga fuck with Dallas, fuck with Dallas
Fuckin' bitches like a fuckin' savage, fuckin' savage
Man I swear I got a fuckin' habit, fuckin' habit
VLONE hoodie, Bathing Ape tennis shoes
Niggas actin' tough, I call [?] up we gon' come act a fool
At The Galleria blowin' bandz while I'm with my crew
Makin' change of plans, pick her up and smash her in the coupe
Ay, young nigga with the clout, walkin' in, cashin' out
With a thick Dallas bitch, you probably thought she from the south
Poppin' bottles in Vlive with my feet up on the couch
Throwin' signs, talkin' money cause that's all that we about, aye
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Pockets Russell Simons, all I want is cake
Shawty ass baby fat, all she wear is Fendi
Call Pretty P, my nigga come serve you out the Bentley
I might just hurt your feelings, I spend a check, no feelings
I got a ho in Dallas, she fuck me with no feelings
Nigga, pay attention, no I can't pay no tention
I got the club going up, they startin' to pay attention
Me and Marcus cashin' out, now my roof missin'
Niggas sneak dissin', sneak mention
Like some little bitches, I should fuck your bitches
I got three chains on me, niggas know I'm winnin'
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