

Tory Lanez, Shot Clock Violations

Uh
Where did all my exes go?
Textin' X and O's, guess the car drive as far our connection goes
We're top floor, spittin' blessed flows
Extra on the cash, need mine far as extra goes
Off charts, I'm runnin' my way up
Niggas ain't fuckin' my play up
Shot Clock Violations and I'm still chuckin' my J up
They playin' hard, I'm star player, so playin' with y'all feel like I'm runnin' a layup
I'm on top of the globe
And everything I touch fire, hand top of the stove
I go through emotions, but some I'm just not finna show
Haven't I proved to you, I'm always hot when it's cold?
Haven't I proved, nigga, that I always got what it takes?
Ain't no stoppin' or brakes
They tried blockin' my chase
I'm still juggin' in place
Wonder why I'm the golden child, it's not a mistake
We press niggas and speak in code like, "Lock in and sake"
Tryna go up on me, it's like hoppin' in place
I know I'm in-cent
But she just gotta a sort of anger against me-
They wanna kill me, drive by and throw shots at my grave, it's crazy
But all great because I'm gettin' cash money now
Way before, "LoVE me NOw", the show's over a hunnid thou'
It's why I see you niggas now, don't wanna pow-wow
The mic' made me like Mike and I ain't Lil' Bow Wow
Life is all a gamble and you gotta put some thous' down
Win a couple games now and you the man around town
Now you fuckin' pretty brown rounds from the litty town
They hopin' that'll last forever, they don't ever forget you now

Oh, I
I ain't really been to the city so long (So long)
So long, I don't even know what's goin' on (Goin' on)
Hoes gone and the good girls moved on (Moved on)
Old friends jealous and the feeling so strong (Strong)
Oh, I'm (I'm)
Comin' up short but the money so long (So long)
Old friends didn't get to last too long (Too long)
Old hoes gone but I gotta move on

And the talk on road is (The talk on road is)
That I've been touchin' money, don't get down with all you funny niggas
The talk on road is (The talk on road is)
I ain't got no love for nobody that don't love me, no
The talk on road
It's always gon' be something 'bout me whenever it's talk on road (Ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh)
Oh, it's talk on road, oh-oh

Shots comin' from the otherside
Shoot us like a bitch from that meme, double homicide
And I remember nights in that kitchen, mixin' that Jambalaya
Hunnid thousand, money counter, watchin' all the numbers fly
Why would a nigga lie?
Honda Civic flow, I had to turn it to my just to drive
I remember days microwavin' stoves, was fuckin' different hoes in my sister ride
Hatin' me is hatin' God, plannin' all of His design
Book busy and big plottin'
All my niggas been in the field like pickin' cotton
Pop my shit, made all this money, imagine me switchin' options
Knowin' that I'm as cold as Dippin' Dots and, my flows just hittin' pockets
Voice just sound angelic
Pull up on bitches like Michael Jack' and push out her pelvic

She gon' dive in it face first without no helmet
And damn, she don't wanna look no type of way but can't help it
I'm truly the man, look what I do with a plan
Diamonds sittin' whiter than the brightest of Klu in the Klan
I told her, "Sit in the sun, you look brand new with a tan"
Your old nigga was broke, you look brand new with some bands
It's 2022 now, and judgin' on the deal I struck in 2021, I probably won't need a new advance
They try to hold me back, but I've been out here skippin' steps like a ruined dance
Watchin' all the flaws of you niggas, flyin' the crew to France

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