

Tap Out (feat. Jeremih)

Jay Rock

Redemption like
We been lit
Face down, ass up, vicious (woah) Backdrops, smoking on the bombest weed
Backshots finna go down when we leave
And I got squad in the back, oh yeah, yeah
And a foreign car in the back, oh yeah, yeah
Looking like stars in the back, oh, yeah, yeah
You can't tell me that I'm wrong (wrong)
Can't tell me I ain't on (on) Bottle straight to the head and I'm going 'till I tap out
Tap out, tap out, tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)
And I'ma give it to her like she want it
Tap out, until she tap out
Until she tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)
And I'ma give it to her like she want it
Only when I slide to the back, closed eyes in the back
'Cause I'm high in the back, got a text where you at, ayy
Only big flex where I'm at, ayy, bouncing on the highway
Head on the highway, I only do it my way
I ain't gon' play with it, I'ma work it out
Stand up, while I lay in it
Couple hundred thou', dead mans in the safe with it
Know what I'm 'bout, sip some
Blow a ace with you, bring it to the house
Fuck you in a car in the back, oh, yeah, yeah
Fuck you so good, call back, oh, yeah, yeah Forreal though, how many fucks do I give? zero
Eastside Jonny now, mamma maxed out
And I put that on mamma n 'em, let me take you out
Backdrops, smoking on the bombest weed
Backshots finna go down when we leave
And I got Squad in the back, oh yeah, yeah
And a foreign car in the back, oh yeah, yeah
Looking like stars in the back, oh, yeah, yeah
You can't tell me that I'm wrong (wrong)
Can't tell me I ain't on (on) Bottle straight to the head and I'm going 'till I tap out
Tap out, tap out, tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)
And I'ma give it to her like she want it
Tap out, until she tap out
Until she tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)

And I'ma give it to her like she want it
Slide on the 'gram looking for a new biatch
Don't fall through, back up 'cause I'ma be aiight
Put it in my face, I'ma lurk though
Ass like Bernice Burgos
Capricorn gon' leave her virgo
Sliding down your tongue like Berlo
Zodiac girl, what's your zodiac?
That's your boyfriend? Well, I know he mad
How you feel?
I might be too raw for you, too real
I know you homegirl wanna pop pill
Ducked off in them Hollywood hills
I be on bullshit, we be on bullshit
Pull up on me one time
Know you ain't doing shit
I be on the front line, whats happenin?
Balling when it's crunch time, I ain't lacking
Backdrops, smoking on the bombest weed
Backshots finna go down when we leave
And I got squad in the back, oh yeah, yeah
And a foreign car in the back, oh yeah, yeah
Looking like stars in the back, oh, yeah, yeah
You can't tell me that I'm wrong (wrong)
Can't tell me I ain't on (on)
Bottle straight to the head and I'm going 'till I tap out
Tap out, tap out, tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)
And I'ma give it to her like she want it
Tap out, until she tap out
Until she tap out, ohh
She wanna play 'till the morning (morning)
And I'ma give it to her like she want it...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>