

# Moonwalking in Calabasas

## DDG & Salim Montari

Ballin' since I was jit  
Way before Oakland and filmin' the skits, I had a goal to get rich  
Momma was strugglin' paying the rent  
I couldn't help her with shit  
Hate that I'm feelin' so stuck in this bitch  
Car broke down, can't fix that shit  
I cried at night, I'll admit that shit  
O2, old, I'll whip that bitch  
She left me 'lone but I miss that bitch  
If she text right now, I'll hit that bitch  
Old friends like How you get that lit?  
Same old me but they think I switched  
Fuck old friends, I don't know that bitch  
Racks too big, can't fold that shit  
I ain't get nun' when I owned that shit  
Momma I told you we gon' be okay  
Whippin' that Benz and she live in L.A  
Tryna thank God but don't know what to say  
Lot of square footage where DDG stay  
Bought it in August I'm movin' in May  
Hop out the foreigners and black is my race  
No it's not rented, it's facts in the bank  
Spent four hunnid on beanies, easy  
She want dick, she needy, freaky  
I like Wraiths, no Lamborghini  
She off X, she sleepy, sleepy (Yeah)  
Make me a wish no genie, genie  
Vanish on niggas just like HoudiniMhm, I feel like Michael Jackson  
Moonwalking through the Calabasas  
Louis bag gotta hold the rackets  
Just in case a nigga want some action  
Mhm, got some millions but it's just a fraction  
Spendin' money for my satisfaction  
Benjamin's, we don't fuck with Jackson's  
Back when I dropped, they don't post that shit (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
All good though, I'ma note that shit  
When I blow you'll owe me bitch  
Humble ass nigga but I know I'm rich (Yeah, rich ass fuck)  
Fuck that shit i know I'm lit  
If we beef I fuck your bitch  
All of the niggas I beef on the internet  
I hit up all of they bitches and get 'em wet

Call her a Uber, I hit 'em and send 'em back  
Do it in silence cause players' ain't in to that  
No, oh, I hit his bitch on the low, oh  
She said your dick game was so-so  
And she had told me your bro-oke (That's tough)  
I got a blicky it sit on my hip because L.A is tricky  
They tryna come get me  
Bought some Balenci's they don't even fit me  
They 950 but fuck it no biggie  
I'm with a biddie she tryna get busy  
She kiss on my neck but I told her no hickey  
Tryna get with me, I told her she silly  
She just for the night cause my bitch is too prettySpent four hunnid on beanies, easy  
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Moonwalkin' through the Calabasas

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