

Tommy Lee (feat. Post Malone)

Tyla Yaweh

Ah, shit, I'm just workin' in the studio
Ah, okay
You miss me?
Papa
Callin' me "Papa"?
I want you, Papa
Aight, I'll call you right back (XL Eagle made it)[Tyla Yaweh:]
You always talkin' about it (You always talkin' about it)
You never makin' no profit, uh (You never makin' no profit)
I treat my hoes like a option (Yeah)
If she talkin' and get out of pocket, ooh (Okay)
I'm livin' life like a rockstar (Oh)
Pullin' up, stretch limousines (Pullin' up, stretch limousines)
To look at me, that cost a fee (Yeah)
The double C's all on my feet
You always talkin' about it, yeah (You always talkin' about it)
You always talkin' about it (You always talkin' about it)
You say that you rappin' in private, yeah (Woah)
But I see that you cap about it (Yeah)
Livin' life like a rockstar
Pullin' up, stretch limousines (Stretch limousines)
To look at me, that cost a fee (Woah)
Them double C's all on my feet (Woah)
I changed my color to Nipsey blue (Nipsey blue)
Your racks, it get smaller, shit pitiful (Racks)
If you tryna get so physical (Woah)
That .45 will make you invisible (Woah)
I'm livin' my life like a criminal (Woah)
I call this shit First 48 (Ayy)
I been quiet, there's no one to blame, yeah (Blame)
My lawyer said we beat the case (We beat the case)
I'm livin' my life, celebration (Woah)
I'm thankin' the Lord, I got patience (Woah)
I'm lovin' the way that she take it (Woah)
I bend it, I fold it, I flip it
She bringin' it back just to prove it (Prove it)
I'm givin' her work just to move it, yeah
I'm livin' the life that I'm choosin', yeah (Choosin')
I'm gettin' these racks, gettin' stupid, yeah (Oh)
You always talkin' about it (You always talkin' about it)
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 Them double C's all on my feet (Woah)[Post Malone:]
 Pull up with the drum like I'm Tommy Lee (Tommy Lee)
 Yaweh got a stick, came to rock with me (Rock with me)
 Milli' on wrist, ain't no rocks on me (Rocks on me, rocks on me)
 I'm pretty as fuck, wanna copy me (Copy me, damn)
 I heard you was mad 'cause I'm poppin' as shit (Wow, wow)
 I'm poppin' the 'pagne and I'm poppin' that bitch (Pop, ooh, damn)
 I hop out a plane and went straight to the whip (Ooh)
 I know they can see, I think that's pretty cool if you askin' me
 Bugatti, no body roll, curtains in back of the candy Rolls (Skrrt)
 I love when my lawyer calls, I hate when I run out of smoke
 Pull up to the party, oh, and we like to party, oh
 I finish the bottle, dawg, get this bitch jumpin', no Mario
 Still shit's so hard
 Cigarettes, cough
 Bathroom stalls
 Please don't save my life, oh[Tyla Yaweh:]
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 Them double C's all on my feet (Woah)Livin' life like a rockstar

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