

Saint

HUNCHO JACK, Travis Scott & Quavo

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
(Murda on the beat so it's not nice) Yeah mama built a saint (saint, yeah)
Yeah, countin' up the O's, I thank (thank, alright)
Yeah, lookin' at the O's I drank (aw, it's lit)
You can't see that on the road, I blank
Yeah mama built a saint (saint, yeah)
Yeah, countin' up the O's, I thank (thank, alright)
Yeah, lookin' at the O's I drank (aw, it's lit)
You can't see that on the road, I blank
(Huncho)
What I bought (What you buy?)
I'm just lookin' at this mansion I bought (straight cash)
It just came with 15 rooms and a vault (15)
Ocean in the back, top floor a loft (wooh), ayy
We gonna slide today (we gonna slide)
She drowning, swim in the Ace (slide, slide)
Mob ties, no lace
Putting young niggas in place (mob ties)
Remember back then I finessed on my face (finesse)
Jansport book bag and a throwaway (gone) Yeah mama built a saint (saint, yeah)
Yeah, countin' up the O's, I thank (thank, alright)
Yeah, lookin' at the O's I drank (aw, it's lit)
You can't see that on the road, I blank
Nah, lit ain't lit for me, yeah, yeah
A four in Brisk, that's my cup of tea, yeah
Look behind the blinds, nobody can see, yeah
Collect the platinum hits like they jewelry, yeah
I might charge you 50.000 for the sauce (sauce and drip)
Ace Ventura, Marino, I play with dolphins (dolphins, splash)
Count up the deads, no coffin (coffins, deads)
Pullin' out that fire out that arson
A lot of jelly on this PJ, made it say 4K (yeah)
You niggas 'round runnin' down my juice, I ran it back, OJ (it's lit)
Rubber bands make 'em twerk, diamonds make 'em twerk (pop it, pop it)
I done lived every Sunday like you goin' to church
Fuck wrong with these niggas? (Ooh) Yeah mama built a saint (saint, yeah)
Yeah, countin' up the O's, I thank (thank, alright)
Yeah, lookin' at the O's I drank (aw, it's lit)

You can't see that on the road, I blank

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