

The Plug, Curvy (feat. Blueface)

It's The Plug (Plug)

JAY1, JAY1, just did it with sauce

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Listen (Woo)

Look at that browning, lookin' all curvy (All curvy)

Figure eight and the back come perky

JAY1, I been a badboy from early (Early)

I don't wanna hear nothin' 'bout certi'

Bros in the bando, whippin' up Shirley

Your jiggas in the club, all burnin'

Look at that wasteman, lookin' all girly

Fuck it, reverse it, bill it, then burn it

Money bopping whilst the gally watching

Everybody's lookin' at the kid (Okay)

I look around me, only sexy bitches

Clock a baddie lickin' up her lips (Alright)

Sexy mama, really done a mazza

Tell her "Buss it up and do the splits"

Got your baby mother in my crib

But I don't really give a shit

Uno, uno, baby, I'm uno

Got pengtings calling me "Papi"

Like I'm in a movie like Chulo

That big back's lookin' humongous

And I haven't got time like Hublot

So step into my bedroom quickly

Come, we get frisky

Baby, come lick me

Yakka, yakka, throw it like frisbee

Made a half a milli' from "Brudda, I'm joking"

I got a young call from Max

And he said I got a booking in Poland

That's one big house in The Midlands

Look at my mother, lookin' all cozy (Okay)

That's twenty-five bags for a booking

Fuck off, JAY1's doin' it bossy

Please just tell me, what are you smoking?

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Br-Br-Browning, lookin' all curvy (All curvy)

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Blueface, baby (Yeah, aight)

I don't have a min' to waste, don't waste none (No)

Say how I feel, they say that I'm hatin'

New generation, real is fake (Huh)

Fakin' is real, I will never sell my soul for a deal (Never)

Fill up the banks like Uncle Phil

Before I learn how to cook a meal, bitch, I made a mil' (Ice)

I fuck with my chains, she get the chills
Buffalo ass, I pay her bills
She only wear heels, my house in The Hills
I fuck with the weed, she fuck with the pills
I just robbed a nigga (Give it up), I do not steal
But I keep the steel, it could get real
Get popped like a pill (Grra)
Out on bail with the gun in my belt
My bitch in Chanel but she ain't Chanel (Chanel)
Packin' a mil' (Gone), everything sell
Still doin' well, "Blueface fell off," I couldn't tell
Hahaha, send 'em to voicemail
You have reached the voicemail box of... Blueface, baby

Bill it, then burn it
Br-br-browning, lookin' all curvy
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Fuck it, reverse it, bill it, then burn it

I got one bad B in the passy
Two in the back and a stack in the boot
I know you don't get no jawns (Nope)
Brudda, just stick to the truth
And if I was low like you are
Then I probably wouldn't buy no Loub's (Okay)
And you could never reach my height
I'm on the top floor doin' up views

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Your jiggas in the club, all burnin'
Look at that wasteman, lookin' all girly
Fuck it, reverse it, bill it then burn it (Burn it)

Mmm, JAY1, JAY1
JAY1, JAY1