

Handle (feat. Lil Yase)

Sage the Gemini

[Verse 1: Sage the Gemini]

Woah, ayy, ayy, ayy
I just knocked a bitch up at Sundays
Hit my whip, make yo nigga be like, "One day", ayy
You turn me down, now it's too late
All these diamonds got my exes saying, "Touché"
Yeah, I don't fuck with you, you the opposite
You was hating when a nigga became opulent
Woah, on the freeway flying
I'm fresh to death, but I don't plan on dying
Touchdown, lil' nigga, we don't do punts
Extendo out the window, no, not two blunts
Young nigga front a flex me and all my flaws
I used to live in [?], me and all my dogs
It wasn't one, so I made a way
Hopped up out the Bentley dressing like I'm TJ Fadeaway
Got these hoes jocking me, yeah, me and [?]
Pull up on the block, pumping bass, hella 808

[Verse 2: Lil Yase]

Whoa, whoa, I, I, I, I, goddamn
Young nigga, pull up in a red Lamb
Two tone trunk and I shoulda made my ram
Nigga in LA like the motherfuckin' Rams
I don't want your weed, nigga, you be smoking [?]
[?]
Next week, nigga, catch me at the Summer Jam
[?]
Kick her in her ass, [?]
[?]
Getting my respect like I'm the motherfucking grands
[?] sorry 'bout the pause
I'ma do a nigga like [?]
[?] saying fuck the law
I be doing me so I hope you doing y'all
[?] or please don't even call
[?] see me, then they fall
Niggas in my DM, [?]
They be in my shows, I don't see 'em like I'm Charles
I'ma run it up, let that nigga [?]
[?]
I don't know her name, but that bitch, she in my drawers

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