Mood Swings - 2KBABY Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from **Showthelyrics.com** check out for more lyrics

"Mood swings"

Ooh, ooh

(Kyle, you made that?)

She wan' play with my Glock and my XD

As soon as I drop her off, she gon' text me

Always gone for the check, never resting

I got a check, so lil' mama can't check me

She a mess, B

She wanna throw up the set, act a mess

Telling bitches, "Don't test me"

She caress me

Every time I come in from the streets, man, a nigga be stressing

I told lil' mama, "When you ready, girl

I'll be ready, we can just get away"

Shit just might get a lil' sturdy

I'll keep it steady, we gon' have better days (ooh)

Girl, you always in my head

Gotta let you know (uh)

Tell a fuck nigga, "Back off"

Nigga, step, this is not ya ho (uh)

Swear you really give me mood swings (uh-huh, oh, yeah)

Shawty love a nigga thugged out

With the bands, drippin' head to toe (oh, yeah)

None these niggas really fool me (mm-hmm, uh)

Boy, we heard about ya mans

How he fuckin' ran on the brodie, bro

Blow shit like a fan, catch him at the store

Mood, mood, mood

You switch up my mood, mood

Catch an opp on the block while he posted

Should've been on his top and been focused

One up top in the Glock while in motion

All you heard, it was, "Shots fired, " nigga

I just heard another opp died, nigga

But I ain't cry, it was not my nigga

My clique really the top five, nigga

Only tote .40s, no Glock .9s, nigga

Used to eat Popeyes, now it's lobster

I got all in my pasta, nigga

I bought my partner a new chopper

And I told him to don't let 'em catch them catch him asleep

I told lil' mama, "When you ready, girl
I'll be ready, we can just get away"
Shit just might get a lil' sturdy
I'll keep it steady, we gon' have better days
Girl, you always in my head
Gotta let you know (uh)
Tell a fuck nigga, "Back off"
Nigga, step, this is not ya ho (uh)

Swear you really give me mood swings (uh-huh, uh)

Shawty love a nigga thugged out

With the bands, drippin' head to toe (uh)

None these niggas really fool me (mm-hmm, uh)

Boy, we heard about ya mans

How he fuckin' ran on the brodie, bro

Blow shit like a fan, catch him at the store

Mood, mood, mood

You switch up my mood, mood

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com