

Gorilla Zoe "So Sick"

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Ay, yeah, say, what up?
(I'm so sick)
What these niggas got on, man?
(I'm so sick)

I'm in a spaceship out in space
I call the whip Apollo
My swaggers on the moon
In an '08 Marshalago

Now you think that you got swag
'Cause you went and bought all that
But Gucci don't make that
And Louie don't make that

Now I'm looking at your back
Like what the hell is that?
Like, man, that can't be real
But if it is then take it back

'Cause they got you
Sick of you, I'm like ah-chu

I'm so sick, so sick, so sick, so sick
In my wrist, in my fitted
In my whip with my bitch
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

In the middle of the mall
Like, shawty, please don't do it
That shit is way too big
Dem not diamond them is cubic

Eighty dollars for the chains

Thought I wouldn't do it
They gon' tear up in a day
And, boy, you gon' look stupid

Boy, them cannot be Pradas
Hundred dollars they got ya, soft tacos
You went and bought that fitted
You just wasted all your guapo
Looking at my wrist but I bet it ain't Movado

I'm so sick, so sick, so sick, so sick
In my wrist, in my fitted
In my whip with my bitch
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

She thinks that she's the thing
'Cause you told he she's the one
Her nails look good but her toes not done
Got a sixty dollar hair do
And a fifty dollar tattoo

Sick of you
(Ah-chu)

Got a tongue ring for free
She won't put that tongue on me
She can put that tongue on you
You can kiss that shit for free

Got that outfit from Rainbows
Twenty bucks for the Stilettos
Oh, no

I'm so sick, so sick, so sick, so sick
In my wrist, in my fitted
In my whip with my bitch
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

When you woke up and
You thought that you could fool the world
You can fool a couple people
You can't fool the world

I'ma tell on you, tell them say
I'ma snitch that shit ain't real

You know it ain't real
Check your swag
Now check your Gucci shoes
And check your Louie bag

We sick of you, we sick of you
We sick of you, we sick of you, we sick of you
We sick of you, we sick of you, we sick of you

Now take that monkey shit off
You embarrassing us
Take that monkey shit off
You embarrassing us
Now take that monkey shit off
You embarrassing us

We sick of you, we sick of you

I'm so sick, so sick, so sick, so sick
In my wrist, in my fitted
In my whip with my bitch
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)
I'm so sick
(We sick of you)

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