# Playboi Carti, No Pressure

Money on my dresser
Glock with compressor
I don't want no pressure
These niggas too extra
I come with the extra
I won't talk, won't text ya
Fuck yo bitch, won't text
I want top, no sex
Ridin' on top, no flex
Blue hunnids, I catch up
Blue hunnids, who racked up?
I'm running them racks up
You finally catch up
I'm tatted don't give no fuck
I'm picking out karats, ya
Them prices we tear it up

With gang and I air it out
With slime and I bang it up
We banging, no weighing up
It's red and we pour it up
My diamonds they glowing up
She waiting, she wanna fuck
Be patient, I'm counting up
Be patient, I'm whipping up
I touch- aye
I touch thots you can't touch
I touch guap you can't touch
I touch thots you can't touch
I touch- what
I touch guap you can't touch
Syrup in town, I just touched
Still po' drop-
Still po' drop, off that drop, off that mud
Still po' drop, still po' drop, what, ya
Still po' drop, in that drop, off the mud
Mounted up aye, and that 40 tucked

Money on my dresser
Glock with compressor
I don't want no pressure
These niggas too extra
I come with the extra
I won't talk, won't text ya
Fuck yo bitch, won't text
I want top, no sex
Ridin' on top, no flex
Blue hunnids, I catch up
Blue hunnids, who racked up?
I'm running them racks up
You finally catch up
I'm tatted don't give no fuck
I'm picking out karats, ya
Them prices we tear it up

Riding on top I flex
I get the money mo' checks
Cash Carti crash the Rarri
Bitch she fucking on the molly
She give me top in that coupe
Riding round with the extra
50k on the necklace
I cum on that trick with no text
Bought some more chains, I'm flexin'

Don't fuck with you niggas, I'm counting my blessings
The sniper it come with compress
Walk in the mall and flex like a ref
Got out of jail bought a rolex
You niggas still flexin' like Bowflex
I hit the ho' with a switch-a-roo
She jump on the dick like a kangaroo

Money on my dresser
Glock with compressor
I don't want no pressure
These niggas too extra
I come with the extra
I won't talk, won't text ya
Fuck yo bitch, won't text
I want top, no sex
Ridin' on top, no flex
Blue hunnids, I catch up
Blue hunnids, who racked up?
I'm running them racks up
You finally catch up
I'm tatted don't give no fuck
I'm picking out karats, ya
Them prices we tear it up