

SQE-WORLD

by sqeon

THE WORLD

[No Lyrics]

LANDLORD

pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
lookin at me sideways, like i give a fuck
shittin on tenents makes me feel so good
im here to collect every single check
every single month with every single rent
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
would you like to ride in my camry today
keep the windows down thats where they will stay
music up loud every single friday
party all night and party all day
pocket full of money and im here to collect

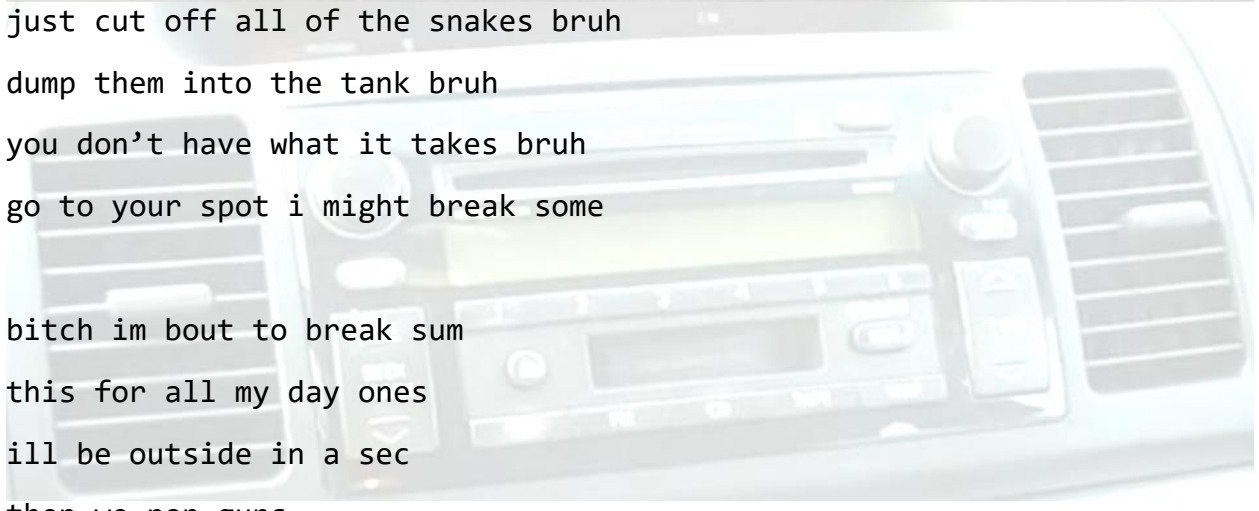
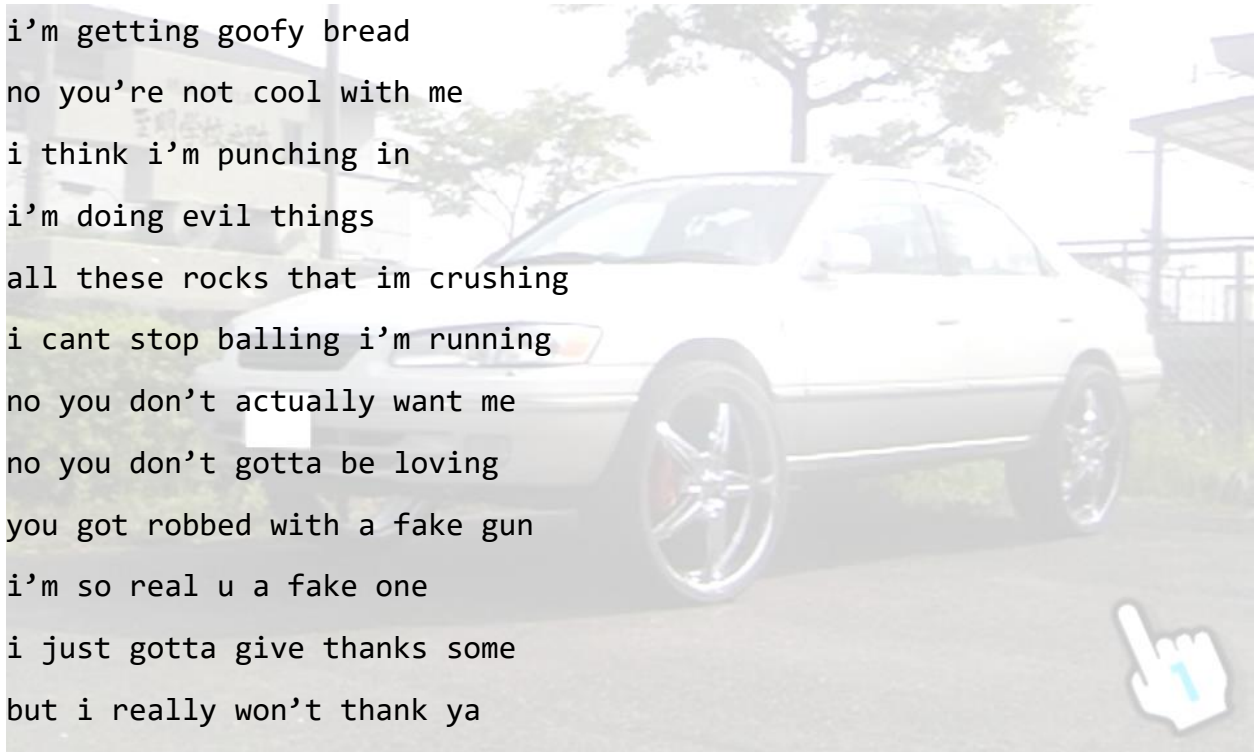
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and a baseball bat
you can bet that I always come correct
so you better be with that check
or imma hit u with that baseball bat
pocket full of money and your head is cracked
pocket full of money and your head is cracked
pocket full of money and your head is cracked
pocket full of money and your head is cracked
on the pavement with no payemnt
im sure you get whats insinuated
so just pay your statement
or imma make this place vacant
send you back to the basement
thats my statement

pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect
pocket full of money and im here to collect

SHOTGUN (FT. LIL GRACE)

all my friends are dead
i'm in truey jeans
i'm in your bitch's bed
those words not new to me

ignoring what you said
you can't get through to me
i cant get through to them
that hate shit fueling me
i'm getting goofy bread
no you're not cool with me
i think i'm punching in
i'm doing evil things
all these rocks that im crushing
i cant stop balling i'm running
no you don't actually want me
no you don't gotta be loving
you got robbed with a fake gun
i'm so real u a fake one
i just gotta give thanks some
but i really won't thank ya
just cut off all of the snakes bruh
dump them into the tank bruh
you don't have what it takes bruh
go to your spot i might break some
bitch im bout to break sum
this for all my day ones
ill be outside in a sec
then we pop guns
ridin shotgun in a dualie truck
pour them trulys up
strap your trueys on



we dont give a fuck
riding shotgun with my ammo in my clip
big ass gucci belt with a cellphone on my hip
in my left pocket is my gucci money clip
in my right pocket is my (oh shit)
pocket full of bread and cheese and dough
try see how far this sqeon shit go
got a knife in my pocket if you wanna rock me
lets keep it on topic you never gonna stop me
fuck oak house thats where i stayed at
year of my life and i got no payback
now im coolin on that
here in my trueys
sipping on wine
and watching a movie

FANTA AND GIN

[No Lyrics]

DESERT LOVE STORY

sock in my hand
glock in my hand
tree point stance tell me the plan
we'll hit the road when the sun goes down
dont give a fuck when no ones round
3 dollars left on my debit card
putting one of those in my car

we're gonna see if it takes us far
miles away from those city lights
one look at you i see it in ur eyes
(see it in your eyes)

(see it in your eyes)
poppin off in this shit
who knew id get peace like this
bring you home meet my parents
got me softer than i ever been
dont think i could make it without u
life gets harder when im not around u
when im not around you
dont know how i found you
wanna wake up every day and be around you
desert loveeee
desert loveeee

3 dollars left on my debit card
putting one of those in my car
we're gonna see if it takes us far
miles away from those city lights
one look at you i see it in ur eyes
(see it in your eyes)
(see it in your eyes)
jumping off ship
don't know how to swim
getting colder by the minute
and im feeling kinda thin
on my back in my body

feel your love know you got me
imma try, imma try
till my body all rotten
and im ridin in a lexus
across west texas
pocket full of money and a sodalite necklace
desert loveeee
desert loveeee
3 dollars left on my debit card
putting one of those in my car
we're gonna see if it takes us far
miles away from those city lights
one look at you i see it in ur eyes
(see it in your eyes)
(see it in your eyes)

ST. GIGA'S SONG

i pull up with a mickey's in hand
they/them why she call me her man
lil bitch i want ur friend
"why can't we just meet in the middle"
dumb as fuck she played me like a fiddle
i won't ever make no compromises
they're influenced by the shit that i did
i can't help it bitch that's ur problem
they told me get em so i got em
care about maybe five people

if ur included that's a privilege
u should not take that shit for granted
trust is gained and it's lost quick
growing up i done seen my dawg sick :(
now why the hell he got dealt this bullshit
swear to god i'm so sick of the bullshit
growing up i had a lot of bullshit
so ima tell y'all i'm sick of the bullshit
last thing i'll do is play the victim
reflect on what my momma told me
the friends u with they not ur homies
she was right but i'll never admit that
nothing ever hurt u like the mf truth do
if ur annoying i might shoot u
why should i care about rhyming or fitting in the meter
i'm drunk asf i made this song and mixed it i'm boutta give a shout
out to
sqeooooooooonnnn

RINGTONE!

[No Lyrics]

SQEON SUMMER OVERTIME

double park the whip man im flashy
taking out the trash but you cant call me trashy
sipping drink out a flask voice sound raspy
pocket in check and its fully loaded

one look at me u can tell i am goated
lotta friends in this shit damn near exploding
lotta friends out here on these beats just floating

walk past me you double back
ask me for a cadillac
100 thousand paid in cash
im in the gym playing catch
squeon summer overtime
u know that im on my grind
feels like music saved my life
and im back when the time is right
when the wine is right
i know you wanna fight
answer my dm and im on the next flight
truey jeans on

how could i lie
pocket full of money and my clothes fit right
squeon summer overtime
double park the whip man im flashy
taking out the trash but you cant call me trashy
sipping drink out a flask voice sound raspy
pocket in check and its fully loaded
one look at me u can tell i am goated
lotta friends in this shit damn near exploding
lotta friends out here on these beats just floating

fuck what you say and what you heard of
when sgeon plays the whole crowd turns up
fuck where you stay and where you coming from
im in the club throwing lump sums having fun

sgeon summer overtime
u know that im on my grind
feels like music saved my life
and im back when the time is right

IBS (IRRITABLE BOSS SYNDROME)

I don't give a fuck, the fuck i look like
diamonds on my shit man diamonds all night
shitting on critics yeah that's right
something in my body had me built for this life
IBS call that irritable boss syndrome

cause i be getting mad like little ceasers employees
why do they get so mad like i only have 5 dollars let me get a pizza
but i digress
if there's money i cannot rest
for this life i cannot rest
forever getting money and collecting checks
your stupid ass probably studied for the test
got my phone under the table im getting texts
it's my friends they wanna smoke weed after class
I don't give a fuck, the fuck i look like
diamonds on my shit man diamonds all night

shitting on critics yeah thats right
something in my body had me built for this life

IBS RBIM

IBS RBIM

IBS RBIM

IBS RBIM

I am a boss, raised by the internet
got my chains on and my serviette
post to the gram maybe send another tweet
really hope that i remember to eat
keep my friends close money even closer
went to the mall to kill every poser
then i hit wall street and killed all the brokers
saved the working class and put all my money into poker
I don't give a fuck, the fuck i look like
diamonds on my shit man diamonds all night
shitting on critics yeah thats right

something in my body had me built for this life

I don't give a fuck, the fuck i look like
diamonds on my shit man diamonds all night

shitting on critics yeah thats right

something in my body had me built for this life

