

Edward Scissorhands (feat. Jean Deaux)

Pivot Gang

[Chorus: Joseph Chilliams]

Mm, ay, you don't gotta trim your bush

You don't gotta Edward Scissorhands

I'm tryna talk to whoever in charge, man, fuck a middleman

You fucked my head up last time so you know I'm tryna hit again

Last time me and squad popped up we was tourin' in the van

[Verse 1: Joseph Chilliams]

Niggas pull up with that Smith and I feel like Morrissey

Please, don't be afraid to block a nigga if you're really tired ignorin' me

When people watch me eat food in public it kinda feel like a orgy

Fuck you doin', tellin' us to stop, you don't even have the authority

That nigga broke your heart?

Come and fuck wit' me, you'll never get hurt again

I'm tryna eat your pussy after I take you out like Francis Ferdinand

Skip them other niggas like some UNO cards, and it's your turn again

Stop tryna fuck wit' them hats off like when Bobby Shmurda dance

[Chorus: Joseph Chilliams]

You don't gotta trim your bush

You don't gotta Edward Scissorhands

I'm tryna talk to whoever in charge, man, fuck a middleman

You fucked my head up last time so you know I'm tryna hit again

Last time me and squad popped up we was tourin' in the van

[Verse 2: Saba]

Uh, niggas goofy like Mongo

Mundane, I got chains, ain't no chants though

Ooh, I put babes in the front row

Where y'all at? Niggas trash just like compost

Back, okay, so raise the bar, Babe Ruth

She look right then, like a officer, I'm gon' shoot

Today we eatin' Japanese, had miso soup

She say I'm the truth, I say, "That's so true"

West Side, raise 'em, I should get that tattoo

Tony Parker, pick and roll, Euro-step, Manu

Your boyfriend a teddy bear he should be in Ted 2

Hold my girl down, Remy Ma, Papoose

Try to interview me, I ain't wanna go in-depth

But no idea of anything I said, I manifest

Work hella hard, nigga, no sleep I can't rest

That's why they fuck wit' the bro just like incest

[Chorus: Joseph Chilliams]

You don't gotta trim your bush

You don't gotta Edward Scissorhands

I'm tryna talk to whoever in charge, man, fuck a middleman

You fucked my head up last time so you know I'm tryna hit again

Last time me and squad popped up we was tourin' in the van

[Verse 3: Jean Deaux]

I'm finna appease some pressure

I'm my momma seed, do devilish things

Whenever you need refreshers

Don't owe me, your B remembers

Movin' snow it feel like three Decembers

Can't tell it all, got a decent image

Get up off your knees, why you look to the east?

Where all the hoes need a limit

Real bitch been down since zero, I think I need a minute

Send a bag, send bills, send Euros

Save it all when you trick off like a weirdo

Jump off the porch like a hero

Fuck a Suwoop nigga named Cripple

Bottom line is I don't wanna hear scribble

At these weak inc's, know I'm at the head

All my niggas come blowin' though, watch and go

Straight hit a bitch like we in the bed

In a motel, take 'em to the 'mo

Write a death wish, I got the leg bringin' deals, I ain't no selfish ho

Niggas drunk and it went to their head

Then we called the nigga at the liquor store

Guess I'll never know what he would've said

[Chorus: Joseph Chilliams]

You don't gotta trim your bush

You don't gotta Edward Scissorhands

I'm tryna talk to whoever in charge, man, fuck a middleman

You fucked my head up last time so you know I'm tryna hit again

Last time me and squad popped up we was tourin' in the van

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>