

# Billie Eilish

## Kevin Kazi

[Intro]

Ayy, yeah  
Ayy, yeah  
Ayy, yeah  
Ayy, yeah  
Ayy, what?  
Ayy, yeah  
Ayy

[Chorus]

I got three iPhones in these Junya-Wan jeans  
Tryna marry Billie Eilish, put some diamonds on a ring  
You niggas be treatin' tricks like everyday is Halloween  
Belly Ache, baby girl, I fell in love with the lean  
Copycat, ayy, y'all niggas really tryna jugg the steez  
Pop a flat, Xanny got me six feet under in a dream  
Roger that, tryna wife me up a popstar queen  
Mix n match, cop designer, ayy, money in my jeans

[Verse 1]

What the fuck that nigga need? I told him meet me at the Citgo  
Need a Billie Eilish, all white, look like a brick of coke  
You out here textin' hoes, I'm gettin neck and havin' sex with hoes  
I'm finna sell my soul, but fuck a Perc, you need a Lexapro  
I love prescriptions but I think I need to let 'em go  
You did me wrong and, baby, I can never let it go  
Ayy, you've a vendetta hoe, I swear that mess is set in stone  
Lil bitch, don't text my phone unless you really tryna get a bone  
She say she miss me, Wockhardt in my kidney  
Ayy, in love with Billie, tryna wife a real b  
They gon' catch a milly and put it on her wrist piece  
(They gon' catch a milly and put it on her wrist piece)

[Chorus]

I got three iPhones in these genuine jeans  
Tryna marry Billie Eilish, put some diamonds on a ring  
You niggas be treatin' tricks like everyday is Halloween  
Belly Ache, baby girl, I fell in love with the lean  
Copycat, ayy, y'all niggas really tryna jugg the steez  
Pop a flat, Xanny got me six feet under in a dream

Roger that, tryna wife me up a popstar queen  
Mix n match, cop designer, ayy, money in my jeans

[Verse 2]

Ayy, don't smile at me, bitch, don't play around with me bitch  
Fuck around, come loud, chop you down in this bitch  
Servin' pounds, I got pounds, smokin' loud in this bitch  
Hun'ed round, bring you down, blowin' pounds in this bitch  
Set fire to your whip, huh, golden crucifix  
Jesus piece around my neck, but I'm a fuckin' atheist  
My bitch gon' lick up on my dick, lay it down with some kids  
Ride around with a ounce, boy runnin' wit' a stick

[Chorus]

I got three iPhones in these genuine jeans  
Tryna marry Billie Eilish, put some diamonds on a ring  
You niggas be treatin' tricks like everyday is Halloween  
Belly Ache, baby girl, I fell in love with the lean  
Copycat, ayy, y'all niggas really tryna jugg the steez  
Pop a flat, Xanny got me six feet under in a dream  
Roger that, tryna wife me up a popstar queen  
Mix n match, cop designer, ayy, money in my jeans

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>