

Firey Dick

Brooke Candy

I smoke splits with Satan, got him on speed dial
Cause I live and breathe, I fuck him, fire lifestyle
And there ain't another bitch in a 90 square miles
That could be like me, be this versatile
See I'm spitting heat, while you chucking vile
My bars is made of gold, you a dirty dump pile
Now let's take it back to the 666
I'mma worship the devil, I'm on my witchcraft shit
Summon the father, summon the demon
Let's take a hit from the back, swallow his semen
See, I ain't no son of god, I'm a bitch that trip
Gotta fuck with the devil, got that firey dick
Walk away slow with my left leg limp
And my money in tow, call me Lucifer's pimp
Firey dick, firey dick, firey dick, fi-fi-firey dick

P. I. M. P., ask the devil, that's me
I ain't tricking that ho cause I'm the boss la-dy
Sippin' all night only drink Henessy
And we pop 'em pills turnt O-X-E
Rocking chinchilla wear still firey
Devil like it freaky and he got that side of me
Fucking all night, tryna make a baby
Satan's spawn in my belly got me feeling funny
Bout to be the queen as the underworld seen
Evil all around me, every day is Halloween
Firey dick, firey dick, firey dick, fi-fi-firey dick
Dick