

Don't Touch Shit

1TakeJay

NouryJ I fucking love you
Wait hol' up, I'm finna turn this bitch up
ProducedByFads

New chains on the way expect a cold summer
I'm a nice dude, quick to give a bitch my old number (Bitch, buy)
I ain't fightin', but I'm always in the club throwin' somethin'
You mad like an OKC fan, boy, let's go thunder
Hit the bitch, now she need a Walker like her name Summer
I'm with a bitch named Teanna like my name Shump
Nigga sendin' shots, but I ain't hit, you got a wack jumper (Did that shit b roke)
Nigga, you a version, you ain't wack nothin' (Did that shit wack)
Ruth's Chris every day, I got a fat stomach
I don't sell drugs, nigga, I don't got no pack comin'
I don't double back on old hoes, we ain't back fuckin' (We ain't back fuckin'
)
Bitch, you lucky that I even let you claim this (On God)
I hate a bitch that always got her camera out (That shit annoying)
I ain't photogenic, bitch, put that camera down
Nigga, you ain't pay for no juice, put that Fanta down
I thought he was a boss
Who the fuck bought this Fanta around? (You broke)

I'm that nigga bitches happy just to stand around (Bitches happy)
Back then she ain't want me, I can have her now
We can link, but when I'm with you, put that camera down
Money make the baddest bitches love me with a passion now
Nigga, you ain't buy no juice, put that Fanta down (Touch it)
He didn't found his daddy gun, think he savage now
EDD over, niggas back cappin' now
I'm everybody cousin, niggas love me, I'm a rapper now

That bitch left me on scene, I can have her now
I ain't stupid, bitch, you like the fact that I'm a rapper now (You like)
Ain't shit changed, but my pockets
Why you on me now?
You ain't find God, bitch, quit actin' like you holy now
On birthdays, bitches askin' for a rollie now
Bet, I'm finna buy a zip of weed, let's roll these pounds (Come on)
I ain't get a PS5, I don't know you now
Like a good nigga, if you drown, I'ma hold you down (Bitch)
Like a Ferris wheel, niggas comin' back around
Debit card used to get declined that can't happen now
They didn't let me out the cage, now I'm running wild
Triple S Balenci's on my feet, bitch, I'm run a style
All these carrots, I feel like a silly rapper now
I'm with the type of bitch that niggas don't know how to act around (Scare)
2020, I see bitches even trapping now
Bitch then put a hole through the condom, now we got a child (Fuck)

I'm that nigga bitches happy just to stand around (Bitches happy)
Back then she ain't want me, I can have her now
We can link, but when I'm with you, put that camera down
Money make the baddest bitches love me with a passion now
Nigga, you ain't buy no juice, put that Fanta down (Touch it)
He didn't found his daddy gun, think he savage now

EDD over, niggas back cappin' now
I'm everybody cousin, niggas love me, I'm a rapper now

Nigga, you ain't buy no juice, put that Fanta down
Nigga, put that shit down
Don't touch shit
If ain't buy shit, if it ain't shit
Don't be touchin' and just touchin' shit, man
Nigga, you ain't buy no juice, put that, a-
Nigga, you ain't buy no juice, put that Fanta down, bitch
Haha