

Bacardi

22Gz

I walk in a party, I grill everybody, them biddies like who is that? I don't do Bacardi, I put up the Henny, they know where them shooters at, I speed in a Bentley, she call me, she text me, they ask if I'm screwin' that, run up and we shootin' that, had some work, I was movin' that

I drift in a Audi, turn hunnits' to thousands, they ask how you doin' that, tote guns you ain't shootin' that, better duck ain't no Wooin' (or moving) back, your bitch on my body, that money keep pilin', them racks we ain't new to that, gang be runnin' all through the bag, leavin' bands runnin' through the dash

Had some work I was movin' that, we winnin', we ain't where the losers at, we shootin', he ain't shootin back, we be rappin' but we really doin' that. We bend then we throw it in park, ain't no talkin' we lettin' it off, got no brain just the skulls on my scarf, but how he talk tough and he soft. Super Rich to the Blickies I'm duffin' her kidneys, she know that I'm shuggy, I stay with' that grippy, we spin, it gets sticky he dancin' like Diddy, I'm twirlin' with' Dulap, we pour up a 4, now we gettin' drippy, we twirl through the city, I'm still in the 50s, you want me, come get me. Please don't run up cause I keep a pole, chop super sturdy like Bre Nicole, how they switch up, I could never fold, in and out jams and we never told. Geek and I drip and I wave, man I been trappin' for days, baby its Taliban Gang, baby its Taliban Gang

I walk in a party, I grill everybody, them biddies like who is that? I don't do Bacardi, I put up the Henny, they know where them shooters at, I speed in a Bentley, she call me, she text me, they ask if I'm screwin' that, run up and we shootin' that, had some work, I was movin' that

I drift in a Audi, turn hunnits' to thousands, they ask how you doin' that, tote guns you ain't shootin' that, better duck ain't no Wooin' (or moving) back, your bitch on my body, that money keep pilin', them racks we ain't new to that, gang be runnin' all through the bag, leavin' bands runnin' through the dash

Wonder why these bitches want me, Bape with Margiela get these bitches horny, after that paper I want it, they hit them Blickies, they wan' get up on us. Look, but she trynna' get next to me, she hella' squeezed off the Hennessy, Bicky gon' sing like a melody, Xans got her rolla', her head I control her, them Taliban dump lettin' semis squeeze, pour up a 4, I drip I lean over, I call up Kush Bick out that lemon squeeze??, hop out that Porsche and, let off that stick till his temple bleed, mickles and foreigners, look, but so gorgeous, gallon of Henny I'm hella' t'd, call I ignore it, too busy tourin'

I walk in a party, I grill everybody, them biddies like who is that? I don't do Bacardi, I put up the Henny, they know where them shooters at, I speed in a Bentley, she call me, she text me, they ask if I'm screwin' that, run up and we shootin' that, had some work, I was movin' that

I drift in a Audi, turn hunnits' to thousands, they ask how you doin' that, tote guns you ain't shootin' that, better duck ain't no Wooin' (or moving) back, your bitch on my body, that money keep pilin', them racks we ain't new to that, gang be runnin' all through the bag, leavin' bands runnin' through the dash