BUDDY

6ix9ine

A-A-A Model, that shit final

Frr, oh
I did it again (I did it again)
(Oh, oh) I'm in that Benz
(Oh, oh) We pop at your man
(Oh, oh) I'm throwin' a sin

Pop at your man
Pop at your butt
Pop out the cut
I'm havin' it on you
Haters stick for real, hey, you big for real (Shit)
I told him to steal for real, thinkin' I'm feelin' it

I like my bitch like I like my purse, yeah
All that shit bustin', I cop her a purse (Oh, yeah)
Hit from the back, I be biting my shirt (Goddamn)
She say she wanna stay the night, all night (Phew)
Know a nigga got a whole lot of bitches shit
Chain swinging on me, got a whole lot of chicken shit (Yeah)
Whole lot of, whole lot of, whole lot of wrists
Plain Jane, Rolex (Yeah), it's a whole damn check
Swear they can't fuck with me, like I'm celibate
I got skin in the game, I can celebrate
And this shit is the fan, I can celebrate
All I hang with is demons and minutes
I got niggas, who shoot for me, shawty (For shawty)
All that shit out the roof for me, shawty (For sure)
It go "Doo-doo-doo" 'bout me, shawty (Brr)
Don't play with my body, don't play with my body

Frr, oh
I did it again (I did it again)
(Oh, oh) I'm in that Benz (I'm in the shit)
(Oh, oh) We pop at your man (We-e)
(Oh, oh) I'm throwin' a sin

We flipping you tight, we flipping you tight, we flipping you t
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We flipping you tight, we flipping you tight, we flipping you t
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