

Sim-Simmy  
Niggas know I shoot like John Wicky  
Ride with the blicky  
When we see him, make it sticky  
Run, Ricky  
We the ones make 'em run, Ricky  
Thirty shot blicky  
We the ones giving ficky  
Shit busy  
We the ones see him get busy  
We the ones spin into it dizzy  
Pick it 'til it's empty  
We the ones running through your city  
I'm a shot nigga, come get with me

Know this pussy on the low, see me and get low  
I just got the low, now I'm 'bout to go  
Niggas put shit on the hot, they see me, try to hide  
They say they outside, but they never outside  
I'm really outside, I'm really with the gods  
I'm really gettin' fried, smoking niggas that died  
We hit him in his head, now that nigga sped  
He lucky he ain't dead 'cause we hit him in his hat  
I'm really with it, eat it, eat it, eat it, uh  
Real, real skeezer, uh  
Guacamole willy, she gon' eat up on my semen, uh  
I'm really with it, eat it, eat it, eat it, uh  
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