

SIMMY

6ix9ine

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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