

# Regular

**A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie**

(What the fuck, a spaceship?)

Tryna see if the pussy was tight enough  
I could fuck on a bitch without likin' her  
So much Balmain I feel like a biker, huh  
Got a puck on my chain, I'm a Mighty Duck  
And I used to not think I was good enough  
And then I started gettin' my money up  
I'm countin' up on the regular  
Now they callin' my phone like it's regular  
All day, on the regular  
Balmain like it's regular  
I made you look regular  
Look at you, look at you, regular  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)

I hit from the back if it's wet enough  
I hit it again while she dressin' up  
I want you to eat me, et cetera  
I want a threesome, so set it up  
You was poppin' them Percs on the regular  
You was poppin' them Percs when I met you, huh  
I was smokin' a lot, I admitted it  
Only thing in my pocket a Metro Card  
Don't talk about it, I get it in  
Dick in her mouth, she gon' fit it in  
VVS's, they be glitterin'  
They don't like me, but they listenin' (Huh)  
If I buy her the symphony  
She gon' ride like a Bentley then  
And she only like the boss type  
She is not into middlemen  
When I was nineteen, I stopped doin' nine-to-fives, I swear, nigga  
Now I'm only twenty-six, pimpin' out rides like I'm Xzibit, yeah (Huh)  
Never lease, sign on the side of my head, I only hang with millionaires  
And I don't wanna get in my feelings, yeah  
DTB, I know bitches be trippin', yeah

Tryna see if the pussy was tight enough  
I could fuck on a bitch without likin' her  
So much Balmain I feel like a biker, huh  
Got a puck on my chain, I'm a Mighty Duck  
And I used to not think I was good enough  
And then I started gettin' my money up  
I'm countin' up on the regular  
Now they callin' my phone like it's regular  
All day, on the regular  
Balmain like it's regular  
I made you look regular  
Look at you, look at you, regular  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)

Stars align, I want number one with the smoke on the sign-up  
I'm gettin' money, you know this already, but told her meet me at the diner  
'Member I was down bad, only fly shit, couldn't get no designer  
Now my circle is high class, thinkin' 'bout smokin' a blunt with Madonna  
My nigga, I'm high as hell, need me some ice just to go with the Donny  
My bitch havin' mood swings and she be alright when I show her the money  
Go up on a Monday like we ain't got nothin' to do in the mornin'  
I'm flyer than ever, my nigga, my hoodie on like it was stormin', huh

Tryna see if the pussy was tight enough  
I could fuck on a bitch without likin' her  
So much Balmain I feel like a biker, huh  
Got a puck on my chain, I'm a Mighty Duck  
And I used to not think I was good enough  
And then I started gettin' my money up  
I'm countin' up on the regular  
Now they callin' my phone like it's regular  
All day, on the regular  
Balmain like it's regular  
I made you look regular  
Look at you, look at you, regular  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)  
Oh (Regular)