

Rumors

Ambjaay

Yeah, gang
Gang, gang, gang, yeah, yeah
Ay, I'm like a nigga on the scene
I'm like a nigga on the scene
Ay, it cost to live like this, you hear me

Niggas start hangin', then start spreadin' rumors
Chop a lyft a nigga, then leave in a Uber
Timberland how a, young nigga fuckin' boot her
Teach a nigga how to drip like I'm a tutor

Before the foreign, I was ridin' on a fuckin' scooter
Get out my way, I got a Kay, bitch, I feel like Luda
Big bands and the stuff right under the Buddha
Chop a blam, he goin' down, he must be stupid

Suit on with a stick, Tony Montana
Hoes wanna fuck, I got a bag like I'm Santa
Two bitches with me, split him like a fuckin' sandwich
Chop a hold, a bandana, and it do damage

After I hit, I'm gettin' ghost Danny Phantom
Wild out with his bitch like I'm Nick Cannon
Yeah, she gon' shake that ass with no hands
Oh, damn, no Thanksgiving, I go ham

AMB, bust down, tell her, get with the program
Dick in her mouth, I had to beat a bitch throat down
Up now, I can't slow down
Young Joc with a Glock, it could go down

Niggas, my son, they wanna cop me and pace me
I'm goin' dumb, blowin' bands like a AC
Niggas switchin' fuckin' teams like they KD
One hundrerd and AMB till they take me

Bust down, I can shower with my jewelry on
Get out my way, Stanly, feelin' like I'm Mr. Jones
When he caught shit, talker be her ringtone
Niggas be hatin', they need to leave me alone

It's my money and I need it now
Bitches like fast food, they in and out
I put dick in her mouth
I'm the one your bitch talk about, I'm dripping

People be fake, I keep it distance, like, who is it
Open the door, chopper, gon' hit him like who trippin'
Throwin' fast shots like I'm pitchin'
Niggas be cappin', man, these niggas fishing

I came from nothin', she wanna fuck, cause my cuban bussin'
Fuckin', I'm on the scene, I leave it bloody, he dunking
MC Hammer, you can't touch this diamonds
Dancin' like my wrist went clubbin', he dunking

Ballin' ten summers, DJ Mustard, he love her

She gon' set the dick like a sucker
Fuck it, pocket rocket, gettin' snucked in
Yeah, bitch and nigga need more bands

Chopsticks and billies, you know we tote them
Dunk in a bitch pussy, I leave a broke rim
Flex up, yeah, no gym
Lookin' like a bad one, a young nigga rollin' gang

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Ay It cost to live like this, you hear me
Hold up
Gang, gang, gang, gang
Yeah, man, yeah, them niggas hunnids right there

Them ain't even hunnids, them twenties, my bad
Ooh, I dropped the twenty, my bad