

# Salsa

Ambjaay

(Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, that's probably Tago)

Yeah

What he say?

Ayy, it cost to live like this, you heard me? (Cállate, Mike Crook)

Look at my salsa

I be drippin' when I walk up

Ayy, I had to boss up

Dick fuck her jaws up

Ayy, I fucked the mall up

Where I'm from, they do drive-bys and walk-ups

You know I'm dripped up

Ayy, don't get your bitch fucked

Aim the chop at his Milk Dud

Bustdown got my wrist buff

Bitch, I'm him, bitch, I been up

She a freak, man, that bitch eat my kids up

I came from nothing, lil' bitch, I'm a hood trophy

Kickin' doors, runnin' from police

I run them bands up, I do my thing on the low-key

If he trip, chopper speak, catch them bullets like a goalie

Eat that cash up like Pac-Man, ayy, I need my backend

Chase a bag with a passion

AMB on the fashion

Beat it up like a savage

Good dick fuck up her lashes

She wanna fuck 'cause I'm poppin'

Wanna fuck 'cause I'm brackin'

All money in, bitch, I'm addin'

He don't want smoke

Yeah, he don't want static

Hit-stick his bitch, no Madden

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She a freak, man, that bitch eat my kids up

Y'all can't fuck with the Jaay, man

Bust that thing like an AK

Better watch out for gang gang

Lil' bitch, you know we tote things

Big bands, we don't do chump change

Fuck what they say, I let my nuts hang

All my niggas with the extras

Chopper shoot if he test us

Came from nothing, I'm blessed up

AMB on the piece, yeah, it hold my neck up

Drippin' sauce, y'all done messed up  
Bitch, I do 'em foul, yeah, I'm talkin' that and-one  
Big bands, can't hold my pants up  
AMB the winning team, yeah, I know they can't stand us  
Wild out with a stick, Nick Cannon

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