

TTSO.

Armani White

(Eight months down)

Bitch don't talk too much
I've been up for the past few days
Let the tough shit go
When them young niggas had you phased

You throw that shit on, bitch
I throw that shit on, bitch, I
I throw that shit on, bitch, I
I throw that-

Aye, I'm in them fashion wars
Back to Mars
Punk rock gang in an Aston Martin
A runway, I done fucked half them broads
Maybe next time hit me for the casting call

Like oooh, this lil bitch tried to sneak a lil pic of the gang, but the flash went off
Hack man took 'em where the packs ran off
'Til the backend made it rain cats and dogs

Nigga, wings too heavy (woo!)
God damn, my bitch too heavy
In a White House in my Wraith like who gon' check me out this bitch
I've cuffed so many AKAs
I know the steps she 'bout to hit

I pull out the Wraith
Go and grab my dick
One pic, then yes, we 'bout to dip
Like brotha UHHH

Got you in your feelings out this bitch
Legend has it
Blanco made a couple million out this bitch
Legend has it
Y'all got hot, then started chillin' out this bitch
And now you burnt
Bitch, you out there turning all them legends habit

And I- uh, throw that shit on
(Bitch I) I throw that shit on
(Bitch I) I throw that shit on
(Hey Bitch I) I throw that shit on
(How 'bout a face?) Throw that shit on
(A Glock on the waist?) I throw that shit on
(Bitch I'm out the way) I throw that shit on
(Bitch I'm out the way) out my way, way

I gave you my love, but bitch, you did me dirty, dirty
You see the steps, show these hoes don't deserve me, deserve me

I got the torch, my nigga
Closest I get back home is the York, my nigga
I'm tryna put the city on Forbes, my nigga

Can't do the shit from a Porsche, my nigga
If I liked ten pics, then of course I'm with her
Ball on the bitch while I'm courtside with her
It's of course that she ain't never had nice shit
'Cause the bitch start stealing all the forks I get her, it's great

School as fuck and with my youngin' took a lunch
She already called her cousins—they gon' set that nigga up
She got it from me
Was born in the back of a Jeep
And that ain't no bar, I could tell you the street
I been watchin' them fly for like twenty-eight weeks
Why the fuck y'all worried 'bout me like—
Brotha UHHH

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(New curfews in the city have been set to control the ongoing issue
The city of Philadelphia has had enough with flash mobs.)