

Fat Wood

Baby Smoove

Hey, hey, that's what I'm doin'

Fat wood with the lump, ay, shoppin' for the dump
Out his neck, man, I know that boy a punk
Ay, I thought she was the

Fat wood with the lumps, I'm already shoppin' for the dumps
He just talkin' out his neck, man, I know that boy a punk
The way she gave me head, man, I thought she was the one
In the car with a K, I ain't never had a pump
I aim it out the window, I ain't gotta hit the trunk
I woke up to get money, you woke up be a bum
Millionaire mindset 'cause I know I'm worth somethin'
The client a bitch calls, she just probably wants some

If niggas think they slick, man, that's cool
We don't trim 'em in the streets
But the key is hoopin' in my Raf Simons
When I was they age, I had looked up to the dealers
Niggas on the streets dance, comin' through the hood trippin'
Coulda looked up to the doctor, shit, but that ain't what I'm seein'
All I see is end to ends, a lotta money in there reekin'
A lotta niggas fakin', you ain't real, I can see it
I like bougie bitches, yeah, the ones who can see that
I'm tryna see who's better, baby, you or the juugs
I thought I wanted you, but I ain't see the whole crew
They don't know about them struggles, you my peace like my boo
Once she give it to me, I'ma treat her like a dude
So I'm here smokin' moon rock, I'm so high, it ain't cool
Dick wham bam, if you try it, you a fool
My dawg with me yellin', but I told him, play it cool
Purp playin' with my molar/moolah, I was coolin' on a roof

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I'm a star on point guard, you not even a sixth man
Boy, don't try to murk me, you better hold your bitch hand
Boy, don't throw your life away tryna make some quick bands
Now watch, I hit 'em up, we can count some quick bands
It's fresh out the fridge, nigga, that's some quicksand
My boy play with drums like he in a rock band
Once she get on top, she don't hold down my hands
If you get the same plug, can you not steal my bands?
Met her walkin' outta Gucci, but I kinda think she knew me
When she walked away from me, she was headed down to Louis
Sometimes I walk downtown, I'm starin' at her booty
My nigga called with that juicy kush straight into me
I was fuckin' with your bitch, but that ho a bad
But she ain't hold the door for me, man, this bitch got no manners
Smokin' good cookie while I'm all up in traffic

If I feel disrespect, then it's gon' be your ass

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Talkin' out his neck, man, I know that boy a punk
Way she had me, man, I thought she was the one
Ay, I ain't never had a
The trunk
Ay, you woke up to be a bum
Know I'm worth somethin'
Ay, she just probably want some