

Pop My Shit

Babyfxce E

(Marc Boomin, this you?)
It's with an X, nigga
Fxce

Walk in the room with a hundred K and kill a nigga confidence
If copyin' me can get your ass some pape', then I ain't knockin' it
Niggas hoed me when I ain't had no pape', now it's the opposite
Don't tell him that it's beef, so when I pop him, it's anonymous
Nowadays, strikers ain't just Scats, we got all kinda whips
I want you to try to take the Hellcat, 'cause I'm watchin' it
Don't pull up on me drivin' fast, 'cause I'm stoppin' it
If you wondered what I paid for this car, it's your scholarship
You be on some dollar shit
Pants big, add some money, now it's a proper fit, wait, you get it?
Jeans loose, so I added bands, now them bitches fit me
Remember I was skinny as hell and broke, now I'm just skinny
Two thousand for a designer coat, the shirt was six-fifty
Three hundred for the Purple jeans, I paid with six fifties
Eighth label tryna sign a nigga, but this the fifth city
She had a man, but I fucked her good, I bet the bitch miss me
Niggas talk about me behind my back like damn, what I do?
They see me turnt without promotion and think I'm buyin' views
I was tryna buy a Glock while you was buyin' shoes
Fuck the Charger, bring the Chally out, I'm tryna slide a coupe
Don't tell me I can't record today, bitch, I'll buy your stu'
Where the fuck the engineer? 'Cause I'll buy him too
Don't think you safe up in the crib, 'cause I'll buy your roof
If you not my mans, don't bring your bitch around, 'cause I'll buy her too
I'm not your average young nigga, don't tell me how to move
She only listen to me, don't tell her what to do
The opps can't dress for shit, all they wear is suits
Fuck driving when I'm sliding down, bitch, I'm tryna shoot

Fuck the NBA, I'm ballin', I ain't tryna hoop
Drop him and catch his mans, that's an alley-oop
I call this nigga BlocBoy, he stay tryna shoot
Put this switch on your ass like your mama do
I heard this broke shit startin' to be a kind of flu
Firebomb the crib, then spin, bro, you gotta move
The wind always blow away, bro, you gotta lose
I'll front you if you buy him somethin', grab the two
Nigga, why'd you fuck her friend? How fast I do it
She caught me cheatin', I'm the one that got an attitude
I mixed the Wocky with the red, I'm a bad influence
The Benz take up two spots, watch me back into it
Play with me, you gon' end up in a Casper movie
Or in the lake by yourself with your ashes swimmin'
I stopped goin' back to church, my pastor sinnin'
Man, all them niggas that ain't front me, I passed them nigga
I poured a whole pint, my shirt seven hundred
You hustle all day, bitch, you broke, you sellin' money?
I could put you in the grocery store, you wouldn't sell an onion
You'll never see my face 'less you tryna drop a hundred
It go 3G, easy money
Throw on your 3D glasses, bitch, we comin'
Nigga, if you see me blastin', keep runnin'
Babyfxce E and Money, bitch, we fuckin' up the summer