

(DamJonBoi)

Crunch time, it's finna get intense
He got one chance to show he clutch or he gon' sit the bench
When we poppin' out your bushes, ain't no time to hit the fence

My cup purple, bitch, your cup green
Got a burst on the chop, I don't need no beam
I be on the Mile, I be on the East
Head-tap his ass 'cause he looked at me

If you want us in your city, send that booking fee
My bitch lookin' heat, boy, you lookin' cheap
We'll get 'em cooked with grease, get a pussy put to sleep
Out of town, in the trenches, lookin' for somethin' good to eat
Trapper got a book with him, all I know is push the P
My dread head spinnin' 'round like he Booker T
You might as well have shot blanks, you ain't hit a thing
I love how the Wock' taste, you can see it in my face
Off a 'shroom or two, I see the colors getting vivid
I'ma call him froggy, sippin' green, I think he finna ribbit
Load too big to take the stuffer route, I can't even fit it in her
Put her in my palm and then I play her like a fidget spinner

I'ma have to get the neck, I ain't hittin' bitches
Spankin' niggas on they ass, go and get my switches
Pause, when I'm in that black bitch, you can see it's tinted
Hell nah, you can't ride with the gang 'cause you might be snitchin'
Flaws all in your fuckin' diamonds, none in my pendant
I'll swiss-cheese bake a nigga, treat him like a biscuit
Beat the pussy up bad, she thinkin' that I miss it
Really don't, I just popped a Perc' 10 and hit it
Put that blow on your back, better stand on business
Shootin' 4x4s at his ass, bitch, I bet I hit him
7.62 head tap, bitch, I bet I kill him
I ain't Lil Wayne, bitch, I'm finna fuckin' sing "A Milli"

Everybody shocked, I guess that they ain't see it in me
'Ll pull up, let that chopper crack a joke for all that being silly
Went from cards declinin' to stars alignin'
Pull up with a .50 cal and fuck up that lil' car's alignment

Paper gotta say six figures just for me to sign it
I just left the Galleria, Tesla run on autopilot
Ain't no fuckin' single shot, I'ma auto fire it
Rolls-Royce got hydraulics and auto-rising
Dirty-ass stick, it think you need a lining

Dirty Dan
Heard they want some beef, well, shit, I'm turning to the jerky man
Workers at the Apple store trippin' 'cause they heard we scam
Cuz rolling off a V-cut, hittin' the Perky dance
Thirty shows, one month, but, shit, I'm ready
She used to fuckin' with some lightweights, but, shit, I'm heavy
Heard them boys think they dope, well, shit, I'm fetty
Heard you got some shit to tell me, don't be shy now
Have a robber pull up, hit your top just for a side job

All that eyein' this way, gon' turn him to a cyclops
I was blowing loud since I was bumpin' off the iPod
All this juice, I can't help it, shit, I might nod, I might not

Off the 'shrooms, in here thinkin' 'bout the cyclops
I'm in 2028, totin' iGlocks
Nigga talkin' 'bout he Blood, get five shots
I done chased that nigga down 'bout five blocks
Lookin' for this nigga, got five chops
T-bone a nigga in a drive-by
Somewhere low with your bitch in a high rise
Beat the kitty up, got nine lives