

Hokatiwi

White sticks like I dipped the buffs in a milk carton  
And the bitches got the nuggets too like I'm Will Barton  
Four hundred dollar Chrome tee but I'm still heartless  
I'll have yo whole crew running like a drill sergeant  
I ain't on a pill trip, bitch, I'm on a jack run  
Two phones slapping, had to throw away to tap one  
Zaza after zaza, I got black lungs  
Scoring through all the foul play, that's a and one  
Splash Bros, if I don't pull up, I know Stan will shoot  
Tripping in the coupe, finna crash like I'm Bandicoot  
Miami Beach loft with a good great Atlantic view  
Heard the clerk sweet like Kool-Aid, brought the jammers through  
Chop with the flash, we'll pause him like a photo  
Told her, "We a secret", I'ma dog her on the low low  
Bitch wanna link, if we ain't fraud then it's a no go  
Smoking out a two pound, balling like I'm Bol Bol  
Fuck, this some Gotham Runtz  
Undertaker, if I'm down, just know that I'm popping up  
Yeah, I see you mugging 'cause you peeped that I dropped the buffs  
Reaching? We gon' swing sticks like the ref dropped the puck  
Real road runner, probably won't even stop for lunch  
Talking like you stepping but I know that you not gon' crunch  
Whoop an opp to the Lord, bitch, watch me lob him up  
Had to up my Jordan 1s so I went and copped a bunch  
I ain't gon' stop till the kid got the GOAT status  
Put the red beams on his face, he need Proactiv  
I don't need a stunt double, I'll face my own action  
I can score in two different fields like I'm Bo Jackson  
Bitch cold so I threw a Moncler coat at her  
And I think the bitch know voodoo, she a soul snatcher  
Boy, stop rapping, you be talking shit that don't matter  
Cocky fuck since middle school, I been a roll flasher  
Bitch friends ask where she at, told' em, "With her date"  
Smile tugging on the brodie trigger happy  
Out here, you going out bad but in Flint, you chatty  
For the hundredth time, I hopped in and I zipped my baggy  
No lag, 7.62s, they'll flip yo Cady  
Blowing out the new cookies pack, I be missing Cali  
On telegraph with the scope, can hit a opp in Ypsilanti  
Scored sixty out in New York, told the Knicks to draft me  
Two hundred dollar sea food, finna make a mess  
That ain't olive oil when you see unkie apron wet  
Chase hoes? Nah, I'd rather go and chase a check  
Since you got a big heart, told bro to aim for chest  
Bitch called me "broke", told that ho they must've laced her meth  
I don't mean to dog hoes, you can go and thank my ex  
We ain't in the Hellcats tonight, catch us racing 'Vettes  
Loyalty so rare, won't even let a bitch take my test  
Off some chill shit, ran up a hundred in these pair of Crocs  
Woke up with zero fucks to give, boy, I swear to God  
Skrrt around, whip roaring like a Triceratops  
Hitter brought the stick to San Fran like he Barry Bonds  
Sealed pint, boy, I gotta charge you for every drop  
Hustle dying wish, boy, my life wasn't Fairy Odd  
That ain't Hutch, I see you grab that watch out of Jared's box

Took my bitch OT and told her be prepared to shop  
Melrose, Rodeo, back to back drip trips  
Lauren London type bitch, blues on me, RIP Nip  
Got it out the mud, in the hood like a dipstick  
Cause thirtheen, he'll pull up shooting off his RipStik  
Ray Lewis, catch you with the bag, I'ma hit stick  
Twenty thousand in the restaurant and didn't tip shit  
Lil' light skin, lip gloss, don't do lip stick  
Bitch, I got a squad full of goons like I'm Trick Trick

Ayy, ShittyBoyz