

# Ph

## Bawal Clan

I don't want hoes in my comfort zone  
I don't want hoes blowing up my phone  
Don't get me wrong  
I don't give a fuck, I've always been alone  
My dick is long  
We fucking, so I cum on you  
Tomorrow I will write this song  
This shit is born  
You think I'm only R&B  
Well, listen carefully  
Now keep your eyes on me  
Like a million dollar centerpiece  
So many bitches  
Spitting so vicious  
Licking with interest  
Pussy delicious

Get on your knees today I'mma teach you how to pray  
We gon bring your ass to church tell the people celebrate  
Tell the homies grab a drink tell the gang hit the dank  
We just doing what we want don't give a fuck bout what you think

What you think? Who got dank?  
Got them beats make tha club go bang  
Fuck tha fame, stay in your lane  
Go go gadget, bruce wayne  
Hop on the train or get pushed down the tracks  
Put squad on strain and we spend like 3 racks  
Trading the slacks for the hats and the tats  
Giving your heart an attack and that's facts

Big facts! Big bank rolls!  
Talkin big stacks  
Big booty bitch on my dick  
Tol' her get back  
Big gats big bang boom  
Hit em bitch made  
Big thangs big clipped glizzy's  
Atcho bitch face  
BANG BANG! Nigga BANG BANG!  
Clear da damn thang  
Hit a stain, finna hit a lick  
I.need a new chain  
Clear da bank, empty out dat bitch  
I need that Louis bag  
Momma need dat wraith, I need dat Tesla  
Need about 500 bands  
Fuckin a bitch and friend, finger roll in  
Then I ride out with da gang  
Hit up dat Gucci n Flex, rackin up checks  
Gota ride out widem bands  
Don't fuckin sleep on da set, know we up next  
All'yo bitches so impressed  
Never puffin on da stress, designer fresh  
Shawty hit me for da tec

Wet! Wet! Wet! Got that water quench your thirst

Bang that neck! Neck! Neck! Don't you stop until it hurts  
We gon break it, we gon chop it, we gon grind it til it works  
Glory be to the gang pray for the posse spread the word

Yea you heard, we are the prophets professing that sound  
Killing the vibe we releasing the hounds  
Exposing the clowns while we making our rounds  
Take you to town ima breaking it down  
Give you that feeling it's making you frown  
Who be tha king? We be taking his crown  
Planning a lick on the lowdown  
If you don't know, bet you know now

Cop it  
Grind it  
Roll it  
Spark it  
Not my fault  
Can't stop the habit  
Kill it  
Feel this  
Keep it  
Trill g  
This be  
Next up  
Master savage

Fuck it up  
Fuck it up  
We be up  
Run a muck  
Bout to cut up  
I do it with a passion  
Your efforts aren't enough  
Punk ass bitch  
Bitch ass punk  
My skills are ever lastin  
Loyalty never questioned  
System full of crystals  
Whip you with my sex pistol  
Wrap around your neck  
Apply more pressure  
Assassinating culture vultures  
Equipped with three eye vision  
Loser, your image an illusion  
You confused kid  
I'm the rudest  
Conclusion you end up with a contusion  
True to the game, my team hold it down  
Get realest love from the underground  
You fake as shit when you come around  
So tasteless, careless, fuck your sound

Four cheese on my plate  
More cheese, more skanks  
Pouring syrup in my drink  
More trees more dank  
Got my fuckin feet stank  
Steady runnin to the bank  
Seeing visions 20/20  
Got me staring point blank