

robert patekson

bbno\$

Ayy, man, the-, the fuck you mean you ain't heard no fuckin'-
Fuck am I doing? Gettin' money

Goddamn, praise the lord (Woo)
Bought land, conquistador
Mad man, Don Draper drip, nothing I can't afford
Big biz, I'm doing fine, up to shenanigans
Tick-tick, my wrist won't die, I'm Robert Patekson

I'm getting bread, you crumbly
I got baguette, she getting so fugly
I'm getting cash, go kiss on my ass
And suck on my balls, from front to the back, bitch
Mm-mm, she lovin' it, penis is hard, my condom in love with me
Two thousand messages, all of them girls
Had on the testament, buy me new pearls
No way, get my bag up, sell my kidney
Yes, I'm pampered, I ain't pissy
Watch my meat spin, make her dizzy
Need no reason, I ain't picky
I bought a house in Greece
I don't know why, might have to lease it out
Gucci you know, it don't crease (Huh)
Why did the beat cut out?

Hey, turn that shit back up
Way, up her labia
Pay, main stage India
Say, ain't no way we up

Goddamn, praise the lord (Woo)
Ball like conquistador
Mad man, Don Draper drip, nothing I can't afford
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I'm getting bag to Baghdad
I still recline, I'm in a Maybach
Still getting cash, I'm getting jared
I rented a PJ, throwing some racks, I'm up in the sky
I cannot drive, my shit is too high
I'm wiping my ass, It's twenty-five ply
Up in the France I'm going blind (On God)
And my car park only fit two, but I bought three, so I need more space
And everything you say I said before
You paraphrasing, lil' bitch (Uh, uh)

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