

Satisfaction

BBY KODIE

(Haha yeah, yeah)
I'm not satisfied I don't stop
I need too much damn guap
Still fucking on your thot
I threw two million off a yacht
Feel like Jordan Bell when I shot
I'm on a roll finna pop-and-lock
Felt like Huey momma let it drop
This nigga getting moody talking 'bout is thot
He better move before he get popped
I'm finna send this nigga to the doc
313 on socks
Fuck the free world bitch I'm hot
That's a freak girl it's your thot
I'm in me world what's a cop?
I'm like grease popping out the pot
She like eats right from the top
Count up yeast and I won't stop
Niggas just mad cause I'm counting up
Yeah it's your block that I'm pounding up
You take this little \$100 and round it up
They see a little money then sign 'em up
These niggas be signing for bullshit
I walk in there like with a full clip
And I'm not even rapping that hood shit
My time is a fee, how much it's gonna be?
I hop in the booth and I chop up the beat
The niggas not me cause they cappin', 1P
These niggas not street cause they cap on a beat
You making me laugh like capital C
It's karma, he sensitive, he ain't laughing at me
They laughing at you cause you claiming the streets
You gon' get your ass beat tryna bang on them streets
You goofy you geek, you act like you street
You talk to the police, lie through your teeth
You goofy to me, get put on a tee
Bitch I ain't gon' save you don't hand out to me
\$500 a beat \$3000 a feat
The fuck I look like boy you thought it was cheap
Bitch I don't make jazz I'm not Pistol Pete
Bitch I'm on your ass you thought it was sweet