

(Wavy wallace)

Mutha fuck the cops
I got hell all in my veins
I got pussy in my lap
I could never say no names
Got yo boyfriend on my dick, ok
But your boyfriend is lame
I nintendo wii wii on his face
I got nothin but aim
If I pull it imma shoot it
So don't ever think it's sweet
I be coolin til they test me
Then it's pop off, rinse, repeat
Ain't no tellin what I'll buy today
Might buy my bae a freak
Might collab all on his mic
Until he ju ju on this beat
Ion flex I say I with my chest
I be in my bag
They be mad, ion even brag
All I do is laugh
Scallywag, keep ya wig in tact
Its enough for both of us
But sense we being honest, bitch
I been harder than most of us

They be on my dick but I can't take these bitches serious
I'll take another flight before I take these bitches serious
Giggle to the bank and sip my drank like why so serious
Your man all on my dick but I can't take that nigga serious

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Mutha fuck the cops
I got dope all in my chest
Double d's on 32
Extra storage hoe, I'm blessed
You don't want this life, lil mama
You just here for the aesthetics
Instagram it, get a couple hunnid likes and then forget it
Got 20 extra dollars I might spend that on an edible
Incredible
Licking on his lips he looking edible
The devil, tho
Fuck me like we beefin, spit all down my throat
Leave a bitch on read, next time I give him head
I'll slit his throat
Way too fuckin magic to be chasin basic tragic dick
I'm honey, flies is money
So I guess that's what I'm sticking with
When I cop that holographic whip and buy these bulma tits
Don't call me now or later
I'm marian to the bullshit