

Outro

BiC Fizzle

(Ayo, Donovan, heat that up)
(Say Breezy)

Say, fuck my critics, bitch, they wan' see me dead or in the pr
ison
Keep my bro when on the road and smart enough to tuck that gliz
zy
Fuck the critics, fuck the blogs, fuck the police, fuck all y'a
ll
Thuggin' with my gang, forever screamin', "Nigga, we ball"

Don just blessed the beat
In Atlanta with three sticks, I flew 'em out, three separate ro
oms, two of 'em for Heavy, one for me
You know I'm a shootin' star, so I keep shooters when I creep
I don't want no scrubs, I bet we make your water fall you play
with me
Hey, baby, baby, baby, we go way back like TLC
I'm Clark Street so much, I don't know if I'm in industry or in
the street
Still lil' Meech and Larry just to front you or serve you a P
I ain't even gotta put on none of my jewelry, they gon' notice
me

Say, fuck my critics, bitch, they wan' see me dead or in the pr
ison
Keep my bro when on the road and smart enough to tuck that gliz
zy
Fuck the critics, fuck the blogs, fuck the police, fuck all y'a
ll
Thuggin' with my gang, forever screamin', "Nigga, we ball"

Ayy, diamonds on my neck, yeah, pimp these hoes for sex
She don't know this a hot car, I ain't change the VIN yet
Hey, this Draco come from Pakistan, I shoot, can't hold it stea
dy
SK look like a guitar tip, but that bitch hold a machete (Ah, d
amn, the beat done?)