

# Boy

BigXthaPlug

(Loko, what it do, man?)

Ayy, big Backwood, we can smoke a four  
Lot of shit I do, niggas can't afford  
Had a bag before Siri, I trapped off the 'Droid  
You get hit with FN, then it's (Oh, boy)  
These niggas 12 just like Colt McCoy  
I'm servin' Cookies just like Chips Ahoy  
I'm rockin' water, my neck got a shore  
Wide body, got horse shit inside the garage

Ayy, listen, this BigX, bitch, I'm the biggest  
These women don't want me, just want all my children  
Can't tote the Glockes if they don't come extended  
Oh, he think that he with it? (Oh, boy)  
If I tell 'em to spin, then my lil' niggas spinnin'  
Just lit with the gang, spent a ten on some tennis  
My BM the best, spend a dub on her titties  
Got thirty for niggas that's thinkin' they silly

Yeah, X, it's big on big  
Lil' bruh Glock ain't regular, it's rigged  
Play me like a square, I'ma fire up this cig'  
'Fore I spoil lil' shorty, gotta take care of my kids  
Trap havin' hair, pull up, get you some wigs  
Ayy, what you know 'bout tryna get off some mids?  
Ayy, I'm double-  
wrappin' the 'za, it's so loud, when I come through, you can hear it  
Roll over, get bread on the wake-up  
Man, that new Glock Daffy, you can't duck it  
Had to send the pack back 'cause it ain't musty  
Diamonds hit day and night like Kid Cudi  
Pretty-ass stick case it get ugly  
Smack her, tell her be quiet like a big cousin  
Stir my left and my right, make it get chubby  
12 hop behind me, I'ma Nick Chubb 'em (Ayy)  
Ridin' with a scan and a McDouble

You can go ask my partner, I really sold (Boy)  
See, I jumped off the block back when I was a (Boy)  
When I pick up my wrist, all these bitches say (Boy)  
Bet they hear this new shit and say (Oh, boy)  
And we steppin' on shit, it ain't really nothin' new  
All these apes mobbin' with me come straight out the zoo  
Feel like Caesar, I taught all these apes how to shoot  
No mask on a lick just to see what it do  
Every nigga that's with me gon' slide like a nuke  
I can't cuff on a ho if that bitch don't produce  
Boy, this shit on my wrist the same price as your coupe  
If I ever go broke, then it's, "Give me the loot"  
Had to get to the money, that shit there the rule  
They be loud on the 'net, but in person, they mute  
'Cause it's true, we be standin' on shit like a boot  
And my money grow every which way, call it Groot (Ayy, ayy)

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