

Steppa Music

BigXthaPlug

Let's go
Let's go, bitch
Alright, come on (Haha)
You know what I mean? I be having fun with this shit (Tony Coles)
See, usually I be on some shit like (YXNGTEE)
(Cheeze)
Drop (Go, uh)
Yeah, duh
Had to let that shit ride (Had to let that shit roll)
Had to let that bitch slide (Had to let that bitch, skrrt)
Had to let that shit ride
Let that shit ride
Let's do it
Huh?
It's 600, like 600
Nigga, say, "Beef" (High up)

Extended clip next to the seat, shit look like a stick shift (Fah)
TRX, motor racing for pink slips (Skrrt)
Can't get the blue balls, I nut on her pink lips (Uh)
Then she get up, make rice with the beef tips (Thanks)
Whoever thought Ro\$ama would be rich? (Whoever thought?)
I was just on the block with OG Crips
Rappin' at lunch when punchlines didn't mean shit (Huh?)
Wrappin' bricks like the face of The Weeknd
'Member them days we mashed up like a slasher movie? (Like what?)
Ballin' hard, shit, we didn't need a substitution (Woah)
Walk down gang, nowadays, we make stepper music
Slide on the hood, this shit look like an action movie (Skrrt)
After the club, we'll pimp in the parking lot (In the park)
Sidepiece same color as waffle fries (Uh)
Drop top coupe, '92, it's the perfect size (Yo)
Givin' out more birds than a turkey drive

Yeah (Yeah)
Uh, plug threw the rock with a perfect assist
So much 'caine in the whip, Eddie Kane in the whip, in the back singin' "Nig
hts Like This" (Like this)
Uh, yeah
Whippin' pots, I done broke my wrist (I done broke)
Own a FedEx truck, I feel like crack, finna steal all these boxes and shit

Banana clip hang out the Drac' like a slave man (Like what?)
Throw up the wrong letter, play hangman (On Crip)
Been blessed with a swag so cold that my stylist caught chills, backed up an
d said, "Ayy, man"
Made friends with the rock like a caveman
'Member days we was thuggin' with J. Mann (On Crip)
Took a look at the trap, all these Js at the spot
You would think me and Jordan was great friends (Swish)
Icy ass piece on my neck say 600 (Precise)
Trap jumpin', math class, shit do numbers (Woah)
I'm on a mission to get what I got comin'
Rave party, dope veins got my arms pumpin' (Pump)
I'm in the field like receivers, I'm route runnin' (Gone)
Pure dope, got the mouth of the fiends gummin' (Uh)
Nobody ever said Ro\$ama needs something (Nobody)

Hop out the whip, bangin' Crip, tryna bleed something

Icy ass piece on my neck say 600 (Yo)
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Hop out the whip, bangin' Crip, tryna bleed something (Ooh)