

Brunchtime

Billy Marchiafava

I pull up on yo bitch like
"Nice to meet ya!"
Pockets getting heavy gotta
Hold my pants up
Two cell phones but I still won't answer
She a shy girl but tonight she a dancer

Ok, I count these racks when I clock in
I'ma make a couple hits then dip like mens
She a freak on cam, come through bring a friend
Late nights in the lab, Billy sippin' on gin
I'm lit baby all of my music ain't shit baby
Ride around time in that mercedes
She want it early like brunch but I'm like "no baby"
I do my money dance, once night and the money spent
This sound like a hundred bands
This sound like Billy goin' off again
Better give the fans something they can bump again
Me and Craig the rap game Olsen Twins
Gotta flight to the bay scared of turbulence
I'm goin' up like the house from that one movie
I'm just tryna' get paid like Judge Judy!

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Popped a perc but I'm up now
Fuck it I'm pullin' her guts out
911 when I start havin' fun
If you not givin' neck get the fuck out
Gang, gang, gang, gang
I'm in this bitch like a touchdown
Fuck her best friend and get cussed out
Lot of drugs through the customs
Doin' lines on the runway (Yuh)
Gang, gang, gang, gang
I'm goin up, jetpack
All I ever knew was trap
Punch a nigga and I gave him jetlag
Lay him down like he takin' a nap
Knock, knock I'm at yo' door like religion
Pop, pop, pop a nigga like prescriptions
Pop it, flip her over no kissin'
Rob him on camera and get a description
Put my in your appendix
Flexin' so hard I don't even need tendons
My full name? Jordan Lenin Pickett
Bitch I'm ballin' making smash hits
I'm really winnin' your stimulus check
Pendin' fuck school I was skippin' attendance
All these bars I forgot to mention I look like a janitor and still get bitch
es (ha!)