

# Lunch Lady

Billy Marchiafava

I am a maniac  
Call my bluff  
My bitch told me she likes it rough  
I'm a dog, Clifford, like "ruff"  
She said "Billy you play too much"  
Well, I play too much  
I'm the only person I trust  
Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust

She's thick as a motherfuckin' lunch lady  
Round in the middle, she built crazy  
I play the fiddle if she's wants to date me  
Only been one night and she wants a baby

I'm ignorant don't let my pop songs fool you  
I got these motherfuckers stuck like some voo-doo  
I got these motherfuckers watching like Hulu

It's been a minute let me talk my shit, okay  
She gave the digits she'll be over in a bit, okay  
I'm smooth with it, everything I make hit like  
Huuuh...  
New bag who this  
Huuuh...  
Wrist wrist wrist wrist wrist  
Huuuh...  
Couple thousand in the whip  
Huuuh...

You don't know me not one bit  
And I don't trust you not one bit  
I really get it how I live okay

About to blow up like explosives  
I'm not boasting  
I'm just chillin, coastin'  
Homie brought the potion  
Now I'm lit, got me feelin' toasted  
Money to the ceiling  
About to dive in  
Really in my moment  
Focusing on my shit  
Got to hone in  
Billy got to make another stack by the morning

Pull off for the lot  
Brand new whip it cost a lot  
My girl necklace, yeah, I bought it  
Self-employed I'm my own boss  
Why you so sweet like apple sauce?  
You beef with me you take a loss  
I'm making plays like Randy Moss  
Buy anything don't check the cost  
By any means, all your shit flop  
My energy cannot be stopped  
I make a bag each time I drop

You all my sons, I might adopt  
You were a fan and then you swapped  
I'm really glad I finally popped  
A million songs I'm fully stocked  
I'm on roll I can't be topped