

Ouch!

Billy Marchiafava

I heard y'all want that heavy shit
Aye, yuh, what, aye, aye

Fuck a job
Rather fuck a bitch
Billy with the shit, I just pulled up with my clip, aye
Gang shit, yuh
Smoke then we dip
Fuck [?]
I might put you in a ditch
Fuck that bitch til I got nauseous
Too many whips, better hit Craigslist
Ride around town like a fucking tourist
Two bad bitches, and they asking for a pick, aye

Real shit, brr
Real fucking shit (real shit)
Real shit
Real fucking shit (what)
You can't get all this money, acting like a lil bitch
You can't get all this money, acting like a lil bitch, aye
Real shit
Real fucking shit (real shit)
Real shit
Real fucking shit
You can't get all this money, acting like a lil bitch
You can't get all this money, acting like a lil bitch

Don't wait now
Higher than a motherfucking kite now
If she do not like me than that bitch must be a dyke now
Thirty-thousand in my bag just for fun, aye
Milf hoes dancing when they hear that bass drum
Fuck with me baby, lil Billy go dumb, yuh
I got all the bass up and out your sis tongue
Drop-top Beemer whipping corners like a bum
The fucking G.O.A.T., they say I'm the chosen one

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