

Yikes!

Billy Marchiafava

Aye, Billy Had to kill it
Beat so sick I'm pukin'
I just had to do it
(No!)
Yeah, I just had to do it

Hol' up, Hol' up where the bass? (aye)
Yo bitch butter face (aye)
Please stay out my space (aye)
Weed from outer space
I'm just tryna get the face

Off of the rip
(No!)
I just took a blue pill
Shout out Matrix
Flex off the wrist
Break your neck with a twist
Sonic Hedgehog with the dip
Skrt

Aye we just gettin lit
(No!)
You a bitch
I'm a skrtrt off in the foreign
All this money get borin'
Drive around like a tourist
Forza 4, in the porsche
You a moron, you a dork
Eatin' lobster with a fork

This was my dream
All of my diamonds are clean
All of my bitches on lean
All of this time that you wasted on chasin'
I put in the work, now I'm off on the bases
I'm up on the stage
I'm in all the pages
I'm rockin' the stages
You basic like cable
You still in the basement
Get up out my face
(No, God, please, no!)
(Wha wha wha wha wha wha)
I was 18, yeah, drivin' in a wraith, yeah
Neck cold like rain
Burr, Gucci Mane
Let it bang, Let it bang
All this money insane
5- 5 star GTA, beat insane
Get a little taste of the sauce that I bring
Get a little taste of the sauce that I bring