

Intro

BlocBoy JB

Tay Keith produced it
Word, word, word
Tay, Tre, Tay, hah
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up

Mix gelato with the 'scotti, I call that gelato cookies
Can't paid for walkin' bitch, I got my models cookin'
Shooters in the bushes, two-two-three, no twenty-two bullets
Goin' loco loco loco, I feel like Raymond and Tookie (crip)
Who am I? I bet you know now
Hide your mama, hide your kids, hide your ho now
Fiji pull up with the SIG, it's time to roll down
I'm finna hit this pussy nigga with that four pound

Ayy man, ayy man
Ayy get the fuck down man, get the fuck down man
Don't make no motherfuckin' move man, lay down man
Count your thousands, and don't say nothin'
Don't flinch, move, anything, I'll blow the shit off your ass
I swear to God I'll put the skull out your motherfuckin' head,
yeah

Paid now, bitch I'm paid now, I'm on the stage now
It don't matter matter, bitch I'm bussin' like the grave now
Saved now, I can get rich like any day now (that's on my mama)
This shit wasn't easy, my lil nigga had to stay down
Ride, I got them hitters outside
You a snake 'cause you ratted and folded
When you see me, hit the gas, I keep goin'
I smoke three blunts in the morning
Hold the sheets, gettin' head while I'm yawning
Fuck your bitch from the back, now she moaning
Copy my swag, lil boy you cloning, nigga

Hah, hah, BlocBoy, BlocBoy, hah
Who am I? who am I? who am I?