

No Topic

BlocBoy JB

Made this song and it got no topic, fuckin' your thottie
Just got off the phone with Yo Gotti, he like what's poppin'?
I moved that pound like a man
Down on my knees, I stayed low for some bigger plans
You used to ball, call you Chris Grant
Full of gelato, bitch you know the stench (gas, gas, gas)
Smoke an O so that's full court
Add it up bitch, that's a dollar worth
Your bitch she all on my collared shirt
Bitch I told you this ain't Holister
I make her walk like I'm out of there (walkin')
Wrist gold, mouth gold, really everything gold on me
I unload my pistol, turn an opp to a dead homie
You gotta roll though, pull up in four door (skrrt skrrt)
That nigga a bitch (why?), he shoot with his eyes closed
I ain't no ordinary nigga, bitch I'm an ordinary killer
I got like seventeen choppers and at least forty-seven pistols
Drippin' sauce in this bitch, now they like whoa
Rock Revival jeans, fresh from head to toe
Say I'm ugly, yeah I know so (I know so, I know so)
But I still can fuck on your ho (that's my ho bitch)
Bitch, go get you some new clothes (some new clothes ho)
You had them black pants up in school ho (you did)
I had them Dickies in that motherfucker (in that motherfucker)
We smokin' sticky in this motherfucker (gas, gas)
Her name Vicky, have a quickie in this motherfucker (I'm finna fuck her)
She might give my dick a hickie in this motherfucker (might give a sucker)
Hit the club, got my glizzy in this motherfucker (yah)
Two hitters outside in the car, call them the splash brothers (that's on my
mama)

No topic

No topic, no topic, no topic

No topic, no topic

Three niggas outside, best believe that they Bloc

Yeah they Bloc

Hello?

Want that nigga out of there man, I want that nigga dead man. I don't want t
hat nigga livin' no more man, I'm just, I want him assassinated, on crip God
, for real, you hear me?

Catch that nigga outside loafin', loafin'

Chopper gon' bust his ass open, open

If you do that, them young niggas loc-in', loc-in'

We can't claim no hoes, fuck a trophy, trophy

Ayy, I don't even know what to say, ayy

Damn I'm finna go to the bank, bank

Go get me some more cake, cake

And right in your bitch face, face

Finna bring her, beat the face, ayy

Finna go and beat that case, yeah

Might of [?] earth with the ace, ayy

Ball like a Pacer, yeah yeah

Ball like a Pacer, ayy ayy

BlocBoy JB bitch, ayy

Know how much money I'm making?

Money that I'm making -

Yeah man, y'all know what's goin' on man

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