

Creed

BossMan Dlow

Nigga
Yeah

My motherfuckin' wrist on froze, shit on ski (Bling)
I might pull somethin' off the lot, give me my keys
I gotta call the bank and order fifty G's (Fifty G's)
Have fifty bands in twenties for me please (Please, baby)
He been in the streets, why the fuck he ain't got no cheese? (Fuck)
This an AMG, why you think I ain't gon' speed? (Yoom)
'Fore I punt these bags, I spray on some Creed (Pew, pew, pew)
I'm really in the field, still got on my cleats (Nigga)

Mr. I Don't Care 'Bout the Price, go 'head, get it, baby (Get it, baby)
You fuck me, I'll take you shopping, I ain't trippin', baby
Huh, I'm that nigga poppin', I'm the littest, baby
Bein' broke ain't an option, let's get chicken, baby
Pulled up Lamb' truck, I got the fuckin' block jumpin'
I'm shiftin' on them crackers, 12 can't stop nothin' (No)
Pulled up with my pockets on-
Pulled up with my pocket lookin' like I robbed somethin'
He folded when them crackers came, he wasn't built for that
I wouldn't tell them crackers a thing, I'm too real for that (Facts)
I'ma show my ass, I'm with the fuck shit (Nigga)
Bitch, I got a bag, ho, I'm drug rich (Nigga)
Apply that pressure, that's how I'm comin' (Yeah)
Police pull me, I'ma gun it (Yeah)
She wanna fuck me with her friend, if she like it, then I love it (Come here, baby)
I got them racks on me in public (Racks)
You can't cuff me, bitch, I'm buggin' (Don't)
Ain't tryna lay up, bitch, I'm dunkin' (No)

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