

Exotic

BossMan Dlow

Yeah, straight up out the trenches, mane

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, ayy, this on? Yeah

Ayy, I step alone, I'm rockin' VLONE when on timing

I do the dash, blue Bimmer super fast, bitch look like Sonic (Skrrt)

This that Pink Runtz, you can keep that cheap stuff, I smoke exotic

Lil' bitch super bad, I hit her from the back, snatch off her bonnet

I'm a real nigga, I'ma keep it real with ya, you ain't gotta question that

Bitch, I'm from a city where we cook dope and dress in black (Black)

Your name in black and white, you lose your stripe, can't second guess a rat

Give me the at, I'm tryna dunk like the 2007 Shaq (Come on)

She love a street nigga out the trenches, uh

She say you broke as fuck and you be actin' stingy, uh

I got some shh for the low, I ain't talkin' 'bout shimmy, uh

I'm a big nigga, I don't wanna leave that kitchen, uh (No)

I couldn't even see my grandma 'cause my jugg trippin' (That jugg)

Sometimes you gotta cut a nigga off for bullshittin'

We got old school Chevys and drop-top Porsches (Yeah)

Come walk a mile in these retro Jordans (No)

A lot of shit went left, know I had to get right

I need a thousand ones, I'm finna flood this bitch tonight

Some of you bitches don't know how much you'll get if you just don't ask (Facts)

Some of you niggas don't know how to do a fuckin' thing 'cept faggin', uh (Facts)

Some of you niggas be talkin' 'bout motion, knowin' you ain't havin' (Huh?)

Don't know nothin' 'bout no trappin' (Huh?), ain't never been in traffic

She real pretty bitch, but she gon' leave when it get ugly

Say she love niggas with motion, she be screamin' when we fuckin'

Nigga broker than a bitch, but he talkin' 'bout he thuggin'

I got three cell phones, nigga, two of 'em for my buddy (Brrt, brrt)

I was taught to stand on business and don't let a nigga side me, nigga

Never been no cheerleader, but I'll still catch a body, nigga

All my niggas really eatin', look like you on a diet, nigga (Pussy)

Money talks, bullshit walks, so be quiet

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