

Caked Up

Bow Wow

Say what?
Nigga goddamn
Mustard on da beat ho

All my homies racked out, ballin like stack house
Eat that pussy but I'm grabbing mine for takeout
Big body Maybach, backseats laid back
Just for a walkthrough, that's 25 racks
Bad bitches in here, must be out here
Chain light the club up, I know it ain't fair
Snap back, no no, hoes love the waves though
Never going broke bitch, money off the A-hole
What now? Nigga, it's bad
Talk slick, get 2 piece, Chris Childs
Chyeah, and I'm smoking that good
Rappers fear me like niggas fear Shook

All my niggas caked up, ballin like the Lakers
Better cuff your bitch dog 'cus we might take er
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Shorty tryna holler so that we can kick it
But my girl watchin, slide the homie yo digits
Hands they itchy, gotta get paper
Let the money stack up, fuck these haters
Girls stay callin, blowin up my dealings
Hit er on Tuesday, next day her best friend
Real shit, true story
Word to the motherfuckin jeweler, cop 10 Rolllies
Nigga what? Nigga, I'm the shit
1.5 million sittin on my wrist
Mustard on the beat, straight club bangin
I don't owe a nigga no motherfuckin favor
Nigga, it's bad
Talk slick, get 2 piece, Chris Childs
And I'm smoking that good
Rappers fear me like niggas fear Shook

All my niggas caked up, ballin like the Lakers
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I'm in the club
I'm lookin for them bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches
I'm lookin for them bad bitches, bad bitches, bad bitches
I'm lookin for them bad bitches
All my thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas
Thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas
Where you at?
All my thug niggas, thug niggas, thug niggas
Where you at?