

Skrrt, skrrt
I'm T'd (Sk-sk-skrrt)
I'm T'd (ay, ay)
I'm turnt up (Duh-luh-duh), ay

I'm TT, aye
I'm TT, aye
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I'm getting tree tree, getting head by Keke
Nini with me, and she sitting pretty
And she sing like Whitney, and Britney
And Gaga, like grrah grrah
'Til I die, high like Bob Marley
They like Sosa why you flexing, why not?

You don't want no smoke, bro
I'm tryna tell you what you don't know, bro
I pulled out .40 then bro broke
He took off running for the popo
My niggas gon' get you, .50 shooting like whistles
All I gotta do is whisper, karma gon' get ya
Bullets gon' hit ya, banana split ya
You want attention, it's gon' get ya
I give Tadoe the 4-0, boy
Nina turnt up, let her blow boy
Effing Keisha, I'ma .223 ya
I'm too turnt, bitch I'm too TT, yah

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