D.G.I.F.U.

Chris Brown

Ya'll know me, the still same OG, young T-Y-G
Hated on by most these niggas
But I still keep shittin' on niggas lowkey
I don't fuck with you to the third degree
I keep a G, DMV, you owe a three
Schemin' on the low, tryna make a nigga profitly
All I do is get money, fuck, and sleep
I should run for mayor
Been runnin' shit, you barely maintain your bitch
No, this ain't no lets say regular degular shit
Break a neck on some Busta shit
Souls of Mischief aww shit
I be on til infinity
Don't predict, bitch, what I'm gonna do
Cause chances are I've outdone you
And most of my so called enemies
Spit your game, talk your shit
Grab your gat, call your clique
Ball so hard I don't need the assist
I'm the best so I keep saying that shit
Nigga, you should too
If you knew what this game'll do to you
Look at bullshit that I've been through
This the drive through and shit on you

Don't get it fucked up
Yesterday I was the freshest nigga in America
I swear to God I ain't lyin', bruh, I ain't lyin' bruh
In America
Don't get it fucked up
Niggas talkin' bout oh shit
I pull up they like oh shit
Now look whose talkin', bitch
Now look whose talkin', bitch, yeah
Don't get it fucked up
I do this shit for my, I do this shit for my
Do this shit for my loved ones
Don't get it fucked up
I do this shit for my, I do this shit for my
I don't trust niggas, I only trust funds nigga

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got somethin' to say
But nothin' comes out when they move they lips
This extended clip will make Buddha shit
Shawty comin' and pullin' up with them hooter tips
Never use a nigga, but she abuse the dick
I lick the pussy, let it air dry
We in a boat, nigga, right off the coast
European or Caribbean, I'm sweatin' out my hair dye
So don't get it fucked up
I got a handful of matches, fuckin' with a bad bitch
All my niggas is savages, better loc up
Damn ,it's a tragedy, all of these casualties
Metal through his body, nigga, check his anatomy, oh shit
Why you pillow talkin'? That's ho shit
Nigga, you a geek, still talkin' 'bout me fucking yo' bitch
I can't lie, can't lie

I got a bunch of bad hoes and a wife on the side
I believe I can fly, I'm the shit now
Wanna be like Mike when I die
Step right up, can't name any nigga that can fuck with us
I'mma bring the pain, we gon' be the game-changers
All in your face, I'm bustin' nuts

Did ya'll think I would let my dough freeze?
Ho, please! Better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to throw P's?
Who you think taught you to rap keys?
Dress Dries, Phillip Limb, SLP's
Like Snoop D-O-double G
Nigga murda was the case so motherfuck the police
Ya'll niggas soft like Emojis, with the heart eyes
Ya'll part skies, ya'll cloud killas
We aimin' niggas, my soldiers blacker than apartheid
We coupe niggas, you niggas riding four doors
Like Uber nigga, we pilin' all of your whores
On the canopy my stamina be
Enough for Pamela Anderson Lee
My Katy Perry ain't afraid to carry
That shit you sniff, Taylor Swift
Niggas talk yet it remains a myth
I never seen it, they only dream it
They rap about it, do interviews
With they toy cars and they little jewels

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!