

This that super sonic shit
That haunting shit
Pull up with no company, impress your clique
Tell 'em who the fuck can ever fuck with this
Tell me who the fuck can ever go like Chris
Come through in abnormal fits, yeah that's Chris
Smoking on the finest shit, yeah that's Chris
Fucked her and threw all my shit, yeah that's Chris
Spent a car on a fit, ay fuck that shit

She choose and chose on me, you lose
I need a broom to start my move
Light a wish that got her groove
I'm at your door bitch peek-a-boo
Merk his friend from me to you
Scent off the rose and past the truth
Your head is missing beetle juice
Fuck your bitch and laugh at you

Bitch I need six for the show
Off you and your gross
Ain't no nigga untouchable that's why I stand bold
I don't need no mothafuckin clones, I can hold my own
I don't need a fucking hit song just to say I'm on
I can sing like I'm Anita, I can flow like I'm a creature
Deep in the water I'm ready to eat you
You better not come near me like I cannot see you
Fucking that bitch I'm a demon
Making that hoe slurp the semen
My money come back like the seasons
You rappers can't fuck with me either

Step in the room make a scene
Fuck with me I'll let you learn
Always some fuckery seen when fuck niggas join the same team
I am the ring of the rings higher than Jupiter rings
(Aye)

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