

Okay

Chop that chop that screw that up
Pour that pass that tip that cup
Smash that drop that back that what
Act like you don't give a fuck
Lose that balance lose that tux
Spend that money smash them guts
Pop that pussy beat your chest
Turn that beat up fuck the rest
Fuck the world don't take that shit
Put them hands up sing that shit
Tell that lie, feel that burn
Ride that high, It's your turn
Turn this motherfucker out
Show them what you all about
Twist them fingers rep your town
Hurry up it's going down
Call your gun a stabler
Call up your enabler
Live up to the fable
Break your leg, break a table
Like ye
Go spring break
Go bananas bruh go ape
Go go gadget, go Go-bots
Go gogo boots go get that guap
Get up go solo to the club
Go and get your partner off that hub
Or Rockefeller, Rock the bells
Rock a mohawk, lose your L's
Mix your P's up with your Q's
But what ever you gonna do
Don't come up in the club with that bullshit

They say they want that raw shit, that raw shit
That turn that beat up in your car shit, your car shit
I got you, Mob to it, you gotta just mob to it
You gotta just mob to it, you gotta just mob to it
They say they miss them old school gangstas
Them low-lows with the diamonds in they faces
We got you, Mob to it, you gotta just mob to it
You gotta just mob to it, you gotta just mob to it

Okay

Make this next left at the light
Light that up before you drive
Roll that Caddy extra slow
She don't want to see the po'
Get your lawyer on the phone
Call that bitch who give that dome
Lay that seat back all the way
Play this CD all the way
Get your money all the way
Hit that pedal all the way
Eyes up at the traffic light
See if someone trying to fight
See if someone (?)

Don't say nothing, you too high
Hit that highway hit that wall
Better pop that Adderall
Don't slow down, don't you fall
Don't you answer if she call
Don't call this number again
Grab that one, fuck her friend
Fuck your life, fuck your pride
Shout out "Fuck the other side"
Other side, knuckle up
Don't stop until he say cut
Don't cut unless I get paid
Don't stop Doing what I say
Don't stop get it get it
If you got it let me hit it
J
Get that ketchup with my fries
Better make it super sized
Don't you fuck up my interior

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And if you got that paper
And you bought that scraper
And you feeling like a pimp say
Ay
And if you know somebody
Who know somebody
Who know somebody say
Ay
And if you got a hundred thousand dollars
All up in your mattress
And ain't nothing in the bank say
Ay
And if you got a man at home
But you still giving dome
To somebody in the club say
Yeah
Okay
Bring that whip when I get out
Bring your city, Bring a pound
Ring them motherfucking bells
Street sweeping up all the shells
Build a shelter out of straw
Chain that Pitt up, that's my dog
Coupe them chickens, cook that rice
Make that money, shoot them dice
Shoot your guns up in the air
Shave a star into your hair
Kill that noise, Dead that talkin'
Burn that rubble, fill that coffin
Smoke that Barney, Play that fife
Whistle when you want the price
I got it for the low

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Do it again

Okay

Look

Some of these halfway houses bumping they gums

And they never seen a dentist, smell that

Hey

I'm trying to see a bitch moon walk for real

Like Alice, no Brady Bunch

Mind your manners and [?]

You feel me

Keeping it Vanderbilt

You've got your feet hanging out your motherfucking Air Force 1's

I appreciate the hustle my dude

But you better paint your toes motherfucker