

Cake

Cordae

Hitmaka!

Pop, pop pop out that cake
Bounce, bounce out with the cake, nigga
Pop, pop pop out that cake (yeah)
Bounce, bounce bounce out with the cake, nigga
Drop, it's your birthday
Drop, drop it's your birthday
Drop, it's your birthday
Drop, drop it's your birthday
Pop, pop pop out that cake
Bounce, bounce, bounce out with the cake, nigga
Pop, pop pop out that cake (ayy)
Bounce, bounce out with the cake, nigga

Go, it's your birthday
I might throw a couple bands in the worst way
Told them hoes to sit down, you in first place
Wait hold on... hey... hey...
I came here for pussy in the first place (ayy)
Come here, now, fuck me, now
Wipe me down, not a sound
Not a peep, not a tweak
Silent bitch, she don't speak
Court side to my feet
Front row seat, smokin' OG
Rollie on me, 40 on me
80 on me, a hundred on me

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Pop, pop pop out that cake (ayy)
Bounce, bounce bounce out with the cake

Ooh, bitch, I'm the mothafuckin' man
Niggas holdin' onto it, I'ma spend a hundred grand
Always smokin' on the drugs, smell the KK when I land
I'm a fuckin' rockstar, rockin' for my own band
Straight drop up out the pan, bitches call me Cam
Told her what's the deal, now she stickin' to the plan
Money to the ceilin', nigga it's lookin' like a fan
I can't even name how many gears that I ran shit
Hope you understand it

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