

Blue Cheese

Cuban Doll

Racks, stacks, I get it back
I'm counting blue, cheese
And it's a fact, it's a new me
I'm off a beam, bitch don't try, me
Ain't what you've seen
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Bitch I'm off the lean, try me got a beam
Bitch I pop them beams just to sleep
I don't creep you hoes is weak
Gucci on my feet, get a new pair every week
Bitch I'm from the streets we don't drop beef
Only keep a heater, aye
And all these bitches wanna be me, aye
And all these bitches wanna ride my wave
And none of these bitches in my fucking way, aye
Slide down your block, bitch I keep the dray, aye

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Bitch don't try me, I ain't got no respect
Think I should've put on Nikes
All a nigga do is run up a check
Racks, bitch I be running right through them
Bad bitch, yeah she look like she Cuban
Aye look at the chain on my neck
Diamonds on them, bitches flooded
Blue shoes just to show what I rep
But the bottom of them blooded
All I know is gang, gang, gang
Thirty on me, point it at your brain
Real niggas gon' recognize real
And I don't know you that's a shame
Racks, count it up bitch I'ma spend it
In the kitchen with a chicken
Hurting my wrist when I whip it
Turn that work into an acrobat, when I flip it
Run up on me, nigga you must be crazy
And I should've let Cuban say it
She done said you was brazy

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