

Pullin' up on my hit me (skrrt)
Stay armed like a wristband
I don't kick it with no hoe
If you wanna kick it get a kickstand (fuck off)
All these bitches is big fans (big fans)
In my corner is big mans (big mans)
Try to run up on me then saw the Glock and that bitch ran (bewm)
Hella times when I'm makin' rhymes I make these niggas look stupid (look stupid)
A lot of mo'fuckas full of shit so you know they walk around poopin' (they poopin')
I've been droppin' friends like left and right
To be honest none of it hurt me (hurt me)
'Cause a man mouth water when he see me
I'm assumin' that nigga thirsty (you know it)
Sweet as 16, but no it ain't sweet
Mess up the beat with a flow so neat
No we can't kiss you, can't even kiss feet
With Spongebob Squarepants over your teeth
That yellow, yellow, yellow shit (brush that shit)
Niggas buggin', get a grip (get a grip)
Can't take me nowhere but wanna film
Man, you a mo'fuckin' trip
Ring around the rosie (rosie)
Pockets look like guacamole (guacamole)
Pussy good just like Chipotle (Chipotle)
You look like a holey moley (holey moley)
Gotta pray for better days
Bitches weak/week like seven days
Maxi chopper, not no clippers
Line them up then catch a fade

If I see carrots like Bugs Bunny
I'm Batman, robbin' for the money
Strip her, bare feet like The Flintstones
Make a Tom and Jerry whole way home
I'm a snack so I attract Scooby Doo's
Give 'em Smurf dick, that's balls blue
I don't look for niggas so fuck Waldo
Bitch, I'm cocky like Johnny Bravo

Fake hoes, we can't buy (nah)
Put the Glock in you like a tampon
If I step a foot up in a nigga hood
They like "Oh boy" like Cam'ron (they know)
Last year they like "Don't book her" (what)
This year I'm everybody sister (how)
Nosy hoes all in my business when
Bitches should be out pickin' boogers (pick that shit)
Popular bitch, you a popular bitch
Shawty gon' get beat, young chop yo shit
Wanna waste my time, I'm clockin' a bitch
Don't use Scott tissue if you're not with the shits
Hoes act spoiled 'cause they look stale (fake ass)
Bitches foul, not talkin' nails (yuh)
So much money I got paper cuts
While your paper cuts comin' from the mail (ching)

Walk in the club and I'm by myself
But I always attract groups (I do)
I stick around just to shut it down
And hear niggas say that I'm cute (I'm cute)
If I turnt them off that's mute
If you turn me off off that's puke
Told him I'll be right back from the bathroom
And told valet "Come through" (why)
'Cause my time is money, so you gotta treat it precious
I'm just in my bag, TSA can't even check this
Shorty talkin' reckless, choke her like a necklace
Bitches mad my check's longer than a fuckin' check list (hehehe)

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Boo, boo, boo
And them bullets go "Boo, boo, boo"
(Let's get it)