

Pakistan

D-Block Europe

What's up guys, today, I got Desert Eagle, .50 calibre and a TV
We're gonna blow it up at fifty-thousand frames per second
Know what I'm sayin'
Super slow motion
Going up
It's gonna look amazing
Skee, yeah

She can't take me home (Yeah), her dad is from Iran (From Iran, yeah)
I got a brick of Heroin from Pakistan (Yes, yeah, yeah)
I ain't buy that bitch no bag, I bought my killers firearms (Firearms, ski, ski)
Burners from Russia, Louis V from Milan (Ski, ski, ski, ski)
Mm-mm (Mm), pussy like a work of art (Ski, ski, ski, ski)
Mm-mm (Mm), wetter than the Noah's Ark (Ski, ski, ski, ski)
Mm-mm (Yeah), I can fly you very far (Ski)
Make you trap on the main road (Ski), diamonds taste like a rainbow (Ski)

I'm in my own world right now (Yeah), I'm in my hotel right now (Yeah)
I think all these hoes are drunk, so, I got no mail right now (No)
Yes, my lady make my dick hard, make it count in fifties
I just linked up with my gipsy
And I'm really movin', Big Meech
Mhm-mm, check out the score, check out the scoreboard
Mhm-mm, she wanna fuck raw, but, she got more rose (Uh-uh, ah)
My nigga shootin' like a porno
Whippin' crack, he got four phones
He can't keep that door closed (Yeah)
Emirates, I fly with niggas, feelin' generous (Mhm)
Nicknames on fly, 'cause we're fuckin' regulars (Mhm)
I'm sellin' white, yes, it's Ellen DeGeneres
Let's take a trip to Pakistan, we can benefit (Yeah, ski)

She can't take me home, her dad is from Iran (Ski, ski, ski, ski, ski)
I got a brick of Heroin from Pakistan (Ski, ski, ski ha, ha, ha)
I ain't buy that bitch no bag, I bought my killers firearms (Ha-ha, ha, ha, ha)
Burners from Russia (Ha), Louis V from Milan (Ha, ha, ha)
Mm-mm (Mm), pussy like a work of art (Brr, mm)
Mm-mm, wetter than the Noah's Ark (Brrt)
Mm-mm (Ski, ski), I can fly you very far (Far)
Make you trap on the main road, diamonds taste like a rainbow (Ski, ski)

Yo, these hoes treat me like the president (Ski, ski, ski)
My Rollie a Prezi too
My spinner came with only six, tryna buy some extra shoes
They think I'm rappin' cappin'
On God, I still got the mashes packin'
She ain't seen no gun before, fifty racks in cash, don't look in the bag
Can't get my G-lock, so, we just grab the fours
Built my own line in my hood, like, who am I trappin' for?
Missionary, my Taurus one, but doggy-style my Capricorn
Calls me a "Dog," I told her, "Save my number as Labrador"
And when Selene dropped, "New Season," shit, I cop it fast
Her not givin' me a second chance, not a chance
Fake friends, conspiracy cases and petrol baths
My burner from Russia, my Louie V was born in France (Yeah)

She can't take me home (Yeah), her dad is from Iran (From Iran)
I got a brick of Heroin from Pakistan (Pakistan)
I ain't buy that bitch no bag, I bought my killers firearms (Ski, ski, woo)
Burners from Russia, Louis V from Milan (Ski, ski, woo)
Mm-mm (Woo), pussy like a work of art (Woo)
Mm-mm (Woo), wetter than the Noah's Ark (Woo)
Mm-mm (Woo), I can fly you very far (Ooh)
Make you trap on the main road, diamonds taste like a rainbow (Ski, ski, ski
, ski, ski, brrt)