

FULLY LOADED

DC the Don

Trademark

I got a problem, I'm geeked, and I'm flexin'
Like, she pray to God like a nigga a blessin'
I'm geeked, and I'm loaded, just leave me a message
I can't pull up on you, no, bitch, I'm a legend
No, bitch, not allegedly, this shit official
Yo' bitch pull up on me, blow dick like a whistle
No, boy, you not him 'cause your swag not original
Balenciaga my sweatshirt, I'm doggin' it
But I ain't joggin', no, I'm in the Sprinter now
XXL, big as hell, I'm a winner now
Flight after flight, at the steak house for dinner now
Oh, what's your name? I forgot, can't remember now
Took a good bitch and I heard she a sinner now
X3 gon' skrrt, when I'm skippin', I'm dippin' out
XCX, Charli, she fancy like Iggy now
Pull out the Phantom, this ho' get to flippin' now
Business is business, y'all all want a minute now
I'm in the Hollywood hills with my niggas now
She hit my phone like, "DC, how you livin' now?"

Like, I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
Can't be my bitch now, she sayin' I'm bogus now
Dead presidents all around me, I'm loaded now
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
Smokin' OG, niggas smell like a lotus now
She give me fire-ass brain, she a motor-mouth
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded

I'm in Melbourne, overseas shit I order now
Rip out the top, now I feel like I'm floatin' now
I need my fire when I walk out the scorer now
Stomp on the pedal, this bitch get to roarin' now
This bitch call me Daddy, I know she got issues, uh
Pull out her phone, takin' pictures, I cover my face, hope lil' shawty don't
mention me, ayy
Don't drop the low, I got enemies
I don't know why but these niggas, they envy me, ayy
I drop this bitch to infinity, I put my side ho in Coco and Tiffany, ayy
I met a bitch in Waikiki named Tiffany
She bought a flight to LA to come visit me
I'on know how this lil' ho still remember me
I fucked her friend, now she sayin' she missin' me
Take out my phone, I can't see what you sendin' me
I'm out of storage, your ho keep on hittin' me
Come get your man, why the fuck he so pressed?
I can make you a widow like John F. Kennedy (Yeah)
Fashion on fashion, I pull up all kinda' late
I got a Latina ho', she like, "Ándale" (Woah)
¿Cómo se dice, "Lil' ho', shut the fuck up"?
You just for the night, I can treat you all kind of ways

Uno, dos, tres, all this guap, keep it on the way
Bitch, get undressed, give me top then I'm on the way (Yeah)
I got an X on my chest, the Wakanda way (Yeah, yeah)
Ricky, Raf Simons my jeans, the designer way

Like, I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded (Yeah)
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded (Yeah)
Can't be my bitch now, she sayin' I'm bogus now (Yeah)
Dead presidents all around me, I'm loaded now (Yeah)
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded (Yeah)
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded (Yeah)
Smokin' OG, niggas smell like a lotus now (Yeah)
She give me fire-ass brain, she a motor-mouth (Yeah, yeah)
I'm fully loaded, I'm fully loaded
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