

Pup

DD Osama

Yeah, ayy, these niggas mad, they see you up
I done ran me up a big bag, but know that ain't enough
Yeah, ayy, on bro, but know that ain't enough
I did and probably fucked your bitch last night, that ho ain't make me nut

He jumped, he jumped on the mic and rapped 'bout motion
All that just a bluff
Nigga I done touched some paper now I need more, that ain't enough
Nigga actin' like he big dog, know he just a pup
They be trying to hold you down, these niggas mad to see you up

Yeah, we made it to the top now, we get into them blues
Nigga know we steady takin' dubs, no, we won't ever lose
Jump up on the mic, I beat it up, I give that bitch a bruise
Yeah, we gon' run that paper up, just stack it to the roof
Yeah, stack it to the roof, we gettin' paid, ain't nothin' knew
She tryna kick it, kung fu, I told that lil' bitch, "Come through"
Yeah, yeah, come get your bitch she tryna kick it
Got niggas mad, we up that tick
Talk 'bout that motion, you little cricket
Niggas run they mouth but they get quiet when it's 'bout that bag
Like, I walk up in the store and buy it, they ain't even check the tag
Niggas hate to see you doin' good, that shit yeah it be sad
Niggas spendin' bread on hoes, you know they goin' flat
Yeah, niggas goin' flat
We get bread and that's a fact, I dropped that bag and get it back
That fake shit, man, get rid of that
Exotic always in my pack and ain't worry, bronem got my back
We ran it up, we got 'em rat
That nigga cap he ain't into that

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Yeah, nigga, they don't wanna see you doin' good
They ain't believe, I knew I could
Run them bands up as I should
I roll exotic in the 'Wood
That paper, know I'm runnin' to it
Yo bad bitch steady thumbin' through it
Yeah, niggas know how we do it

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Grrah, bang, bitch, like, what's the word? (Every Opp Shot!)
Me and Tyler on the scene we tryna leave sum in the dirt
I ain't playin' with y'all, y'all lil' boys don't put in work
And I'm from that side of town where my niggas put shit on shirts
(On bro) Yeah, ayy, they like, "DD, chill"
Focus on your music, run up the bag 'til you touch a mill'
I told 'em, "It's gon' take a while," but lately, it's not stayin' still
The numbers keep on rackin' up, so now I want a new deal
On bro, bitch, and I don't pop no pills
I just smoke that I can't feel my face, like I don't got a will
Like I don't got a will, let's go to the hills
Man, I'm tryna go to Cali' and I'm tryna touch the mill'

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