

Arms

Designer

Arms, arms
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I got what you want, yeah
40 in my arm, yeah
And they sound like bombs, yeah
And they going dumb, yeah
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And they going dumb, yeah
And they sound like bombs, yeah
Bombs, bombs
Bombs, bombs
Bombs, bombs
Bombs, bombs
I got what you want, yeah
40 in my arm, yeah
And I'm going dumb, yeah
With this firearm, yeah

I like Mario Kart, yeah
She like Mario Kart, yeah
Poppin' xannies, fuck, yeah
I got xannies right here
I got xannies right here
Keep them panties right here

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Left turn, yeah
Now I'm smoking strong, yeah
And it's too strong, yeah
I got more dawgs, yeah
I got more drums, yeah
Niggas better run, yeah
Aye, aye, 40 at the car yeah
I was trappin' all day
I was trappin' all Ye
Shoutout to Kanye
Shoutout to JAY-Z
Shoutout Beyonce
We gon' do this all day
We be trappin' all day
'Member them hallways, aye
40 not that four ways
40 knock that far way
Bark, bark, bark that dog away

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