

Formula

Designer

My bitch, coco (huh)
Your bitch, ocho (huh)
Bad bitch, loco (huh)
Court side with a bad bitch
Hey, your bitch, she has the formula
Hey, yeah, you gon' think she has the formula
My bitch, coco (huh)
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Court side with a bad bitch
Hey, yeah, you gon' think she has the formula
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You going think she has the formula
You going think a nigga ball with' her
All shots, keep it going with her
Trying the meals and meals and meals
Everytime I get a check, I'mma flex up on the jet
And bills and bills and bills
I'mma run it through a bear
Run into a building, trills and trills and trills
My bitch, coco (huh) and she loco
Kickin' hard like a dojo (huh)
I'm bouncin' hard like the pogo
Running hard when I go slow
She body hard when I go slow
We gon' feel all night, have sex on cam, on the GoPro
Driving that broad in that new 'Ghini
Got couple broads in burkinis
Head to the bar Suit fitting

Niggas talkin' like they know about it
What the fuck is niggas gonna do to me?
Livin' old, nothin' new to me
In the club, niggas blew 50
I get the guala, I get that
I'm from New York, when you talk shit
Niggas run and put your shit back
Big Draco make your ribs crack
Ripping puzzles like big shaq's?
Whippin' pies into big checks
I'm that big McDonald nigga
I be stackin' ends on a big Mac

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