

Huh, what, yuh
Why they be on my dick?
(Wet, wet, wet, wet)
So fucking hard
(Wet, wet, why!)
I know I be shittin' on them
You fucking stink nigga, of fucking jealousy, on God
They be literally forcing their malevolent energy around me
When I ask them what they jealous about?
Huh?
I maneuver, I maneuver
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Yuh, Dracula 'cause first I'm gon' count
Spectacular, no mouth, she use snout, uh
Yes I'm from the South, dirty golds in my mouth, uh
Told 'em catch up like you dropped in Tomato Town, uh
Stuffed grass blunt to my mouth lights out, uh
Rice around, white like the crust on your mouth, uh
If you don't like it, bye bitch be out, uh
Why your ass around me, oh yeah, 'cause my clout

Off the piff, huh
Like I hit a riff, huh
I be duckin' 12, tell the judge suck a dick, huh
Used to live in Hell I ain't failed ever since, huh
Walkin' Ginger Ale, Chip and Dale on my stick, huh
Ooh, you spicy, huh, you spicy
I fucked her bestie now she like "Danny you shiesty", huh
In my white tee, yuh, in my white tee
Say you want smoke, all that pressure excite me

Ayy, olly olly oxen free how I misunderstood this shit, uh
Coppers can't get a drop on me like a beat that's almost finished, uh
Hol' up, let my finish, uh, brace yourself like dentist, yeah
Stone like a Flint, uh, sharp top of fence, uh
Diamonds cold as nippy, give her PP like spell Hippy
I must've just had a wet dream, 'cause a nigga drippy
They be so surprised that I got cents like my name 50
Popped a couple Glockes and had poke it like a titty
Um, Danny Towers, Tilted Towers, when he fuck your bitch
Police need to leave Kodak alone and fucking suck a dick
Feeling like my name Malone, 'cause I'm posted with a cig'
I don't want you, fucking bitch, I bob and weave and fuck her lips

Uh, Ku-Klux-Klan, uh, don't fuck with these niggas
Rob Van Dam, wrestling these bitches
Call me back fam, need to know you with me
Tired of these people that pretend they fuckin' with Ski
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She a nasty bitch, gulp, gulp, gulp
I give her nasty dick like oh, oh, oh
I went from rags to riches, no help, just hope

Now I'm T'd up in this bitch, a crosshair on my scope
I can't take this is fucking with my vision
You can't say shit 'cause you is not no different
I push up in that Hellcat tote heavy ammunition
I don't feel great, but these diamonds on me pissing

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