

# Soda

## DJ Scheme

Y'all rocking with DJ Scheme, little bitch  
D-D-Daytrip took it to ten (Hey)  
Hold on, uh

I got a duffle bag full of cash, nigga, and I don't plan to spend it  
I seen this music game wasn't on shit, had to put my hand up in it  
I know certain niggas that's for certain killas, but shit, handle business  
I like my bitches bad with a fat ass, I'll be damned if I ain't hittin'  
I got a couple cousins with the ankle jewelry, niggas couldn't ever leave the crib  
I said, "Fuck this shit, let's head to the mall  
'Cause we young, huh, gotta live"  
I know nigga growin' up prematurely but fuck it, nigga, I ain't worried  
Hopped up off the porch at like thirteen  
Just to prove to niggas I ain't scurry

And by any means that's necessary  
Designer jeans, my hereditary  
I fucked that ho like mid-May, just to have a baby by February  
Like oh man, crazy as hell  
This job only pay me a lil'  
Wonder how a Mercedes'll feel?  
Daydreamin' ain't payin' a bill  
Uh, watch how I fuck it up, get back  
All these other niggas straight big cap, uh, uh, uh  
Lambo truck straight pitch black  
Shoppin' at Saks on Fifth Ave, uh, uh, uh  
My unborn daughter got a rich dad  
First car gon' be a Hellcat, uh, uh, uh  
Good gas, boy, we smell that  
Shoes same cost as Chanel bag, uh, uh, uh

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I got a couple cousins with the ankle jewelry, niggas couldn't ever leave the crib (What'd you say? What'd you say Cordae?)  
I said, "Fuck this shit, let's head to the mall  
'Cause we young, huh, gotta live" (Okay)  
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Don't even gotta finish my sentence, they feelin' my presence  
Like a navy but your closed eyelids  
Feelin' like a menace to Society, I'm Dennis The Menace without sobriety  
Hold my beer (Oh my), ayy, listen here  
To make that kind of money, you gon' need to wish upon a fairy godmother tear (Ayy, ayy, ayy, it's a tear)  
I ain't talkin' Rudolph, I'm makin' it rain, dear (Rain)  
Soundin' like I'm Naruto, talkin' about Pain here (Huh), uh, uh, uh  
She jackin' my beanstalk, get that?  
Golden Goose, had to get your bitch back, uh, uh, uh  
You niggas need to go and get your drip back  
Mismatch, need the milk, Similac, uh, uh, uh  
Probably took a catnap and still in my peripheral (Whoo!)

Keepin' it with the nat-nat, uh, uh, uh  
I'ma ace this blackjack, schoolin' 'em  
And how to handle the rock like I'm Jack Black, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh (Get it), hot as Grand Crayon, sand scorpion critter  
Radioactive, I broke the emitter  
You bitter, I get like I'm paid, babysitter (You bitter)  
Uh, uh, uh (Bitter), flow sharper than any arrow in Robin Hood quiver  
Shit on the pussy, shovel over the kitty litter  
Stay with the stick and the misfit, I'm Master Splinter

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If a nigga ever talk shit, I'ma finish him  
Fuck the police and fuck George Zimmerman  
Just told M1 heat a new Timberland  
Niggas switched up on me, Aunt Vivian  
Good kid from a m.A.A.d city, no minivan  
Love a fat ass, but really, I'm a titty man  
Hit the strip club, spent at least about fifty bands  
Fuck all the bullshit, I'm the real Dirty Dan  
Ayy, what you need? You a centipede, you can't fuck with me  
I'm a winner, you a runner up, Mike Huckabee  
Luckily, cut some niggas off, now I'm sucker-free  
My bitch, she's so fucking bad, buy her double C's

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