

# Call My Bluff

Doe Boy

Doe Beeski

Uh, yeah, uh, uh, uh (The fuckin' boss when it come to this Bird shit, nigga)

Mmm, mmm, hmm (Ain't none of this shit for entertainment, you get what I'm sayin'?)

(Big Oh Really)

Uh (Call my bluff, nigga, you think I'm fakin', oh, really?)

Huh (Let's do it)

Really a player, ain't mad at no nigga that hit my ho (That's her fault)

He ain't no player, can't take it, a nigga come hit his, though (That's her loss)

Pussy nigga, you ain't no gangster, you ain't kick in no door (Nosirski)

You ain't never ran from 12, hit the cut, and hid your pole (Nosirski, oh, really?)

Nigga, I was probably like twelve, nigga, Doe B been on Knowles (Knowles Ave)

Plannin' on sendin' them shells, nigga, I'll forget my goals, uh (Vrrr)

All of my hoes wear Chanel, got a bad bitch in my Rolls (Come here, baby)

All them flowers I post, but the opps act like they ain't get my lo', huh (That's crazy)

I'll send that bitch to you personally, make sure you get my lo', huh (You pussy, nigga)

Snuck in my pole, you try me on stage, I end my show (Vrrrr)

Gang 'nem came Gen5, but we still tote Gen4s (Gang, gang)

Can't even choose what ho I want, fuck it, go get both, huh (Come here)

Hmm, go get it (Both of y'all)

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Run up on Doe, on Baby and Kim, nigga gon' get smoked, uh (You dig that)

Peep through the hole, who at the door? Mmm (Who that? Huh?)

Who the fuck that at my door? Ring, let that bitch go, vrrr (Vrrrr, baow, baow, baow, think I'm playin'?)

Vrrr (Bitch, huh? Stop playin')

Vrrr (Baow, baow, baow, bitch, Big Oh Really, Big Doe Beeski)

Brrr (Don't forget the 'Ski, oh, really?)

Brr-brr-brr

Opps say I'm a ho, but truth be told, they really know (Yeah)

Doe B really go, he really retarded, he really slow (Stupid)

Really him, not them, that's what I tote my blicky for

Beezy, I come trim like I'm tryna edit a video

Woo, woo, woo (Oh, really? Pop it, oh, really? Pop this)

Ah, let's roll (Let's do it)

You ain't gon' let it blow? Fuck you tuck that tooly for? (Fool)

You'll die about this tennis rope, what the fuck you lookin' for? (Stupid)

Hop out, Rick Owens on my feet, Rick Owens hoodie on (Ricky)  
Slide in 'Cat, bitch, we got more Tracks than a studio (Skrrt, oh, really?)  
Hmm, pop it (Pop it), pop it (Pop it), pop it (Let's go), pop it (You dig?)

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