

# CLOUT CHASE

Doe Boy

808mafia

Big Doe Beezy, man (Oh, really?)

Your favorite rapper scared of me, man, stop playin' (Big Doe Beezy)

Real gangsters fuck with me, I don't give a fuck who don't

Play with me, I bet he won't, haha (Freeband Gang)

Oh, really? (Top shotta, let's roll)

Bitch, I rock Chanel but don't make me grab the Dickies (Drippy)

Ohio nigga, for real, I rob rappers, go ask Trippie (No bap)

I don't go nowhere without my Glizzy, go ask Drizzy (No bap)

Hit every baddie in the city, but I slipped, ain't smashed piggy (Haha)

I hit, "Shh," I ain't gon' lie, she let me fuck 'til I had millies (Bless)

Glizzy got perfect attendance, this bitch comin' in class with me (Rrah-baow)

Grew up with no ho, used to could bag a Brittany (Simple)

Fuck whatever ho, bitch, I could wake up, bag Iggy (Mwah, come here, baby, A zalea)

I can't lie, I was in jail, she had me fantasizin' (Fantasizin')

Want your bitch, could have her and her friends flyin' private (Flyin' private)

I ain't boxin', diamonds hit, feel like a drop kick (What's up?)

Nigga, play that nine blick, it stop a lot of nonsense

Rubberband Money Gang, bitch, that who I ride with (RMB)

I got lit, named, "Shh," my bitch, I'll fuck a dime bitch (Mwah, come here, baby)

I'm top shotta, don't dada, bitch is just a sidekick (Haha)

I'm that nigga, make my main bitch choose my side bitch, uh

Walk down gang, but we run down on 'em (Walk down on 'em)

Think he can stand under the rain 'til it come down on him (Big walk down gang)

Scared of my name 'til this day 'cause I dump rounds on 'em

Wear Bottega every day, still gon' stomp on 'em (Grrah, stepper)

Let me in the game, now I'm really a problem (Doe Beezy)

Model throwin' up my gang and she don't even get followed (Fool)

I don't clout chase, I hit bitches with ten million followers (True story)

And I did that before I had ten million dollars, ya dig? (Oh, really?)

Yeah, could've fucked your favorite rapper, bitch, I let her slide (Let's go)

I'm the type to set it off right there, don't let it ride

He gon' pillow talk and say he play with me, he tellin' lies

Wink my eye at that lil' bitch when she walk by, she mesmerized, yeah

I had hoes treat me like the G.O.A.T. 'fore I had the deal

Got pulled over with all pounds when I signed to Interscope, but I had to peel

I got three and half grams rolled up, but the shit that I smoke sittin' behind my ear

I'm at the football game with the kids, you could play if you want, you gon' die on the field

Bitch, dread-head nigga think he Chief Keef, try and slide on me, he gon' die on a drill (Uh)

Nigga talkin' 'bout robbin' me, might as well get high and die on a pill

And nigga, I ain't comin' off of shit, you gon' learn you in here with a shark, I'm ride 'til the wheels

On some bad boy shit, I'll slide across the floor in the dark, I be firin' with skills

If I want the bitch, then you just lost her, boy, believe me, let's go

Bitch say she wanna be Freeband gang, I tossed her to Doe Beezy  
Stop and get a corn beef sandwich with Frito Lays, with my Glock when I'm in  
Cleveland  
'Bout to take some brand new flowers to my daddy grave while I'm rockin' double Cs

I tell her  
Bitch, I rock Chanel but don't make me grab the Dickies (Uh)  
But don't make me grab the Dickies (No bap)  
Bitch, I rock Chanel but don't make me grab the Dickies (No bap, uh)  
But don't make me grab the Dickies (Haha, oh, really?)  
Stunk bean, haha (It's gone)  
Partner, I know his ass did  
Ah, fuck, man, was 'posed to put some gas in this, ah, yeah  
Niggas be doin' ho ass shit (On God)  
Nigga Beezy be dumbass  
This nigga beamin', bruh