KARDASHIANS

Doe Boy

(ATL Jacob, he a fuckin' millionaire)

First off, they need to free BG up out that slammer (Free BG)
They think I'm sweet 'cause I don't tote guns on camera (Brrt, brrt)
I run through pints, I pour up fours in Fanta (I pour up fours)
(Pour up fours, I pour up fours, pour up fours)
I get all my drugs from the same nigga, know that it's clean (Bee)
This a real Tesla, I don't pop no five-dollar bean (Bee)
My dawg hop out and get to sprayin' like he shot me the green (Brrt, yeah, b
rrt, hey)
Shit ain't what it seems, dawg, I mean it (Dawg, I mean it)
Niggas is not authentic, dawg, I seen it (Niggas not authentic, huh)
She go the extra mile just for my penis (She go the extra mile, okay)
All I hang around is baby demons (Yeah)
Why these bitches tryna trap me? I'ma just go and sell the semen (Let's go,
let's get it)
Almost thirty, damn near touched sixty Ms (Damn, okay)
Bitch, you ain't fly, all them outfits Skims (Shit, okay)
That bandana burgundy 'cause of brims
Free D Santi out that cell, know Bird Gang miss him (Slatt, blrrd)

You ain't fly, that ain't Chanel, bitch, you go shop on Skims (Fool)
Don't knock you 'cause you shop at Skims, but bitch, don't act like you trim
m (Fool, trimm, trimm)
Feel like Kylie, Kris, Khloe, yeah, I got Ks like I'm Kim
I-I'm from Cleveland, I told Tristian put me on with Kendall (Oh, really? Co
me here, baby)
Real nigga, said he came 'cause he fuck with her nigga
Dunk on an opp like Ben Simmons when I come through and spin 'em (Rrah-baow-
baow-baow)
Slime 'em out, bitch, I been thuggin', pull up, dump out the window (Slatt,
slatt)
My oppers sweet, bitch, I don't feel 'em, I sleep on Gucci pillow (Pussy)
Pull up shootin', think I won't, but bitch, I will like I'm Willow
Fresh-ass prince, R.I.P. lil' Will, I told that bitch to bend over (Come her
e, baby)
Hard to walk, my pockets heavy, I fuck 'round and tip over
Chose they side, but he wasn't ready, switchy made him switch over (Switchy)
Finesse, don't know a nigga colder, all I do is get over (Let's go)
My ice cold like Minnesota, stack my racks to my shoulder (Racks, racks)
Opp shoppin', gun you down in public, clap you at Kroger (Oh, really?)
Told that lil' bitch just come over, just might cop you a Rover (Mwah, come
here, baby)
If she block me, pour the Wocky in the pineapple soda (Wocky)
You gon' cry inside this Bentley or that broke nigga's shoulder?
Not like Joe Burrow, not from Cinci, bitch, Knowles Ave where I post up (Bop
, bop, bop)
Took her and her friends out on a trip, I told Yachty, "Pull that boat up" (
Skeet)

In here rappin' 'bout a ten ball, boy, that shit ain't nothin' (That shit ai
n't nothin')
All my haters, I can't stand y'all, y'all gotta stop that bluffin' (Boy, sto
p that bluffin')
Ayy, if it ain't 'bout them bands, dawg, then it ain't no discussion (No dis
cussion)
She so damn thick, can't get her pants off, my bitch got that muffin (She go

t that muffin, uh)
She can't even get them britches off, my bitch, she too thick (She too thick
)
I done ran up so much digits, dawg, I think I'm too rich (Bitch, I'm too ric
h, yeah)
I swear, I got so many bitches, I can't even pick (I can't even pick)
If we locked in, ain't no switchin', dawg, bitch, you gotta stick, yeah (You
 gotta stick, nigga)
Yeah, bitch, I get up on that mic and make this shit look easy (Make this sh
it look easy)
Ballin' on these niggas just like Mike, they need to twenty-
three me (Boy, twenty-three me)
Niggas steady tryna steal my flow, I think they wanna be me (They tryna be m
e)
I done ran up so much fuckin' dough, I kinda feel like Beezy (Oh, really?)
Diamonds skiing on my chain, I swear this shit look like a blizzard (This sh
it a blizzard, nigga)
My lil' nigga, he insane, he like to poof shit like a wizard (Poof, poof)
She make me mad, I'm quick to cut a bitch off, like go get the scissors (Go
get the scissors)
Bro, don't tell my bitch, but I low-key be fuckin' with her sister (Huh?)

(Last name Hendrix, whatever I do)

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