

LAMB TRUCKS

Doe Boy

Doe Beezy
Doe Beezy (oh shit)
Fuckin' burnt, just go crazy then
Run Forrest, run Forrest, run, yeah (let's go, hold on, yeah, yeah)

Went from mini vans, now it's Lamb' trucks (skrtrt)
A pistol makes a pussy put his hands up (boom, boom, boom)
We drop bodies and run bands up, the opps can't stand us
I left to the bank so much might need to go do stand up
Hahaha, these nigga's comedy, they say they robbin' me
Rich as fuck still go to the hood and post up where the drama be
And when I leave the hood, I pull up where your baby mama be
Come here, baby (come here, baby) (muah)
Let's go (come here, baby)
Put that shit on, spent five racks just on fashion
Broski tweak out in the club, he spent like twenty racks on dances
Diamonds dancin' they look so romantic, look how they be flashin'
Fuck your diss I ain't with that rappin'
I'll up this blick and make you choke like you be rabid (oh, really)
Uh, million dollars later, bitch, I'm havin'
Play with me you open them doors, bitch, this blick gon' close your casket
I ain't with that lackin' Big Doe Beezy need that ratchet
They don't want no beef, these niggas sweet like Easter baskets
Opps ain't puttin' no points up on the board, they need a basket
Hit the club, section full of shooters and some bad shit (come here, baby)
Make him run that light, I'll catch his pussy ass in traffic
(Put your bitch ass up, you still gonna die when we catch you) oh, really

When you get caught you know what's goin' on (what's goin' on)
Finna load the gang with switches, bitch, you know it's home (bitch, you know it's home)
I rock Gucci head to toe, bitch, I put it on (Gucci)
These niggas from the city is hoes, I be puttin' on (oh, really)
Kick your door then I run up on ya, bust your dome
I get in it, Mr. Vlong with the chrome
Ask about Doe Beezy, bitch, that nigga cold
Yeah (oh, really)

It's so cold, icy, icy, it's so pricy
Walk down Euclid Ave, just look left, don't look on Knowles, bitch, that's not the right street
Walk in a opps party like five deep
You can't fight me, pussy, fight this pipe, bleed (boom, boom, boom, boom)
Eight hundred on Dior, but this bitch just a white tee
These niggas scared of me, that's why they don't like me
I just wanted the homie, they pulled up, hit like three
You ain't shot nobody, bitch, you ain't nothin' like me
I apologize if I ever robbed or shot at you (sike)
Alright, I'm lyin', fuck you and him too (oh, really)
Fuck I look like boxin' you, my young niggas'll box you
Chanel bag on your head, bitch, I copped you (come here, baby)
Like my hoes, nigga

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