

Pints

Doe Boy

I just caught the Roley and flood it on my wrist aye
Bitch I keep you going I'm coming for your shit aye
You that nigga from Easie
These lil nigga can't trixie
I'm writing down pints, aye
Write it down in pints so that I can face him
I just got a roll way and I ask for peace
Flow like the wars
Ice all on my arms
Stripper having fun
Body on my guns

Came in the club with that bag on me
Aye he didn't know I came in with that strap on me
With the band on my kicks
I got ten on my fit
Got a hundred on my whip
I got nothing on your bitch
Bitch you know I came in with the gang gang
Everywhere I go I let my chains hang
I don't really deal with no fake shit
Not so for a nigga bitch I take shit
I just got yo hoe in all Chanel
I just tell that hoe don't kiss and tell
Colors where I screw on the hill
I just bought yo bitch that hoe for sale

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