

SCOREBOARD

Doe Boy

Got my blicky out bitch what you reachin' for
Beezy keep the pole but never keep a hoe
Plug taxin' take 'em down we had to leave him broke
Went up on the opps so much can't even keep the score
Stick inside a Moncler coupe
Shooters headed to your trap better watch that dope
All my young niggas know up it cock back blow
I got deep ass pockets bitch
How deep is your throat
How deep is your throat hoe
How deep is your throat
That bitch say that she's a throat goat
Don't tell me you gotta show me
Gang [?] number one, ya up it nigga ya gotta blow it
Tried to act like she wasn't goin'
She saw these hundreds and now she open
21 [?] I feel like I'm Dion
Brodie trap like Franklin but I ? shit like Leon
[?] keep them pussy niggas just free mine
Try me he done lost his mind must left his brain behind
Do 'em dirty in a Moncler
Gang slid down then - with them - they was not there
Don't let ig fool you behind the scenes all my opps [?]
I been [?] that shit since I wore Rocawear

Got my blicky out bitch what you reachin' for
Beezy keep the pole but never keep a hoe
Plug taxin' take 'em down we had to leave him broke
Went up on the opps so much can't even keep the score
Stick inside a Moncler coupe
Shooters headed to your trap better watch that dope
All my young niggas know up it cock back blow
I got deep ass pockets bitch
How deep is your throat

Ain't gon' shoot that gun nigga you just sell that
Toting a machine gun and a Kel-Tec
Thought she was gon be wifey I hit then I fell back
Every time I say bro niggas my opps felt that
Deep down in they soul they know they some hoes
Always stalk my gram they know I'm they goals
Up them banks rolls
This bitch can't fold
My youngin' change poles way more than he change clothes
Talkin' bout your pockets but that pussy know they empty
Gave my shooter two options
Want a Rollie or a 50
Muh fuckin' savage know he chose the blicky
[?] with all that cappin' pussys know who run the city
I got shooters that's on every hood rollin' with me
Shot 'em up the way he landed down the way
Oh really
Beezy he that nigga that's a fact I'm talkin [?]
Riding thru my opps hood gettin' top up in the Bently

Got my blicky out bitch what you reachin' for
Beezy keep the pole but never keep a hoe

Plug taxin' take 'em down we had to leave him broke
Went up on the opps so much can't even keep the score
Stick inside a Moncler coupe
Shooters headed to your trap better watch that dope
All my young niggas know up it cock back blow
I got deep ass pockets bitch
How deep is your throat