

Smack Sh*t

Doe Boy

Yee

Nah, for real

Huh (Huh)

Keep my blicky for when shit get sticky

My bitch not no pick-me (Fah)

If she with me, she don't want you 'less she know you run your city (Nah, for real)

If you wanna hit her, hit me

See, see, me, I'm P like Diddy (Yee)

Even if she picky, she gon' probably pick me, bitch, I'm litty (Bitch, I'm litty)

Carti, Marni, new Givenchy (Richie)

Patek, presi', Richard Millie (Millie)

He say he gon' kill me? I pull up with switchy, oh, really?

See him, spin 'til I'm dizzy

Pew-pew-pew, then up my semi

Bah, bah, hit him, get him (Bah)

Oh, that's them? Let's get busy (Huh, yeah)

Bro play with that pity, he get dizzy tryna work that rizzy (Yee)

Yeah, I play with crizzy, work my wristy when I cook that Whitney (Yee)

If I shoot and miss him, double back, like, "Hey, guys, did you miss me?" (Hey, guys)

Let me see an opp, I get to trippin', spear his ass like Britney (Huh)

We been tryna hit a head

Can't find him, go get his mans (Get his man)

I'm Doe Boy in that mini-van

50 Cent, many men (Oh, really?)

I pull up and bake him with that Drakey, I'm a Drizzy fan (Huh)

Hit his dome with my mitt on, I'm from Michigan (Huh)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit (Yee)

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Go)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Bah)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Get it)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit (Doe)

Smack shit, we smack shit (Doe Beezy, huh)

I'm Beezy with the switchy (Brrt, brrt, Doe Beezy)

And that's Skilla with the Richie Millie, silly

I just wanna fuck, but I might lick it if she pretty (Mwah, come here, baby)

Need a million minimal for my bitch, she so picky (Mwah, come here, baby)

She don't want you 'less she heard you run your city (Fool)

Brought my glizzy to his house, first time I went met Diddy (No bap)

With this fifty, nigga, I don't show no pity (No bap)

We got dead bodies, we get busy, nigga, seriously (Think I'm playin'?)

Come through with the Drac', rrah, ho, get down (Grrah, baow-baow-baow-baow)

My youngins kill on camera, don't give a fuck, they gon' sit down (Grrah, baow-baow-baow-baow)

A murder case ain't nothin', bitch, my felons hold it down (Grrah, baow-baow-baow-baow)

Catch a rapper lackin', snatch his chain at Rolling Loud (Oh, really? Haha)

I'm RBMG, they don't trust us, we be schemin' (Rubberband Money Gang)

Had her on my list, I got rich and fucked my dream bitch (Mwah, come here, baby)

Nigga, you's a snitch, up the blick and get to tweakin' (Grrah, baow-baow-baow)

Karaoke diamonds, they might bust out, get to singin' (Mariah)

They know I'm a star by the way them bitches twinklin'

Chopper blow his phone up 'til he answer, keep on ringin' it (Grrt)

Hello? Now it's goodbye, man down in East Cleveland

Don't jump in that water, boy, you divin' in the deep end (Boom)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit (Yee)

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Go)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Bah)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit

Smack shit (Smackin'), we smack shit (Get it)

Smack shit (Smackin'), smack shit

Smack shit (Smack), we smack shit (Bah)

Every time we slide, a nigga gon' get fapped up (Go)

Black truck, bitch, back up, I don't need no backup (Yee)

Fully on the .308, this bitch hit like a Mack Truck (Baow)

If your ass get snatched up (Yee), please just don't point at us, huh (Let's go)

She a lease, but I can't lie, that bitch with the shits (Go)

Pink and white diamonds, shrimp and grits on my wrist (Oh, really?)

Broke lil' biddy boy, can't no shrimp hit my bitch (Fool)

Put me on a lick the only one way she get a kiss (Mwah, come here, baby, uh)

Oh, really?

Big Oh Really

Band Gang (Brr)