

Stimulus Check

Doe Boy

Southside on the track, yeah
Yeah, bang bang
Yeah, lil' nigga bang bang
Yeah, bang bang
Yeah, lil' nigga bang bang
Let's go

Young nigga with it, I really came up drilling (Brr)
Bought our opps' bitches, fuck, everyone came up menacing
Got that extension (Yeah), get that young nigga, he tripping (Doe Beezy)
Shots they shoot make 'em back up (Brr), social distance (Oh really!)
Masked up, riding through the trenches (Brr)
Fake like they balling but really rock benches
Up in the Bentley and whip it (Skrrt!), how can I not slide niggas' bitches
(Why?)
Young Doe Beezy be dripping (Doe Beezy), wonder how I'm fucking her instantl
y
He got too close and I blick him (Brr), I need social distance please (Boom!)

4 came through and they heard the motor, I bet they wish they was pulled up
(Yeah)
I don't even smoke dead niggas no more, all of them pussies get pulled up
Hop out the 'Rari, don't jump out the Rover
We shoot at heads, never shot at a shoulder
She want a nigga to cry on his shoulder
Blah, blah, blah, I forgot what I told her (Oh really)
Got what I want when I smashed her (Yeah), young ignorant bastard (Doe Beezy)
)
Hold up, I just remembered (Hold on)
I didn't ask her
Icy but I never been to Alaska
Why you try racing, you know my shit faster
Go shot with the gang, boy them niggas ain't right, they whip chickens but f
entanyl on the platter
Young nigga really a vet (Yeah)
I might wake up and go buy a Corvette (Fax)
I ain't gon flex (No)
I really ride with them shotters on deck
Said they gon' do that, they really be capping
Said we gon' do it, they really get wet
Said he was up and said he was having
But he just apply for his stimulus check (Oh really!)

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You don't want war, we wick it (Wick it)
Bet I'mma hit it, I pick it (Yeah)
Fuck all this cash, I'mma spend it (Spend it)
Run up a million, I spent it (Free [?])
I really came from rags to riches (Yeah)
Now all these bitches want come tryna kick it (Mwah)
I got the dick and it hang off the blicky (Brr)
And that bitch tucked in my muhfucking Dickies (Oh really)
I need social distance, give me six feet (Give me six feet)
Don't come too close, that's risky, might end up six feet
How he tote that big ass gun, he ain't even six feet (Doe Beezy)
'Fore they knocked off ten feet, dug his grave, you dig me (Brr)
Nigga run up on this shit but he won't get shit from me (Brr-brr)
[?] got his top off 'cause he wishes he was me
Riding 'round in that Lambo truck, 100 clips on that seat
I'mma a stepper, I stood up, now that bitch on his knees (Fool!)

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