

Cracker Jack

Duwap Kaine

Yeah lil Duwap been through things
I seen that thunder, made it through the rain
Dick her down, she scream my name
I been told yall it's fuck the fame
Still that same nigga since potty trainin
You ain't me out, don't call me yo gang
My momma did that, bought a house in her name
I'm livin my life like a video game
Nigga, you know my life, it's a gamble
Finnesin niggas, tryna pull a scandal
Big draco get manhandled
Be gentle with the Beamer, don't break the handle

Sippin on lean, I don't need
Fuckin her raw, you know I'm a animal
You know I'm a woahhh, woaaaah
Nigga, try me, make yo ass an example
Probably used to mix the lean and xan wit a Snapple
She fucked you? Nigga do you want an apple
Or shit, nigga do you want a cookie?
Without this money you a overlook me
Hella sticks state they won't book me
I'm feedin' your bitch, no she ain't no rookie
The streets fucked me up, you shoulda met the good me
Helping the gang, nigga, that's the good in me
I'm in yo bitch, she say "it feel good in me"
Baby girl out here fuckin for free
Sippin on the antihistamine
It's really hard tryna quit the lean
Especially when you seein things
Things you not even 'posed to see
Draw down, get close to me
You a fuckin book, how you fold on me
Choppa get to singin Jodeci
She squirtin, to me
If the gang hate, nigga, how'd that be?
Cuz TAF, it's solo with me
Go go go GOOO
Shorty really love me
I know that she wanna fuck me
I done made a lotta money
Now, I can help my family
Only one makin it happen
Took rappin serious, said fuck all that trappin
Barely sold anything, I was cappin
But I still made a couple plays, made magic
We in the bed, make magic
I'm high as fuck, got some food from Magic
Let's get this money, let's get it crackin
No cap, nigga, I'm bout that backend
Lean all in my stomach acid
Niggas fake, they was steady flaggin
Even if I was poor I wouldn't ask, man
Goin crazy, so I need a straight jacket
She squirt on the bed, fuckin up the fabric
In New York, gotta stay on
Switchin hoes, yeah that shit a bad habit

Fake chiropractor, you ain't havin my back
Window shoppin, yeah, you know you don't have it
You know we sticked up when we in traffic
Try me in the mall, goin' out savage
I only fucked her cuz her ass fat
She got the BBL with the tracks
You know I'm in ATL, they love Scats
Know you a 6ix9ine, you a rat
Them applebottom jeans, she bringin it back
Ain't no peace treaty, lil bitch
You know we got off on the wrong track
You broke as hell, posting throwbacks
I'm bogus as hell, steady breakin' backs
Know I go crazy, straight jack
Big dog, nigga, you a stray cat
Big ass Glock, just black
I'm a evil ass dog, you don't wanna pet that
Fucked two hoes one night, nigga, night cap
I fell asleep on her booty fat
Four Bs, I'm in a Benz and Beamer, goin back to back
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
And all that sneak dissin, you know we don't get into that (yah)
You know I pop my shit, pop my shit like Cracker Jack (yah)
(Pop my shit, yah)