

## Customer

El Snappo

(Is his name really Bailey Sample?)  
(Yo, Jucxee, run that shit back) Phew  
Phew, phew, phew  
Walked inside the bank, lil' nigga, I'm they favorite customer  
(Johnny, turn me up)  
Frرت

Walked inside the bank, lil' nigga, I'm they favorite customer  
Standin' on the block, servin' rock, I got customers  
Keep my money on me, TSA, I'm walkin' through Customs  
Keep that blicky on me, run up on me, I'ma bust 'em  
Took my bitch to Dr. Miami, now she custom  
Swervin' a Trackhawk, hit the gas, you know it's custom  
Real trapper, stack that money up by the bundle  
Plain jane Rollie, took it to the jeweler and went custom

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Told my jeweler, "Crush the face down with no boogers"  
Swervin' the Trackhawk, the insides look like mustard  
Too much motion, nigga run up on me, I'ma cook him  
Took my money on me, TSA, walkin' through Customs  
I'm the future, bitch look like Ciara, fuck Russell  
In the trap choppin' up a brick like a butcher  
Sandwich bag full of white shit, Ashton Kutcher  
Nigga, the fuckin' baby Drac' came from Russia  
Ain't gon' lie, nigga, run up on me, I'ma bust 'em  
And I keep my circle small, don't fuck with bustas  
I'm from Broward, I be bustin' plays in Augusta

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