

No Chorus

El Snappo

Huh, huh, huh
I'ma ride this whole motherfuckin' beat without a chorus
Look, huh, I'm a... uh (J-J-J-J-JR)
Mm, mm, nah, nah, nah, uh
Huh, huh, I'ma ride this whole fuckin' beat without a chorus
I'm like a poet
Look, look, look

I'm in the trap dope spottin', doin' the macarena
Smokers steady knockin' on the door, I got this bitch beatin'
Uh-huh, federal agent got my trap spot under surveillance
You'll think I was in a Scat how I'm dodgin' cases
You'd think I'm a quarterback, call me Troy Aikman
We in Dallas, ballin' like the Mavericks, I got Ben Franklin
Uh-huh, tell the DJ run it back, this that Walter Payton
Graduated out the streets, now a nigga famous
Uh, call me Zootie Mitch, I'm always money makin'
You ain't really out here in the streets, stop pump fakin'
Pocket full of dead white people, how the fuck I'm racist?
They overrated, I don't wanna drive no fuckin' Mercedes
Your ho rode this dick like a stick shift
Face down, toot that ass up like a chandelier
I don't wanna know your name, I just wanna fuck
Baby, sit down on this dick 'cause it's standin' up
All gold Forgi rims, ho, these ain't Rucci's
Bitch, I'm 'bout to drop my first tape, salute me or shoot me
I don't fuck with none of these rappers, they act like groupies
I was in my prison cell, locked up smokin' Tunechi
I'm the motherfuckin' largest, put that on my Zootie
Charlamagne mention my name wrong, I'ma up toolie
I ain't no fuckin' industry rapper, I just make music
Get this poor-
ass nigga out the trap, he don't know how to move it
I'm in that mode right now, ho, I'm groovin'
I'm on that Perc' and I'm geekin' like a college student
I don't wanna hear your music, bruh, that shit pootie
I don't wanna hear your music, boy, that shit pootie
Candy apple color paint lookin' like a now-and-later
I'm gettin' money right now, motherfuck a hater
I'm gettin' money right now, bae, I'll see you later
Zootie Mafia forever, I'm a paper chaser

Uh, mm, mm, nah, nah, nah, uh