

Is What It Is

Eric Reprid

Lil' bitch go back that shit up
Skin tone like khaki oh yeah
They mans don't dap me uh uh
Point is they tacky fuck 'em
Her drink it make me uh
Make head ache I'm in her jaws
Move like ATV, like Maybelline, you see no fuckin' flaws
Ayo c
(Yeah)
They shit make me zzzz
Need pay a fee
(Okay)
ATM not speakin' for me
(Aye Lemme see)
Paid my debts ain't left with no green
She want the shi'
(Yee)
Basic bitch gon' learn ABC's
Is what it is, sloppy topky on the stick
Got me
Got me whippin' Honda tryna go again
I might
I might get some cake and jump the fuckin' fence
Ain't no
Ain't nobody else like this gon' get ahead
(I-I-I)
I get way too dumb
Aye lil' baby suck my thumb
I be tryna stack my crumbs go check my funds you gon' find none
See I do this shit for fun
Tell these fuckin' demons wait
Cause I gotta fuckin' ton
But I need this fuckin' cake I'ma
I'ma be ready when I get it wrapped up it feel like its Christmas
Yeah
In the fuckin' park with meat but this shit not no picnic
Yuh
Get away get away get away vans
Tryna go french no France uh
Innovate innovate innovate man
You gon' watch my dance

I'ma meditate it out like it is what it is
I got problems now that the liquor don't fix
Fuck what happened then and the shit that's comin' next
My head on myself like it is what it is

Stop
Aye she want twist my knob
Headed for the top
Limpin' with the walk
That boy such a awk
He move like a rock
Always on the job
But I still get crossed
Puffin' on the moss
Then I'm then I'm then I'm

Skippin' out at midnight wanna live life them mofuckas borin' snorin'
Who the fuck be sleep when I got day dreams that a mofucka foreign tourin'
Cannot come and save you no storage
Double definition like orange
Pizza on the head like Lawrence food for thought in the mornin'
She want lick this dick too bad I got the liquor dick
Think she might have business from that busyness
Big racks comin' soon for all of my affiliates
Dip out in a minute I can't go get intimate
Front to back
Bitch don't cut me slack
I said uh
They got cracks
Break they mama back
To the uh
To the max
I don't fuckin' lack
On the
On the point
Like a fuckin' tac
You can't clean me up
Swiffer sweep cause you boy's some dust
Drive don't bus
In my seat by the ones I want
In the front
Don't do track but I'm on a run
What you done
Brought me back now I want me some

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