

Hi Dopa!
Mommworld
I miss you, Angel
DOA

Aye, mami's got an attitude
Put your money where your mouth is
Show you what them racks do
If you talkin' on his neck, man, pussy I'ma slap you
Thinkin' 'bout leaving money, yeah, something like a tattoo
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Aye, that boy is a weirdo, he ain't making no moves
Bitch, I'm posted up with oaf1, we make sure he don't move
DOA, he poppin', all that shit some old news
Throwin' hands with this pussy, guarantee I'm gon' fold you
Sippin' Henny out the bottle, bitch, I'm walking dead
Yeah, it's too loud inside the function, can't hear what you said
Take the fuck out the M4, guarantee that boy aiming for heads
I can tell by how you move, boy, you're still hanging by a thread
Uh

Hanging by a thread, off this potion, but I'm still not dead
Don't know what you meant, got more money, I'm still counting it
Got a band flipping sugar pills (No refunds)
Push some daffodils, might run up that hill (And what?)
And make a deal (Ahh), running in circles for fun
Don't need anyone, I'm on my own now
I'm a ghost now, you don't know how
Sitting on my throne, nowhere else to go (Calm down)
You know that's how I like it
I can't deal with you
You're so sad, incapable of bettering yourself
I told you, just go to Hell

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Lookin' at the stars, at the roof
Lookin' at my scars in my room
Bitch, I'm Wido, I'm with fuckin' DOA
I'm with Kurtains, run away
Fuckin' stuttering away
Way, way, yeah, my boys down like, oh fuck
How could I think you were my right hand?
Like Kurtains with artillery, smokin' on that lemon sweet
You know there's no remedy, [?]
Push a screwdriver through my knees
I hope, you don't feel the peace
Screwdriver through your knees

Please, I can't stop, no please

Pull up with the sticks, yeah
I don't wanna fist fight, I keep my glizz, yeah
Fucking with that bitch, yeah
I be fucking with that bitch, see the picture, yeah
Suckin' on my dick, bitch, you don't want no drama
Talkin' all this shit while I'm busy countin' commas
Messing with the clique, then you crying to your momma
Smokin' on that big pack, feeling a lot of trauma
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You focused on me, better get a bag
Til' I drag your ass to the back, and you won't come back
Silver is the team, living dreams, countin' hella creams
Steam running the steams, smokin' green, talking through a screen
I don't wanna talk, so don't hit me on my cellphone
Ask me for a feature, I'ma tell your ass, "hell no"
Pop out of the cut, with a cutter, saying "hello"
Talk down on the set, then I turn you into Jello

Ayo, wassup? (Yo)
Bitch, I'm Kurtains, I'm with DOA
Wido, Quinn, Meg and Glaive
Fuck with us, you catching sprays (Fuck, bow)
You better hope your money bulletproof
Or you could just run away
VC kickin' shit with Tay (Bruh)
Walk in that bitch, I'm tearing up the party (Yup)
Extendo hangin' like at a third party, tell your bitch
Skrt off in an Audi, twin Glocks, name was Clyde and Bonnie
We pullin' off their skin, chopping at their body

Yeah, she got an attitude, she like to dirty dance
Heard you wanna fight, you're a lil' bitch
Like bro, you're not my mans
Fuck off with that pussy shit, lil' bro, I might just dirty blast
Smokin' on that pack, pack, pack, I'm the Petrolman
Why you always talkin' on the boys? You won't go toe for toe
Glocky on my side might leave you frozen, you should let it go
If you keep talkin' on the the boys, then we might let you know
Glock up on my stomach, make you dance
Might make 'em Dosey Doe

They like Chach where you been at? I've been absent lately
Well I think I lost my mind, but that's just maybe
And a Devil and an Angel on my shoulder, really hate me
I'ma sin and you can't save me
And I drink more liquor inside my Mercedes
Foot up on the gas pedal, I'm pushing 180
I don't really care at all, I don't know why you're hating
I just gotta move along, it's fuck y'all when I'm famous
I'm with Wido, back to back, he got my back, that's an Alley-Oop
Say you're getting guap, haha, had to laugh at you
This shit ain't for everybody, boy, you should've stayed in school
Knowing I'm a pretty bitch, and I got some attitude