FWM

EST Gee

What? What? What?
I'm a real street nigga, baby, fuck with me, yeah (What? What?)

Whack a nigga's mammy, talk 'bout playing with my family
I sell dope just like my daddy, and still use hoes for they addys
Locking off these Addies, I'ma try to send 'em where my granny stay
On Lily May, I'ma try to put one in the dirt today
Broad day, make them pop out on you with the chicken plates
Pick a date, time or place, we gon' see you out
High speed on the e-way, make sure Fat Boy throw the yeeky out
Y'all was doing straight, hiding that hate 'til it start leaking out
Gas station, I'm tryna steal a J so I'm passing testers out
Bag waiting, go ahead and spank him if you see him out
Big hater, we can't even graze him, he don't leave his house
I don't speak no lies inside my rhymes, like I got Jesus mouth
T-shirt came in wrinkled, I'm iron it, I'ma starch it
I'ma mark it and then leave some extra, make it how you want it, nigg
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I'ma spend my whole label check buying Fendi
Dog food, you know that I keep that dog with me
Good gas, tryna spread that bag through the city
I'm a real street nigga, baby, fuck with me
Ten thousand cash for some ass and some titties
One thousand bags, half grams, all fifties
These designer drugs, so my water not dripping
I'm a real street nigga, baby, fuck with me (Yeah, look, uh)

I'ma spend my whole label check buying Louis (Yeah)
Boss nigga, bitch, I been flexin', ain't nothing to it
I just copped the Rolls Royce and parked it in the hood
I got that 2018 Maybach, that bitch trimmed in wood
You ain't making no noise, like my Rolls Royce
We be throwing shots, y'all be throwing darts
Bring out that GT, man, that bitch look like a lone shark
Bring out them VVs, make them do they homework
This shit here 'round my wrist, I got this off one verse
I ain't no dog, but my dawg, he got Vicked, nigga, I ain't perpin'
If you ain't talkin' 'bout a meal ticket, we ain't conversing
We put opp niggas into hearses, I'm so serious

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