

Freestyle shit, ooh

Dexter

Dexter

I don't, I just dropped somethin' right there (What?)

Yeah, what? ([?] on the beat), ha

Oh man goddamn

Five bitches with me from when I left out the club

Run up on me, I swear to God, yeah, I'ma show you somethin' (What else?)

Huh, left the nigga with holes in his shirt (Ha)

Got a bad bitch, swear to God she like the Perkies, ooh

Make that bitch do the Perc walk (Perc walk), huh

Need to [?] and I don't even know y'all

All these bitches wanna suck me (Huh?)

I be getting money, hell yeah, I'm on TV (Hell yeah)

My name is Dexter, hell yeah, I be getting cheddar (Dexter)

Run up on me, swear to God, I'ma keep it real

Keep a shotgun (Shotgun), keep a .30 (A what?)

I keep a Glock, I keep a .30, huh, yeah

Run up on me, put them holes in your shirt

Bad bitch wanna flirt (Flirt), huh

I don't even know her name, she suck on my dick (Ooh)

And I know the bitch hurt, yeah (Oh, Dexter)

Ride around town with a Glock (Skrrt)

Huh, ride around town with a mop (With a mop)

Wanna run up on me, yeah, stop (Huh?)

Huh, you see what I'm sayin'

I said ride around town with a Glock (Nah, for real)

Ride around town with a mop (With a mop)

Wanna run up on me, swear to God, boy, you getting popped

Bad lil' bitch and you know that bitch a thot

[?] bitches window

Get the money, hell yeah, with my kinfolk

Remember days I ain't have shit [?] (What?)

Used to eat the canned goods out the window, huh

This year I'm eating steak (Huh), huh

Bad bitches on my plate

She wanna fuck me, tell that baby girl, yeah, you're late

Run up on me, put them holes right up in your face

I'm a stupid ass nigga, but I came from the bay, huh

Yeah, I come from Chicago

Last nigga run up on me, he got them hollows (Baow)

Bad bitches wanna suck me, told that bitch "Hold on" (Uh what?)

Huh, I've been getting money for song long

Talkin' 'bout, boy, what? Huh

Baby girl, you're a slut

When you see me, run up on me, swear to God it's a must, huh (It's a what?)

When she suck me then she wanna give me fuck, huh (Fuck, huh, ha)

I don't wanna fuck with you, baby girl, you be trippin'

But I'm goin' back in this shit though

Stupid ass (Oh man goddamn)

Huh, yeah

Niggas be shittin' [?] like he at the game (Huh?)

Run up on me, swear to God, you know I shoot his range

I'm a wild ass nigga and I'm crazy (Crazy)

Run up on me, boy, he get the .380
And I ain't talkin' 'bout no motherfuckin' BB gun (What?), ha
Last year, yeah, bitch, we had some fun
Now she wanna fuck me 'cause she know I'm on (What?)
Huh, you don't even know one song ha (Lil' bitch), ooh
Bad bitch lookin' good and she got the thongs on
I was tryna take her home, home
I'ma freak and end the song, I'm tryna bone, bone, ha, yeah, huh
This a different story when you see the Glocks out (Yeah)
Cops tryna screw us all and you know I pop out
I ain't tryna go to jail, I ain't tryna talk to you
Run up on me, swear to God, turn your ass to mildew, yeah, bitch, what?
I be getting money, yeah, that's a must (That's a must), huh
Remember days riding on the bus (On the short), huh
Now all I do is what? (What?) Huh (Oh man goddamn)
I ain't even gotta bluff

Pussy

Freestyle shit, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm on that real Dexter shit, you know what I'm sayin'? (Freestyle, freestyle, freestyle)
Fuck Famous Dex, bitch (Fuck Famous Dex, bitch)
Dexter
Yeah, what? Ha, huh
Yeah, what? Yeah, what? Yeah, what? Huh
Oh man goddamn