Bitch Swim

Fat Nick

MTM, hit 'em with the heat

These some old bands, don't make new friends
I got a choppa on me, but you know it won't jam
Threw some racks in the club, made a bitch swim
Winter on my neck, December shit, like, God damn
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Big cannon, no jammin', pop it, airin' shit out
I'm with Nick, no Cannon, but we wildin' out
You an opp, you a poser, I done learned what you 'bout
Still rest in peace, hustle 'til I'm dead in the ground
Why the realest die young, but these lames above ground?
Makin' money while I sleep, you gotta wake up and run
Four, five, six, thirty, poppin' 30s with lean
Bitch tried to sleep on me, I'm the man of her dreams
Opps tried to write me off, hit his neck with the beam
You a crumb, lil' bum, I'm splittin' checks with my team
Saw him flexin', double cupped, don't know I cut up his lean
If cash rule everything, then I must be the king

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Shorty ask what them fingers do, I play with the switch
Azul bottles poppin' up, got me drunk like a bitch
I fucked her, you with her, Captain Raw Doggin' Shit
I ain't gotta do much, let me call up a blitz
Mr. Swerve Shit, shorty, go watch out for the beam
Drive the X6 truck, opps know that it's me
Keep a bag on the blick, no shells on the scene
I can't pop no Acties, sniffed a blue, what you mean?
This the last time talking again, I'm lettin' shots—
Let the Hellcat drag, I'm slutty, I'm poppin' thots—
I'm burnin', heat up the block, I'm turnt, go light a dart
This the big bag club, get in, you need some knots

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