No, don't, no no, don't

Don't you, don't you fuck with me

Sixteen, not my mama's bitch, I've been T'd up Busting jugs, breaking seals, we remixing bruh Guiseppe stepper got some pistols Who the fuck I'm pressure Jug in Lexus, put your bands up bitch I'm the professor Any thot I wanna point them out and get some top If you with me, not against me, we gon' get the guap Riding 'round in Euro cars we dropping off the tops Foreign slider round it dope smoke got me feeling higher Off the shits I'm tweaking, double cup I'm peaking Only model hoes no wonder why I'm so conceited My pistol leaking, - know I swear this shit keep sneezing I-If I catch a opp I call them, catch 'em, he stop breathing No, don't, no no, don't No, don't, no no, don't Don't you, don't you fuck with me Oh don't you, don't you fuck with me Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad No, don't, no no, don't No, don't, no no, don't Don't you, don't you fuck with me Oh don't you, don't you fuck with me Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad We gon' catch 'em Yeah we caught 'em, pistols solvin' problems [?] got me flexing global first impressions Star struck a bitch then leave her ass in pure rejection Bitch I'm 'bout it 'bout it [?] gon' get that [?] Pop it go stop it, you dropping I'm busting This pistol ain't nothing can't [?] I'm riding with something this thumper keep bumping So talk and eat shit but my money keep talking Pussy, don't eat it I fuck it and leave it I'm better than you and I truly do mean it She suck on my dick cause a thottie be T'd up And Globo ass shit and nobody can feel me Flex, in my Euro pop my [?] pop that [?] Riding 'round my [?] till that [?] bitch and we'll get [?] Breaking the 'script but my Swishers stay lit I just sip on shit I can't take no ones shit Globo the gang I can't fuck with no lames Twitter e-thug and I'm still getting paid Woah, when I pull up Skrrrt, when I go up I hunnit in the air my pop, pop, pop, when it goes up Globo shit we roll right now, no normal bitch can fuck me now Hi-tech in my blood right now, six-hunnit dollar liter, wow No, don't, no no, don't

Oh don't you, don't you fuck with me Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad Fuck your, fuck your, fuck your squad

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Oh don't you, don't you fuck with me
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Spazzing now, my whole team they be spazzing now No talking now, the MAC-11 clapping now Jug the jug, a hunnit bands ain't need no school (fuck school) Globo take your bitch, you gon' take this loose Pop it gon' stop it, rockets we dodge it Twenty-two pistol, I bump in my pocket Pussy not with it, drop 'em and ditch 'em Caught 'em and catch 'em the bodies be stacking All my bitches sucking dick, I'm fucking till I cramp my hip Pistols out and popping now, Buffet Boys bitch we balling now Call it gon' text back, I'm running your shit back A hunnit big trappers, I'm pushing some weight back Drilling your shit I don't take no ones shit Running your mouth but my money just smile Pistol packing, what it is Hi-tech make my jeans straight frizz Thrashy T's I say these jeans, just text a bitch I made her dream Running and fronting, the pistols you ducking No thottie oh thottie I know you like fucking Just pop her a flat and she'll think she be sucking She stupid ass bitch and she'll never be nothing Pull up in the foreign sk-sk-skrrtn' when I come out I got 7 in the come out, what you want, you want, you pop out

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