

Fie Bars

Fat Nick

Dyke bitch go two ways, fast lane on freeways
Chopper grip that SK, double hit in broad day
Dump the clip like foreplay, blizzy shots on cold days
Loading dope and getting paid, pistol vision no getting sprayed
Moving how I'm working, pistol grip the fire jerking
Got my shooters out here lurkin'
Just my sign and they be murkin'
They bought camos steady cloakin'
They so big we coast to coastin'
He alive and then he dead
Just like magic, hocus pocus
Pussy bitch can't run my shit
A hunnit bands I counterfeit
Remix your drink you sip that shit
Extendo clip I'm hitting shit
Stupid bitch my nut she spittin'
Sloppy thot I don't do kissin'
All this lean, my mind stay spinnin'
Have some dope these swishers twistin'

Jug the trap my bands, they dance
Like Middle East and African
You smoking up free smoking dope
Are love it way more higher man
Call the plug I need it now, I don't do no middle man
I don't date no sloppy bitch, and I won't fuck a normal bitch
Xanax make me hot as fuck
Buffet Boys bitch we poppin' off
All these hoes we swappin' off
You do me wrong we choppin' off
Stupid bitch go knock it off, swallow me then walk it off
All this damn promethazine I swear I'll never ever cough
Flexing like a pussy bitch
These two four fours gon' hit you quick
Fuck the mouth, I'm nutting quick
Gon' hit your chest just like some Vicks
My shooters scoring like the Knicks
Hi-tech brick, remix your shit
You drinking it and loving it, I count this guap and double it
Always up I'm poppin', smoking till its nothin'
All my pints in coffins, if we dump we hitting somethin'
All our shows be bustin', start mosh pits we get to jumpin'
30 on me know I'm drummin', they gon' smash no bluffin'

Fuck these hoes no cuffin' pop a rocket now he runnin'
She suck my dick so good but then she acting like she [?]
All my squad got hunnits, lean, it got my kidneys drownin'
Brand new coupe I'm skrrtin', flavored swishers what I'm burnin'
Cup this drank I'm [?] sex, your bitch I got her moanin'
She gon' top me, and gon' fuck me
Yeah this thottie always choking
I ain't joking, blunts we rolling
Fat Nick's jug school started rolling
Pussy bitches twitter trolling
Fuck these Fed's that be patrolling
Fuck, jug hard, fuck school
I be trapping like a fool

My name so big [?]
Don't love a bitch the only rule
Pocket rocket make 'em snooze
My money up I never lose
Slumping off a double deuce, red Hi-tech that's Satan juice
Blast 'em with a forty-five, make 'em run a four five
If I catch a opp, bet I hit him and he gon' die
Giussepe steppin', Act I'm sippin'
Pocket rocket never missin'
Foreign cars we steady whippin'
Global baby we smoke different