

Foogba

Fat Nick

Flexin with yo bitch
Yeah I know that I'm the shit
We running through this shit

Bitch 5 digits on the check
Sippin heart attack
Yeah my kidneys with the shits
Oh you want, yeah you want it
Oh you really, really want it
Thirty 40s poppin now
Pinch you in your dead hometown
Can't pull out I'm passing out
And wake me up I'm stunning now
Beamer engine burning now
Swisher blunt some action now
Euro clothes now ima smush n
Dick em down and kick em out
Smash we go'n smash
Burning blunts we don't smoke glass
What you want? smoking strong
Got your bitch down to her thong
Windows down, choppers up
Greaser bot you outta luck
We go'n catch you, light ignite you
Right that go'n look like raichu
We don't dug, give no fucks
Middle fingers up to cops
Blonde hair, super trunks, hot boxing, on my drugs
What you want? looking dumb
Trap to trap we do for fun
Pistols holding up your
Tongue
This dick go'n get you oh
So sprung
Rolling through this shit
Go'n got my bank out counterfeit
Got a fifth inside my swisher
We finessin out this shit
Can't hold down I got my bitch
Trappin rappin got me rich
If you with it then I'm with
Let's go do some some bad ass shit
Yes I'm rich as shit
My main hoe tweaking bitch
A 30 in the hammer
We go'n get this one all
Handled
Bout it bitch I said let's go
Downing bentlys, moving slow
Pussy boy I know you is
I really, really know you is
Never gave no fucks
Dropped out 9th grade
And now I'm global
Got a fifth inside my soda
Switching lanes across my rover
And she geeking, yeah she geeking

Non the reason, been the reason
Yea my bitch can't even see me
Flexin with yo bitch
Yeah I know that I'm the shit
We running through this shit
Bitch 5 digits on the check
Sippin heart attack
Yeah my kidneys with the shits
Oh you want, yeah you want it
Oh you really, really want it
My momma said stop juggin
Said she really, really worried
Throwed herself a couple hundreds
Now the shit a different story
Chewin xans, been a man
Fuck a bitch can't trust no bitch
In my pockets couple grand
In my swisher couples grams
Flexin on a bitch
Don't even let her suck my dick
Bae then maybe be my sweater
Bloody ink on my love letter
If you try me, giving medals
Swear to God I'm going mental
Pussyrot, the mouth so gental
Reynolds bitch stay in your camo
Thumper talked I'm in this shit
Breaking hearts, some dreamboat shit
Squallow won't we stomp your shit
No time for shit we talking shit
Just make on call they after you
50 shells get stuck like glue
Can no bitch ever make me jump
Going up no going down
I swear to go we made it now
Trasher T's my Dapper dream
Oh satan won't you hang with me?
Wavy pussy, say let's dream
Gone I fled, I slowly breath
Model bitch she fuck with me
I jog and run, fuck STD's