

# 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  
Threwed 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