

Living Large

Fat Nick

Ha!

Ayo, Lil Mexico pass the gas

I got the trap jumpin', he know that I'm that
I got a Draco on me and a MAC
I'm counting blue faces, you stacking scraps
And if I bring the pressure, ain't no going back
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Rolex bezel on my flooded chain, fuck it, I'ma cop it
I just drank a whole 16 and chewed some Xanax now I'm buzzin' (bitch I'm buzzin')
My Rolie don't tick, but it splash (it don't tick)
My bitch was missing cheeks up outta nice
In the street they know my name, I make it rain
These Balenciaga runners, I'm too rich to wear Roshe's (I'm too rich)
You was sucking dick like every day (every day)
My chopper brought that pressure every day
I might buy a Hellcat just to crash it
In high school you was pretty, bitch you a has been (bitch you a has been)
If I'm in your block, I'ma spin it (spin it)
My clip is never empty, thirty in it

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Maxo Flocko, Maxo Flocko, Maxo who? Ayy
Rock that Tommy Hilfiger, ooh, kill 'em that's on Terry yo
Shootin' like dunkin', slam dunk him, we don't finger roll
Mouths Glocks, and Draco chops, spin on your block like merry-go
I pop they partner and they know, but all my opps some scary hoes
Wockhardt drank up all my doses, can't roll paints with Robitussin
You too relaxed inside the trap, go grab a strap or step or somethin'
In the field I'm standing like Nick Cannon with percussion drums
Rob who, and take who, you niggas must be Dumb & Dumber
Don't try to fight, make you fight for your life, I up this pipe like plumbers
AR pistol to his temple, infrared trigger bust
Rap niggas scared, they play mad 'fore they play with us

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