

Over It

Fat Nick

Syrup got me slumped everyday
Dope what I smoke everyday
Rick Owens, bitch, I do this everyday
Ten toes down, straight out the gate
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I see these pussies talk about me
Took his bitch, plus I'm rich, he won't forget about me
I know you see the dick on my pistol hang
I know you wanna be me, but you ain't with gang
See me skirting foreigners, shorty hoeing but she boring
Bust it down and bet she blowing
Thot keep going, I stay gloing
Bet I just run through a bag and stack money on money, my bank
never lack
AR-15, it be spitting, all of these shots, of course all of the
m hitting
Designer from head to my waist
Don't need no damn bitch, put my dick in her face
Air out this place, busting out dicks
A pint, gonna let all of it spray
Yeah she wanna fuck on me, my VVS is blinking
I just took three roxies, brain shut down and I stop thinking

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