

TTYL

Fat Nick

I'm pullin' up with a stick boy
I'm pullin' up with the work boy
I'm pullin' up with a bad boy
I'm skirting off in a Jag boy
Pull up, pull up
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Bitch I still be hot as fuck
Extended dick, gon' let it pop
Buffet Boys, bih, we ballin' off
No time for doe we sendin' shots
Expensive stomps on when I walk
No 9 to 5, ain't on the clock
I paint your picture out of chalk
Gon' run the pack, but don't get blocked
Stuntin' bitch, I gotta go
That blinkie tuck, can bet it blow
Just show her clout, she bust it low
Can't feel my face, I poured a 4
Finessed you one, you let it go
I water walk, Margiela toe
We call my Migo, 'bout kick though
Just suck me off ya dusty hoe
Pull up flexin', I got racks on racks of money now
These VVSes leaking molly, crystal, got her geekin'
My name be holding weight
Fuck her face, I can't do dates
Hunnid' bands be jumpin', dusty crumb get out my face

Still whip my Civic daily
If you see what I had in the trunk
You'd understand why them boys hate me
Hunnid racks cash
Pull up all coke white, like it's the 80's
She said I changed, I ain't the same
But then come save my hoe
Told my momma don't worry
Sold out shows before the Mercedes
Now these hoes want to be ladies
Just to tap into my savings
Girl, you crazy thinking you run the game
I'll bust you out yo fucking frame
Your pussy dusty from fucking these lames, hoe

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Shoulda coulda did, like my name was Kodak
Ya bitch keep callin', I ain't call that hoe back
Straight up out the NO, trappin' out the six
Xannies in my mouth screaming triple six
I'm pullin' up with my brother Nick
Forever poppin' pills with my brother bitch
Shoulda fucked the bitch like Ruby would
But I'm a motherfucking savage, get that understood
Depressed in the corner by myself
Needle in my arm
Hanging from a belt
Ridin' around hell in '56
\$carecrow got the blood dripping off the clip

Got a lotta problems but I ain't gotta solve em
I'm blocking
Bitches keep on calling
Recalling me crawling
Palming all the pills
Act like I'm yawning
When a fuckboy get to talking
Been long enough and I still don't give a fuck who your squad is
I pull up with a motherfucking stick
Pull up with a bitch
Pull up and I hit a fucking lick
Bitch gonna wish for the tip of the dick and that's it
And the fuckboy gets a bitch slap
He smacked in his lips
Piss on the grass now I'm back in his bitch
Slit turn to gash and I'm ashing the piff
Stumbling, mumbling
Ruby keep crumbling into the spliff

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You don't wanna get a deal
Wanna get a bill
Wanna do the math
You don't wanna really think
Wanna get a drink
You don't wanna laugh
You don't really wanna mink
You don't wanna dick
You don't wanna do nothin'
You don't wanna get no money
You don't think she a [?]

I'm pullin' up with a semi nigga
Throw [?]
Everyday, every fucking night
I'm engaged to the fucking pipe
But I ain't no plumber though
All these niggas [?]
Push up on em and they bounce
Niggas know [?]

I'm pullin' up with them dicks, boy
Phone fresh off a lick, boy
Actavis up in that Sprite, remix, boy
Bad boy, notorious for being big, boy
Pull up
Shoot up
Yeezy, Luda
Pussy, bomb
Pouya, gookin
She rubbin' on it like a Buddha
Kie Money, always been the shoota
Grade A, boy don't me me school ya
I got Marshal May doing karma sutra
Hi guys, what's up?
Call me big dick phone
Sub zero slide on ya bitch, forward, forward, down
You light up in the ass, and I'm heavy with the flow
I'm the psycho, you recycle, best period you know