

# We World Wide

Fat Nick

B-B-Big Los on the track, boy

Ballin', ballin' now, my team be ballin' out  
Stuntin', stuntin' now, Buffet Boys, bitch, we stuntin' out  
Drank a pint, smoked a pack, y'all can't even feel me now  
Couple bands, hundred bands, y'all can't even see me now  
Ballin', ballin' now, my team be ballin' out  
Stuntin', stuntin' now, Buffet Boys, bitch, we stuntin' out  
Drank a pint, smoked a pack, y'all can't even feel me now  
Couple bands, hundred bands, y'all can't even see me now

Pocket rocket when I walk, if he talk, I let it pop  
Trap the trap, man, fuck the cops, I pray they families fuckin' drop  
Lean in me, money fiend, Satan always watchin' me  
Surroundin' me, lovin' me, labels say they after me  
Fuck this shit, I been on top, pourin' fours, I hope I drop  
Smartphone flex, I work this pot, go work the work, I never stop  
Jugg-Juggin' out the coupe, two four-fours shoot  
First I run up then I caught 'em then I shoot 'em in the tooth  
Pint in the liter, jugg school, no teachers  
Been lick season, comin' up by the meter  
Always got the baddest bitch, my ex lil' mad, she wasn't shit  
Ksubi fit with pistol grip, gon' cock it back and watch 'em dip  
Ski mask now, bitch, I'm 'bout to kick doors  
If I catch 'em [?]  
Twenty shots go and I'm huntin', 'boutta blow  
Thumpa been tucked, bucked, fuck a pussy, let it go  
Always up, I'm comin' up  
Too much lean, I can't stand up  
All these groupies lovin' me  
They wanna fuck and swallow me  
Ninth grade drop out, man, fuck school  
Jugg the jugg, we made it, too  
Trap house drugs, fuck love, I lust  
Can't take yo' shit, we countin' bucks

Ballin', ballin' now, my team be ballin' out  
Stuntin', stuntin' now, Buffet Boys, bitch, we stuntin' out  
Drank a pint, smoked a pack, y'all can't even feel me now  
Couple bands, hundred bands, y'all can't even see me now  
Ballin', ballin' now, my team be ballin' out  
Stuntin', stuntin' now, Buffet Boys, bitch, we stuntin' out  
Drank a pint, smoked a pack, y'all can't even feel me now  
Couple bands, hundred bands, y'all can't even see me now

Shinin', you can't see now, eatin' fettuccini now  
Bitch, I came up like a bird floatin' in the clouds  
Yeah, you know I copped them pounds  
Used to flip that quarter ounce  
Plus I made that fourteen bounce  
Dirt all in my bank account  
Pistol at my auntie house  
Trap shit, what you ain't about  
Game's a bitch, I ate her out  
I never ever take her out  
All my shows be sellin' out

I'm the man of the house  
Charles got kicked the fuck out

'Bout it, 'bout it, bitch, I'm so about it  
Got the shoebox stashed, still don't need no damn accountant  
I'm a five-star crook and my Jew bitch look Italian  
Hella boys in this bitch, toss yo' ass up like a salad  
I'm just blowin' Berry Kush, fuck with me then you wildin'  
I'm a coach of this shit, got five plays on my line  
Man, I don't ever come late, for the cake, I'm on time and  
[?] in this bitch, got your bitch so excited, little ho