

Art

Fat Trel

Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah

Holdup put the car into park
Cream in my cup and it's dark
This ain't just a verse- it's Art
I can't give a bitch my heart
I'm geeked up on meddies I'm ready
High tech in my cup and it's heavy
2 choppas up close- it's wetty
I'm in the trap finger fuckin the fetty

2 Choppas up close its wetty
All this water in breaking the levy
Where I'm from we do Helly- no Pelle
Doctor Miami, came back with no belly
I'm tryina fuck little bitch; is you ready?
In this bitch with the whip just like Petty
Put this glock to his muhfuckin temple bitch
If ima get you- you turn to spaghetti
Tryina skate- ima need me scat
Slap a drum in a drake with my slatt
Take it to me- I run that shit back
I'm the one who put you on the map
Bitch I paid for that ass that petty lil cash
You trip then I'm taking it back
I just need a lil blast; you pull out that bag
You gon see Percocets and some racks

Put the car into park
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