

What We Doing

Fat Trel

Squad

Famous, what you know

Just kidding

Think I'm crazy

Going crazy

Think I'm crazy

Going crazy

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Going crazy

Think I'm crazy

Going crazy

Look, okay, I'm thinking about

Copping them choppas

And taking it to Tea and them house

And leaving em out

And shoot em for hours

Then hop in the shower

Fuck me a bitch

I'm ugly and rich

If you let me I'll probably just fuck and forget

As real as it gets

I'll take me a trip

I'll play with a brick

I'm crazy as shit

I don't give a fuck

You lazy as shit

I see why you broke

You sleeping the most

I'm up and I leave

I go with the breeze

I cock and squeeze

I do it with ease

I make her believe

My paper is green

The fuck do you mean?

I stay with them hundreds

Addicted to money

Your bitch trying to fuck

But me, I just laugh

Cause that shit funny

Cause me, I don't want it

She see why I'm stuntin'

I started with nothing

My bread, it was crumbin'

I was robbing the public

It really was nothing

But back to the subject

I'm a younging with money

So I pop me a molly

I smoke dro by the onion

I knew it was comin'

I knew it was you who be doing the stuntin'

You never was pumpin'

Why the fuck is you bluffin'

You never was pumpin'

Why the fuck is you bluffin'

But you never was pumpin'

Got some old thots that I can't forget about (forget about)
Real niggas, can't forget about em (forget about em)
I say she know me, show me love, I wouldn't doubt it (doubt it)
If she let me fuck, I'm a get the money out her (money out her)
Now what I'm counting? (hundred thousands)
Where we at? (Trump Tower)
What she doing? (she sucking dick)
What we doing? (we hitting licks)
Now what I'm counting? (hundred thousands)
Where we at? (Trump Tower)
What she doing? (she sucking dick)
What we doing? (we hitting licks)

Niggas with bullets while riding in hoodies and [?]
Getting that dope money
Street money, I get, I get it
And flip it, and send it
It's bringing me more money
Smoking them Dutches and filling my lungs up with Cali
I'm plotting on getting the mail
Look at my ears, there's ice on my ears
Look at your ears, it's not like your ears
Bad bitch, I am [?] gold digger (gold digger)
Making money too, might as well roll with em
Cause that's how it goes, Maybach murder game
You get murdered for change
So stay off the road, or just stay in your lane
I'm feeling the [?]
I'm bagging up gold, just got a truckload
They got me a ho, my Roly is gold
I pull up in a Rolls, pull off in a Ferrari
You hating? I'm sorry
Now it's back to the thousands
The money is piling, I came from the violence
So niggas is wilding, and now cause I need it
Naw, nigga you keep it
I'll go get it myself
My gun in my belt, I'm drinking top shelf
Cooking dope like a chef, got stripes like a ref
So bitch nigga step, I'm shooting [?]
Got dope on my left, hit you right with them sales
It's all for the cause

I think I'm crazy, cause sometimes I think about
Going crazy, run up in a nigga house
I see police sometimes I think we going down
So many haters (that's) why my clip a hundred rounds