

EVISU FIEND

Father

Yeah, little ass shirt on

Big ass chain on, look at these big ass jeans
Deep ass pockets, bitch, hole my rocket
Ho reach in, play with my peen
Neck on igloo, Evisu fiend
Pack in my pant, 'bout to pop my seams
Put that dough through the money machine
Front page magazine with the sack on me
Her titties keep poppin' out
Pack in my pants keep poppin' out
Home playin' with her puss, I ain't poppin' out
Let me see that big ass, pop it out
I'll cut a nigga coke with the panko
I'll do anything for the bankroll
Cartier frames on, little ass shirt on
Big ass chain on, I got all my rings on

Evisu fiend, fancy king, sippin' that Riesling, pinky ring
Bitch, fuck you mean, you ain't suckin' no ding-a-ling?
Bad dream? I don't have no bad dreams, just bag dreams
Black jean, Hardy Boy, yo ho, uh-huh, yeah, tag team
Bag team, rack team, tag team champs, yeah
Strap team, lap, leave yo whole damn team damp, yeah
Fuckin' with them starlets and them harlots, we some tramps, yeah
Pull up in the Subie with the drop glow, we gon' lap ya

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I got all my rings on, I got all my chains on
Everything is my own, look at my bitch, she homegrown
Look at my fruit, it's homegrown, all of my niggas minds gone
Look at these plates, these lines gone, everybody goin' home

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