

## 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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