

# Damn

FBG Duck

Lil Riico  
AYY  
You know I'm talmbout?  
You know?  
Clout Boy  
I'm still on that same shit, that gang shit, you know? (Damn)  
Dotta in this motherfucker, man  
Gang-gang (Damn, damn, damn, damn)  
Lil Riico  
Let's get it  
Turn up

Look how I rock my wrist  
I dropped a scale on that bitch  
Young nigga flex 'til I'm rich  
Your bitch be all on my dick  
Plug say he tryna send me a fifth  
I told him, "You not mailin' me shit"  
Then it's a knock at the door  
My shit got kicked, somebody snitched, damn  
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Flexin' on fuck niggas, cuttin' and thuggin', these bitches like, "Damn"  
I get to whippin' the work, look at my wrist, now I'm flooded with grams  
Young nigga whippin' the stove  
I just be flexin' on hoes  
Work in the street, I got 'em shoppin' like a young nigga own Lowe's  
I pull up and hop out of Benz  
Fuckin' your bitch, give me chin  
She rockin' my shit off some Hen'  
I'm [?] my soda with Xans  
Bitch, you a opp, better duck  
I'm ridin' with Glizzy with Duck  
He dumpin' that bitch out of truck  
You get caught in that jam, then you stuck

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Damn, watch how I turn up the flex, ayy, watch how I run up the check  
Just to piss you off, get your bitch number today and tomorrow, gon' get me  
some neck  
She a freak, she did everything I told her  
Your bitch a thotty, I told you  
You should text her right now and tell the lil' bitch that it's over, damn,  
ayy  
Niggas tryna tweak over bitches, run up on me, and your life gon' be over, a  
yy  
Grab the Draco out the bed, then start shootin' that motherfucker like Soulj  
a, ayy  
Niggas know I'm 'bout that action, damn  
Pussy, just stop with the cappin', damn  
Run up on me, it get tragic  
I ain't gotta say it, niggas know what's gon' happen (Money)

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