

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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