

# Damn

FBG Duck

Wooh!...  
Damn!...  
Don't get blame...

I'm like damn, these niggas talk about money  
They ain't really gettin' no money  
I be laughin' at these niggas cause that shit funny  
Don't get blame, on fonem out we gon' dump it  
You ain't talking 'bout nothin' get your ass wrapped like a mummy  
If the fed's coming i'ont know nothin'

I'm like please, somebody help these niggas  
I ain't need nobody's help lil nigga, I did this shit all by myself lil nigg  
a  
Let's talk about bands, you know I got racks  
I just had me a flashback, when I was in the trap sellin' them crack  
I'm the shit, Ima need 8 rolls of tissue  
When I shoot, I ain't gon' miss you, bullets coming faster than a missile  
You better run, when you see me up this gun  
I don't wanna have to turn nothin' into some  
I should be in the building where I play with them drums  
Got-damn, why you had to do 'em like that?  
Duck don't nobody had to do 'em like that  
Pull up on the block start shootin' like that  
I had to laugh, cause these lil niggas is funny  
They always be talking 'bout hunnits  
Fuck that! I need P, Diddy money!

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I don't even know, why they hatin' on me wit' they ho ass  
Catch up bitch, yo slow ass, go get you some money wit' yo broke ass, (oh my  
God!)  
I'm flyer than all these niggas, dope got me higher than all these niggas  
I'm ballin' bitch, Chris Paul'ing these niggas (ballin!)  
My-my-my-my flow sick, disease, don't try me, cause I got all my G.U.N.Z.'s  
on squeeze  
That's yo girl? not to me, man that girl will eat-eat, (eat-eat!)  
I had her in the trap on knees, cause I got C-L-O-U-T! (CLOUT!)  
Bitch, I'm me, and you mad? man that shit sad  
And since niggas wanna act, tell they asses to rap like [?]  
And I'm all about that cash, (money!) bitch I'm first, and you last  
Motherfucker can't get a verse, or a show, if they ain't got that bread!

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