

Haha

FBG Duck

No, I don't want no autotune
This what they want, right?
I got Yella in the booth with me
This how they want me to come (Okay, cool), so this how I'm comin'
(Gang-gang)
(\$B)

These niggas be bitches, these niggas be trickin'
Don't fuck with new niggas, I ride with my brothers (Gang)
See, I was the shooter and he was the hustler
His coke come from Cuba, my chopper from Russia (Shit)
These niggas trippin' over bitches, you buggin' (Bitch)
That bitch is so ugly, that bitch is disgustin' (Ugh, ugh)
So I made her put her head under the cover (Ugh, woah)
You trip over nothin', my Draco'll bust you (Woo)
That bitch'll go glah, glaow (Glaow)
I'm 'bout my spinach, so niggas be callin' me Popeye
Run up on me, you can try
But I'ma send you to the Heavenly Father
Man, them niggas on nothin'
Them niggas look like a group of damn dummies (FBG shit)
Them niggas so broke and that shit is so funny (FBG, bitch)
So we be just laughin' at niggas like, "Haha" (Gang, turn up)

Niggas be talkin' that shit like we won't pull up on their block and do a drive-by (Glaow)
Nah, nah, we gon' take 'em to the top of a building and make 'em skydive (What else?)
I'm the type of guy to tell your bitch if she knew better, she'll do better (What else?)
I hang with the type of gang that's ready to get into it with whoever (Gang)
Man, I hate when a fuck boy try to act like he really know (Lame)
Keepin' Tooka name in your mouth, you fuck boys know how to really blow me (Goof'-ass)
I treat her like she nothin' (Bitch)
You treat her like she special (Bitch)
You bein' too extra (Too extra, gang-gang)
But her head was so good, boy, she deserve a medal (Yeah, Money)

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See, Yella a problem up in it (Ah)

Young monster, that thirty turn you into a block name (Glaow)
My niggas come through with them Glocks, mane (Baow)
I swear to God we don't have no aim (Grrt)
The Draco, it body, Kurt Cobain (Woo)
Yeah, I'm a demon with no veins (Woo)
I aim at your body, hit your face (Huh?)
R.I.P., murder was the case (Bah)
DOA, dead on arrival (Urr)
Holdin' my chopper with bibles (Brrt)
I'm movin' my crib to an island (Yoom)
My youngins, they killin', they wildin' (Turn up)
I'm aimin' this right at my rivals (Brrt, bah-bah-bah)
I hit you with this, no survival (Argh)
Now you can really rest in peace (Bitch, gang-gang)
'Cause you got murdered in silence (Uh)

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