

## Switch

FBG Duck

Look, fuck all that savage shit, boy, I was raised as a villain (Ayy, ayy)  
Look, went to the dealer and told him, "Boy, my car better not come with no ceiling," ayy  
If you want the problem, bitch, I got the answers (Brrt)  
All these diamonds on me, shit is so romantic (Woo)  
Up the gun on him, watch the pussy panic (Baow)  
First car I get, I'ma call it Danny Phantom

Fuck all that drillin' shit, you know that my niggas killers  
Born in the zoo, we was raised around apes and gorillas (Damn)  
Ayy, chopper hold banana, I'm too hot to handle (Glaow, glaow)  
Thirty in the handle, change him like a channel (Let's get it)  
Sippin' on that mud, call it dirty Fanta (Woo, woo)  
Got a couple Bloods ridin' in Atlanta

Niggas keep stealin' our styles, boy, that's lame shit (Lame shit)  
Motherfuckers know who really came up with all that "Gang" shit (Gang, seriously, though)  
Thirty shots in this nine double-M Beretta (Brrt)  
So big, we gotta shoot this bitch together (Oh, Lord)  
Better get your shit together (Seriously)  
Boy, you can get shot wherever, whenever (Baow)

Niggas, they pussy, they mad 'cause I'm fuckin' their main bitch (Your main bitch)  
I told 'em, "Don't run up on Billy, you know I'm dangerous" (Woo)  
That chopper got kickback (Boom)  
Shooter come through, shoot up your kickback (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Got everybody down, get back (Get down)  
Off the Xans drivin' (Skrrt), gettin' 'nat zigzag (Woah)

I'm off the yoppers, they got me losin' my mind (Oh, Lord, sheesh)  
I'm gonna be rich in no time (You know it, boy, turn up)  
Bitch, I got money, power, and respect (True)  
And I just put fifty shots in the TEC (Bah)  
Shooters, they come through your block, make a mess (Brrt)  
He won't need a doc, I'm leavin' him stretched

These niggas is hoes, these niggas is hoes, put that on my bro  
I can't trust a soul, that's why I can't leave out my house with no pole (I can't trust a soul, that's facts)  
Niggas talkin' money, but I ain't seen nothin' (Thumb, thumb)  
Niggas talkin' like they thumbin', but they frontin' (Let's get it)  
Pull up with that Tommy, that bitch hold a hundred (There he go)  
Up that hundred on him broad day [?] (Woah)

Niggas be frontin' their move just for these hoes (Puss'-ass niggas)  
Ayy, until I up the pole and put holes in their clothes (Baow, baow, baow, baow)  
Look, I never cuff a bitch, I share it with the bros (Never)  
After she suck our dick, then she got to go (Bye)  
What you never tell, nobody never knows (No)  
Shots fired, unload, reload (Glaow, ooh)  
(Clout God)

Niggas is bitches, I swear they always in their feelings (These niggas is bitches, they bitches, uh, woah)

I'm juggin' and trappin', and I swear a young nigga gon' get it (I'm juggin'  
, gon' get it, uh, woah)  
Ridin' 'round, me and number 3 (Three)  
But we three-deep with Nin'-thing (With a Nin'-thing)  
Run up on me, we let the Nin' sing (Glaow, glaow)  
Got a team full of shooters like the Dream Team (God)

God