

## Tweakin

FBG Duck

I was coolin' smokin' reefer  
Til I got a phone call from Lisa  
Lisa say she wanna have a threesome  
Lisa got a friend named Keisha  
Keisha came over and they got to doin' molly and they start geekin  
Okay yeah I thought I was tweakin'  
So I called my shooter  
He's the one who'll shoot you for no damn reason  
Lisa pussy good, Keisha head decent  
I shouldn't've popped a molly with them bitches  
Now they got me tweakin'

Okay that threesome shit was decent  
Til I start thinkin why the fuck this bitch just call me for no damn reason  
She thought she was sneaky  
Til I came over with that thang pokin' out my hip it ain't a beeper  
I got juice no beetle  
And these fuckin guns that I'm totin' in the city they are so illegal  
I would leave 'em single  
I will fuck yo mom or sister tell 'em hi nice to meet ya  
Niggas be thinkin they sneaky  
Got the bitches off the molly now they out they body  
Caught 'em sneakin and geekin  
What the fuck is you thinkin?  
Tried to get the prezi, I will let you meet the fuckin Desert Eagle

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Okay I'ma need a Beamer  
Call the chauffeur tell 'em I'ma need a driver  
We can't fit in a two seater  
Fuck a molly, pour a liter  
I got problems, she got ass  
Let's drop the top and go bananas while I blow this diesel  
You can't hit my Keisha  
I can't fuck with Lisa  
Lisa got that shit that make you keep her  
I just can't believe her, I get 'em cheaper  
Bitch I'm fresh from Costa Rica  
Off them jets now I got checks for all my peoples  
Look, BRNLBG, real street nigga like B.G  
Do this for sump sumpin and meet me  
I got gas in the blunt, that's BP  
Flew bad bitches with me that's three deep  
With like three heats and that's fact  
Niggas got fucked up then I phoned up  
Then we both fuckin that's that nigga

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