

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 prezzi, 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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