You cheap, cheap so you freak, freak when you throw up I just throw up (shee sh) My bitch too pretty askin' when I'll grow up I don't show up The dick make her backbend I swear back then they ignored us I swear next time we meet I'm gon' act like I don't know ya Last year was broken now this year they tell me That there ain't shit they can tell me Y'all hear the click of the tele I put this dick in her (uh) This year I'm bout to make muh fuckin' millions Watch them all get in their feelings (woah) Once you be up you be chilling Oh what a wonderful feeling Uh, smashin' your bitch at the club I peel off at the curb, yerd me (Young Fel) Pearls on my neck you would think I'm on Bourbon Stick to the street, but my money suburban (Big Body) Swerve, pardon me when I'm swerving, yeah Uh, real deal You don't fuck with me, meet me in person Give you the look like there's two things I want Wish for a bag and a two-headed blonde Keeping three bitches for company (Three) She start to think she in love with me (Damn) This year I'm bout to be muh fuckin' up This year I'm bout to make way with the art Bitch do not stop This is not pop, this is rock This for my opps Last year was broken now this year they tell me That there ain't shit they can tell me Y'all hear the click of the tele I put this dick in her (uh) This year I'm bout to make muh fuckin' millions Watch them all get in their feelings (woah) Once you be up you be chilling Oh what a wonderful feeling Oh what a feeling Straight to the top, I don't know where the ceiling, is I don't think you know who you dealing, with Might just have to go to the dealer, ship And cop something Shout out to my pops, whole lotta sauce that I got from him Reminiscing on times we was all youngins In the function, late night til the cops coming Back then, they was acting, like we wouldn't be shit, but now it's packed in Quit talking, like you know me Because you don't know a thing about Jack man In class, I was zoned out, I ain't learn how to multiply fractions I was leaving my backpack at the crib, can't trip now cause the whole bags i No acting, this is real life

Tell me what it is what it feels like

Tell me is it wet is it real tight
Can I slide in with my lil guy?
I know it's been a minute but I'm still fly
At Derby with a bow tie on like Bill Nye
I'm with your girl she a real vibe
We just had a picnic on the hillside

Last year was broken now this year they tell me
That there ain't shit they can tell me
Y'all hear the click of the tele
I put this dick in her (uh)
This year I'm bout to make muh fuckin' millions
Watch them all get in their feelings (woah)
Once you be up you be chilling
Oh what a wonderful feeling

Yeah, bitch Bitch it's Young Fel, we in this