

3rd Quarter (Freestyle)

Fetty Wap

Ay, 1738

Ayo, man they call me big ZooWap nigga

Fuck these fuck boys man

Squad shit, ZooGang

Black 650 on the Royce, start to gunning

Niggas make a diss song but want no problems

Black four fifth with the grip, who shot him?

Big ZooWap from the trap, what's mobbing?

Gold chains on me, couple bands is the rocking

Make me feel fly so all I buy is Rob-

Got ten thousand dollars worth of J's in my closet

For my girl, drop nine hundred dollars on the wallet though

P's got six thousand dollars worth of Robins

Seventeen for my beamer, drop thirty on the jeep

Five bands for a Louis eye patch, omg

Not the Gucci one 'cause you know a nigga stay flee

Fetty Wap from the bando, understand though

How the fuck you the man though? Go where you can't go

What the fuck is your plan though? Ain't got no bands though

And the niggas that I rock with keep hella ammo

Niggas tryna diss Fetty Wap, how you do that?

Like I ain't helping niggas pop, nigga you mad

Put my city on the whole map, you ain't do that

Talking 'bout me, niggas get shot, why you do that?

Cause that boy running out the mouth, take a cool bath

Do his ass like the old school in a new class

Just bought a G37 and it's too fast

Riding through this fuck boy's hood, let the two blast

Hop in my whip with his bitch on my cool ass

Just like his bitch, he a bitch, get his crew dragged

Bitch, we the squad of the year screaming ZooGang

Dice pull up on him, then, he kick just like Liu Kang

Montana hit him with the three, call him Lu Deng

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Squad!