BOUT IT

Germ

B- B- BIG LOS ON THE TRACK BOY!

Bitch I'm 'bout it 'bout it, Bitch I'm 'bout it 'bout it
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Screaming suck it when I'm in my bucket (fuck it)
Liquor chugging blunts until I'm bugging
Ducking posers rocking Thrasher hoodies
I'm a broke bastard that takes cookies
And I'm lurking swervin' on medicine
Fuck a DUI, I'm on bath salts
Talking doubles knockin' bumpas' off of momma' SUV cause I'm thuggin'
Burn a cop the block hot
Baghdad snapchats and crack packs
Give me my money, yeah bitch I need that
Lay on my bath floor until my mind give me feedback
Duckin' buckin' fuckin' niggas up
Gold teeth match the gold trim on my OE
Fuck you I'm rowdy and ugly I'm moody and loony
Beat a bitch up like I'm Dooney
Set a blank go riding bustin' like bank all James Franco on blow
With a fat hoe, clack me a bitch leave a white tee rojo
You know how it go
You know how it go
You know how it go
You know how it go

I'm in a mom and pop, one-stop shop
Waving Glocks, getting busy
I'm on my Chris Breezy beating biddies up in your city
It's nothing - I don't give a fuck about a bitch I'll peddle dope
Skate, fuck hoes and spark loosies up with my.44

Oh my God, who brought this dirty fucking Slim Jim to Miami?
All I wanna do is smoke boof, drink fucking lean
And throw up in a [?] that gives no fuck
[?] right fucking now!

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Getting loose sipping 'hundred proof
Knocking bullshit at ugly Lil bitches' deuce
But its nothing nigga
Man this fuckin' nigga gotta problem with it then front it nigga
Ugly, angry and jaded, faded bakin' vacant complacent
Raidin' churches swervin' in hearses tossing burners on worthless Kirkland's
Molotovs in a pack 'mon tear them walls down like reggae
The KK that good yay, on my payday then its time to lay
With the AK broad day, finger fuck the law
Boss like Rick Ross, but no molly I'm a jolly nigga

When the liquor hit me I'm a garbage nigga

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