

Picking Up Daisy's

Glokk40Spaz

(Oh my gosh, he's Holliewood?)

(Aye sparkle, you did this?)

(Huh) huh, damn

You pressure, huh, I wanna, I wanna touch on yo body

You know, like I know, don't even say that I'm taxin' you know what this .35 go for

Bitch, guns out, we Young Pablo

Walk out the trap, Ski mask, Diablo

When she pull up on Lil Glokk, I be like "Bitch, welcome to the game show"

Nigga took yo damn fye nigga, why the fuck you gotta gun for?

Got all types of drugs, you get it vacuum sealed

Bitch what's the deal? I'm poppin' these percs, and they do not feel real

I be the first one at the window when it's time to do a damn dr ill

I told whoa, I don't need nobody to fuckin' shoot for me

Got me a Glock 40, it don't trip

X on the head, make it outta here

XD got em' scared, he don't think he real

Glock 45 name that bitch "O'Neal"

I got banana clip, monkey neck, that'll make em peel

Drink this nut, better not say "Ew"

We can fuck, baby I can't cuff

I mean just like the beat we [?]

I mean I can sleep with you, but that's just lust

Hm, baby, I get rough

Bitch you crazy, just come fuck

He pickin' up daisy's he try one of us

And he talkin' bout my whoa, man that boy got some guts

Up the fye, on my whoa, then yo ass must be nuts

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