

Floccker

Heembeezy

Hmm

Yeah, aight

Hmm

Bitch, I need the chip, I'm a five-star flocker
She callin' me daddy, but she know I'm not a father
Smokin' good Cook', this that fire, Betty Crocker
We cannot kick it, no karate or soccer
I'll kick a door before I ever be a doctor
Chili bandit, I was up at school crackin' lockers
Never been broke, I hit the road, I had to run it up
Hundred after hundred, blue strips, better sum it up
Christian Louboutins, I bleed the scene, I'm finna fuck 'em up
I just bopped for twenty, bitch, you know I'm finna double up
Them niggas can't fuck with us, fuck a sucker, shoot 'em up
I ain't runnin' fades, I'm off the juice, you know I'm sippin'
mud
Off the Wockeisha, I can feel it in my lungs
If I see the jakes, I ain't stoppin', I'ma run
He don't shoot shit, but spent a thousand on that gun
She mad I'm always in the field, I told her go fuck with a bum
Before I hop inside my feelings, I'ma hop inside a bag
Always turned nothin' into somethin', so they mad
I send my white boy on a skit, that's my young nigga Chad
Bitch, my Glock replace the muscle and my pockets stay fat
Bitch, do you wanna fuck? I don't got time for the foolery
I'll lose my life before I let 'em touch my jewelry
That nigga sound dumb if he ever think he shootin' me
I keep it on me, mama not gon' cry, she ain't losin' me
I know I could work a job, I hit the road, that's who I choose
to be
I'm mixin' Cookie with the bread inside the grabba loose leaf