

Opp Shit

Hurricane Chris

It ain't no sense in making diss songs, that shit ain't really gangsta
When we put your face up on the news, nigga that's gon' make you famous
Told my choppa Imma get it a record deal 'cuz it be singin'
Told my momma, "nigga play with me in that field and I'm gon spank 'em"
I smoke weed everywhere I go, just like a Jamaican
White bitch askin' for this anaconda, you know I ain't racist
Tell that hoe go 'head and bend it over, you know I ain't fakin'
When you runnin' up your money, pussy niggas gon' keep hatin'
I stick to the code

Trap house with the hunnids on the floor, nigga we on go
Bitch think Ima trick out for my dough, she must be on coke
I can't turn you into no housewife, 'cuz I know you a hoe
[?], bitch I love you, I know you'll blow
Hit the club and grab some bad bitches, I need three or more
And I'm not stickin' 'round to pop no bottles, I'll take 'em to go
I keep it official like a ref with a whistle, fasho
AR15 and I'm gon' blow

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And all these niggas, they be fakin'
Pull up on you with this wopstick, then hop out and get to blazin'
I ain't from New York City but this bitch here gon' have you Harlem Shakin'
On a perc 30, this hoe hopped on the dick, then went crazy
Nah your jewelry ain't no water nigga, that shit look fugaze
Why you put shit on your momma nigga? That's who the fuck made me
Fuck a bitch without no condom, I do that, I'd be crazy
Say she pregnant, I'm like Michael Jackson, no that ain't my baby
All this pressure got my eyes low, I feel like I'm an Asian
Nigga make a diss, you know when we catch 'em we gon' paint 'em
Show ya, let's go to the bank, I think I got another banger
That's on everything
(This that shit that make you flip an opp)

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