

2 Hands

Icewear Vezzo

Yo what's up Lue
P Dot got that pack!

Yeah, it's mud over liquor, that's the constitution
Catch an opp while he lacking, I'm an opportunist
\$30,000 necklace, the watch got mucus
Niggas cops and be ratting, they hot and Stuie's
She only tell me that she loves me when it's beneficial
Wear my jewelry out in public, yeah, I've been official
Nigga touch one of mine and I'm sending missiles
I'll let this bitch fly while we're in the venue
I've been backdooring Barkley's, need an intervention
I've been back selling wocki, need a bigger kitchen
We make sure we hit our target, ain't no hit or missing
Bust dweller on my arm, this bitch jilt and ticking
I get higher than a nigga finna go to court
I got fire like a nigga that ain't go to work
I'm so lit 'round this bitch, I can't go in stores
Swear to God, niggas starving, need a bowl and fork
Spent whatever on my fit, this designer fashion
Yeah, nigga catch me broke, go'n sign my cast
I perform on the stage, got 5, 4 mags
Real CEO, fuck around, sign my dad
Ain't no rules to this shit, I ain't playing fair
Ain't no drugs in the room, I ain't staying there
Only came to the club, I got paid in there
Free my nigga Jet, I heard he had his way in there

Now watch me push them bitches off me with the two hands
Aye, hm, with the two hands
Watch me push these bitches off me with the two hands
Aye, aye, with the two hands
A'watch me push them bitches off me with the two hands
Hmm, hmm, trap still banging, yeah, I move grams
Watch me push them bitches off me with the two hands
I said the trap still - Aye, aye!

Niggas homeless, always booling at their mans brib
Niggas hoes, always talking 'bout what their man said
These Amiri's, niggas can't afford my pants leg
If I drop a four it's to the face, I can't share the red
Knock the hair off buddy's head, we won't spare a dread
Seven AK's, five niggas in the caravan
No drive by's, blood, park that thang parallel
Hop out that bitch and show them niggas why they scared of us
We might be the richest, toughest niggas in America
Every bitch that got my number be texting me paragraphs
I'ma keep on buying everything that I never had
Big brib, High tech, fountain with a helipad
I'ma keep on buying bricks, 'cause I sell 'em fast
Yo' kids be hitting my shit, with yo' jealous ass
Ha, ha, ha, ha, yeah
Pinot mellow bag
Soon's it touch down, me and Wow Man gon' move the bag
I be on them flights, first class, eating Gefilte fish
I be off them percs, fucking so fast, be done killed the bitch
Boogie oogie oogie on a bitch, still get ignorant

Smoking all the cookie in this bitch, still belligerent
Young bitch just got her body done, still look innocent
Lean s'posed to have my body numb, still be feeling it
Push them bitches off me with the two hands, I'm getting it
Get a pint of lean for sixteen, not two bands, I'm feeling it
HUUH

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