

GEEKS

Icewear Vezzo

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
This shit too low, Mogyi, turn up the bass
Super rainy, hmm

A hundred racks, a Tyson punch, shit don't hit the same
I put thirties on my truck, now it don't sit the same
Bought a new Birkin and new watch for my new vixen thang
Step on it, put fetty on the block to check my whippin' gang
Flexin' up like Coach and Pee, I got a bag bag
Put hella pounds on the 'Gram, this bitch a hashtag
Huh, pourin' mud, be movin' slow, that's 'cause the cash fast
Bro just stuffed a half a mil' in slips inside a man bag
I stopped trappin' years ago, but I'm still havin' still
I like Davins 'cause they spin when I be standin' still
Fuck with us, you tryna win, these niggas damaged still
I re'd-up for seven mill', I got a Hammer deal
She see Richard, she see Vach', she take her clothes off
Double-R, just drop the top, she take the doors off
Six of wocky in my pop, I'm tryna doze off
I took all the dog shit to the show so I can show it off
Biscuit on me, turn a nigga cap to fried chicken
Yellow Spectra on black bags, it cost me five big ones
Told a ho jump in with me, she tryna ride sixes
Damn near overcharged the Cybertruck, it got a fried engine
I'm still a kid up in my mind 'cause I like patty cake
At dealership, confusin' shit, already had a Wraith
Steve Austin with that bag, bitch, I'm the rattlesnake
Ain't no extra room up in the bank, just check the database
Who you gon' trust beside yourself when you got Tony bag?
Charge little lesser for the showers when I get pony in
I might spend extra for the neck if she got OnlyFans
Arms up, pointed to the sky, yeah, this the Rollie dance
I like Forgi for my shoes, all my hoes come by the three
Used to cop all the blues, fuck with us, you tryna eat
Gave a rack to my lil' dude, hit your hat, you niggas cheap
Fuck a rap, we in the streets, in the trap with all the geeks
Nigga

Real trap shit, nigga