

# Drive Me

J Hus

Hustler, baby  
JOAT

And these niggas drive me up the wall  
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Drive me, drive me up the wall

Dem boy pretty, J Hus gruesome  
Dem boy bowcat, I could never two's them  
What's that smell? I think I smell bacon  
You weren't in them cabbies, you was banging on them pagans  
My don grips the strally, these Glock sticks I carry  
I couldn't give a damn about no Tom, Dick or Harry  
Ayesha with the batty, that's one chick I'd marry  
Hit it from the back and tell her "cum quick for daddy"  
You ain't been about if you ain't heard of my niggas  
I'll never spill beans, I'll ride a bird for my niggas  
And if that chick ugly, ugly like me  
I'll take one for the team and ride that bird for my niggas  
Looking for me? I ain't hard to find  
My niggas ride out just to pass the time  
Now my new ting bugging me cause I forgot to call  
Babygirl, you know you drive me up the wall

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These niggas know my pattern  
Fuck a bandwagon, I'll just bang at 'em, damn cannon  
Fake friend and backstabber, dough-grabber  
I bogle with my strap like Shabba  
Capital F, I'm a capital G  
I dare a motherfucker try and slap it on me  
I'm a bad boy, I'll clap it in a batty boy's knee  
I walk in that dance with that ratchet on me  
Niggas phone my phone, you don't get no answer  
You don't eat, no rice, no pasta  
Don't lie, no jokes, no banter  
Half my niggas in the can like Fanta  
Real nigga, yeah, I'm really certified  
Yeah, only rolling round with certain guys  
What's all the talk? You ain't about that life  
I've got that big MAC for these small fry

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