

Mash Up

J Hus

Take this bottle off me before I mash up the place
Bare smoke sorry if I ash up the place
All we do is ball, ball, ball
She rejected me when she could have had it all, all, all
Pass me the money, that's all
For every one friend, 100 niggas wanna see me fall
But I'm standin' up tall
Keep designer on the waistline
Remember what happened last time?

Came in late, blame it on the black people's timin'
I turn 4 to a 8 'cause I'm doublin' like Ireland
And why these niggas give me hate? You'll be me soon keep grindin'
They say they roll to the 8, liddle motherfucker keep lyin' (liar)
Ayy, I just give them a high and go
'Cause them niggas wasn't with me through the highs and lows
You wasn't with me when I was broke
Babestation, pass me the Sky remote (gimme that)

She wasn't with me them times there
Call me when your friends ain't there
They see me in my specs lookin' like a professional
Woulda never known I was a criminal
Would you eat it all? I need a greedy girl
You ain't bad at all, look, it's easy girl
Show me what them sweet lips do
And do it like you mean it too

And does your pumpum give life?
If it don't then you better give it life right now
And is your pumpum built tight?
I can't wait 'til the day that I find out
They turn fake and they last me
Friends turn to foes, why nobody warn me though?
And I don't trust nobody
Me on my own, I'm a one man army, yeah
What does a wallahi mean to me
The other day I see an Akhi with a Jesus piece
You said Netflix and chill, now you teasin' me
You made me miss the whole Power season 3

She got a attitude problem
Claim your bad, baby come on then?
If I let you call me by my government
Are you gonna suck it like it succulent?
I'ma have you up late, do you like chocolate?
I'm an animal, I need a big batti girl
Bring a ratchet girl from my best mate
See the material, watch your step mate

It's the 4 eyes geek, bedroom freak
She don't pack her weave 'cause her hair's on fleek
Then I step with Hus, he came through with Creeps
I don't smoke it up but pass the weed
I'm a alcoholic, oh, yes indeed
On the motorway, can we pass the police?
Baby, play the music and then play with me

Don't make it awks, ha take the lead
Ha that's your chain, that's the banter
Your chain have no ice like J Hus Fanta
I don't have no broads in Atlanta
But she in designer like panda
Fancy me, you're gonna kiss some guys
But I ain't complainin', I feel your vibe
And she's insecure, look, babe you're fine
That ain't stretch marks, that's tiger stripes

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