

Fisherr

Jacquees

Young nigga, Jacquees, man I'm back on this remix shit
QueMix shit, nigga
Nigga, album 2024
Cash Money Rich Gang
Birdman, what's happening?
What up Fire?
Let's go (Rich Gang)
Come on

I got that money on me and I'm spending
I'm thinking 'bout blowing some more
Dolo (Dolo)
'Cause niggas be switching and acting like bitches
Be pillow talking the hoes (Hoes)
I know (I know)
If you hit the bitch right after I hit it
Then I don't even want it no more (No)
I know we gon' spend the check at Booby Trap or Mr. Jones
I know my baby like her weed good and her liquor strong
Ex nigga a fan
Been off of the bullshit, I'm tryna be a man (A man)
Tell the club lay out the red carpet when I land (I land)
Back against the wall, I put in work, I never ran (I never ran)
You got it on me standing at the top, it's God's plan (Plan)
I'm really bossed up, but I still clock in (Clock in)
My ex swear she hate me, but she still watching (Watching)
And they want me to exit, but I'm still logged in (Logged in)
Keep it P, that's all I know (I know)
Stunna with me 504 (504)
"Do what I want" is all I know (I know)
I'm good everywhere I go (I go)
Took a dice and I rolled
I'm one of them ones, keep dropping that ass to the floor (Floor), yeah
It's all in the sauce, yeah, I'm from Atlanta fasho, aye, uh
I got on my ticket and I hit her three times in a row, yeah
And she from the 6, but shawty be repping the 4 (The 4)
And she got that wet-wet (That wet-wet)
But I'm 'bout to see about (I'm 'bout to see about)
And she got the chin checks (She got the chin checks)
Her booty poking out (Her booty poking out)
I'm the king of this R&B shit (Of this R&B shit)
What the fuck is we talking 'bout? (What the fuck is we talking 'bout?)
And I swear I'ma be on my slime
On the day they let Thugger out (Day they let Thugger out)
I've been slimmer than 2009
I'm still bringing the summer out (I'm still bringing the summer out)
In New Orleans with Baby and Juvie
Thinking 'bout bringing Hummer out

I still got jewels and some shoes at my mama house
After we hit the club, we hit the Waffle House
I'm still that same nigga (I am)
Ain't none change but you
Fuck is we talking 'bout?
Fuck is we talking 'bout? (What the fuck?)
Keep sticking your tongue out
And I'm 'bout to rain down

Fasho, uh-huh, yeah (Come on)
I got that money on me and I'm spending
I'm thinking 'bout blowing some more (Wha?)
Fasho
I know