

REGULAR

JASIAH

[Guy in crowd:] Hey! Where are your instruments man?

Shut it! We're-

Jasiah

[Mordecai:] And we rock so hard, we don't need instruments

[Rigby:] Hit it!

[Benson:] A one, a two, a one, two, three, four!

Damn

Damn, haha

Damn, bitch, bitch

Yuh, yuh, yuh (Huh)

Yuh, huh, yuh

Ayy, ayy

On my mind, I'm thinkin' 'bout them bands (Yeah)

My niggas gon' be flexin', no, you cannot comprehend me, knotty clique

Shotty hit yo' body, make yo' body flip, tummy tuck
Pussy gettin' tummy-fucked, you gon' get yo' money up
Pussy, where yo' toy at? Always [?]

Bitch, I came up from the dirt, and I'm comin' from abroad, yeah
Fuel me up, fuel me up, jealous? Bitch, it fuel me up
You niggas took all this clout, I just want the fuckin' bucks

Talkin' shit through yo' computer
I'll go to war with' ya, nigga, I got shooters
If you need to get embarrassed, nigga, I can do it
You a pussy boy, no aim, you a loser

(Yeah) I be chasin' checks, I can't fuck no busy bitch
Chop it off the set, mosh pit till you fuckin' dizzy, bitch
Talkin' all that shit, why the fuck you fakin' numbers, bitch?
Fuck if you a vet, you can't even keep up with me, bitch

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[Mordecai:] Huh? Ah, we won

[Eileen:] Actually-