

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-