

WILL SMITH

JASIAH

Uh-oh, uh-oh, shit (Oh, shit)
I just spilled my cup, uh-oh, I'm too lit (Yeah)
I just popped a bean, now I can't feel shit (Yeah)
And you ain't gon' do nothin', my nigga, you too big

Ayy, ayy, ayy, public-service announcement, nigga
It's your boy Josiah and his bitch, Naughty Clip
Y'all already know the fuck goin' on
We gettin' all this money, nigga, gettin' hella kitty book bags
For your baby mama, kids, nigga (The bitch)
Fuck we talkin' 'bout, nigga?

Watch your mouth, ho, I know that you not talkin' to me
Bitch, my legs must be broke 'cause you not walkin' with me
Got a whole lot of money, I don't need no receipts
And that nigga talkin' sweet, them nigga P-I-E

Choppa E-I-E, make 'em D-I-E
Bitches eat my meat, we can't kick it, rock me
Choppa E-I-E, make 'em D-I-E
Bitches eat my meat, we can't kick it, rock me

I just walked in (Yeah)
Big Roll in the right, fat ass in the left (Okay)
Five-tucked, four-fucked, nigga, hit his head (Splat)
I got bad blood for these nigga, tell the truth (I hate your bitch)
Bad blood for these nigga like some sicko's hands (Ayy)
Nigga, we don't give a fuck 'bout where you think you gon' be
Cock to your head, it's gon' make a nigga holy
Teamin' with the seven deadly sins like Melly Odis
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, lil' boy? You know you been on ho shit

Uh-oh, uh-oh, shit (Oh shit)
I just filled my cup, uh-oh, I'm too lit, yo
I just popped a bean, now I can't feel shit, yo
She told me slap the ass one time, I'm Will Smith, yo

Uh-oh, uh-oh, shit (Oh shit)
I just filled my cup, uh-oh, I'm too lit, yo
I just popped a bean, now I can't feel shit
And you ain't gon' do nothin', my nigga, you too big (Too big)

We be gettin' money, think that's why they mad at us
It's the naughty clique, dreadhead, mad hatter
Said she like to float, so I made her ass fatter
Pussy pieces with that bitch, but I already had her
Ayy, come to where I stay
You know I got bridges, Stacey, Molly on the way
Keep a bad bunny and she goin' both ways
Side I wouldn't hit, but bitch, I always find a way, yeah, always find a way
Watch your mouth, ho, I know that you not talkin' to me
Bitch, my legs must be broke 'cause you not walkin' with me
Got a whole lot of money, I don't need no receipts
And a nigga talkin' sweet, them nigga P-I-E

Choppa E-I-E, make 'em D-I-E
Bitches eat my meat, we can kick it rock-lid

Choppa E-I-E, make 'em D-I-E
Bitches eat my meat, we can kick it rock-lid

Oh shit, oh shit
Fuck that, fuck shit
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck shit