

Applebee's Freestyle

Jay Critch

(OkayKhan, let's do it now)

Ayy

Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah

Hood fav

Ayy, ayy

Hey

Who gon' miss 'em when them niggas hit you up? Uh (Boom, boom)
Shooters spinning, trying to get it back in blood (Get it back in blood)

If you need me in your city, need like fifty racks and up (Bands)

I got baddies in the VIP and I got shooters in the cut (Hey)

I got different types of Perkies, I got different types of mud (I got different types of drugs)

That bitch asked me for a Birkin, told her, "Never hit me up" (Never hit me up)

I'm a guard shooting bullets, I won't never give it up (I won't never give it up)

Why you think we 730? We ain't never give a fuck (30)

Told you some my niggas crippling, and, yeah, some my niggas blood (30)

Ayy, toolie in the front seat, mop in the trunk (Boom, boom)

Uh, and I got them bad hoes, all up in their guts (Hey)

Uh, 'cause I got that bag though, she do what I want (She do what I want)

And I'm back with a masterpiece

Shorty, all that ass up on your back, throw it back at me

Yeah, these niggas pussy, yeah, they back having batteries

Run it up like athletes

And we've been them niggas, ain't nobody ever laugh at me

Two bitches at Catch, but I could still remember Applebee's

Shorty, I'm the catch, you just a baddie and we having these

I could let you hold a little toolie 'cause we having these

Use to go finesse right after school, was feeling raggedy

And we still sending out package

Let a boy go and act up, get him wrapped up, yeah, pack it

Young nigga with the Moncler came from my big bro mattress

Let it off, put holes in a nigga Moncler or Mackage

Yeah, flame him up like matches

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