

Oh My

Jimmy Wopo

I just had his bitch all on the DM
Now I don't want that bitch all on my TL
Take his bricks and tell that pussy nigga "GL"
I get to dumbin', bitch I'm gone, you get the [?]
My bitch keep creepin' through my phone, so hit the Gmail
I like my pussy fresh and bald, bitch I don't eat stale
You work for 12, you'd rather tell before you see jail
Ain't got no L's, I'd rather bail, this bitch a V12
I pull up shit, them niggas sick, I tell 'em "Get well"
I got a .40 with a dick, I make this bitch yell
We ten toes in, my niggas spend just like it's Sprewell
Bitch I'm the boss, soon as he gone, I get the details

Oh my, oh my, we don't tote nines
Oh my, oh my, [?]
Oh my, oh my, he a slow grind
Oh my, oh my, bitch my gun fine
Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my
Aye, oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my
Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my
Aye, oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my

We got macs nigga, no fries
Countin' chicken, chicken Popeyes
I'm just [?]
I'm a chemist nigga, no science
I heard that nigga let his bro down
[?], get a bowtie
We carry chickens, we don't tote nines
We 'bout them chickies bitch, it's chrome time
If we can't split it 50/50, you ain't my kind
If he ain't bool with niggas, hit 'em then he don't ride
[?] sleep all on your porch, but bitch he's not tire
Oh my, oh my, .40 hit him, he get dope high

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