

Zim Zimma

Joyner Lucas

Zim Zimma (Zim Zimma)

Who got the keys to my motherfuckin' Beamer?

Bitch, I ain't no [?]

Yeah

I want a 'Rari, I'm feelin' godly (Woah)

Wonder how much that gon' cost me, they feelin' saucy (Buck, buck)

Niggas know that I'm a problem, they'll never solve me (Buck, buck, buck)

If you came to start some drama, then bring a army

I've been goin' fuckin' fast and it got me swervin'

I know that I'm a child of God, but they want me cursed in

I've been trappin' out the Ozark, I'm Marty Byrdin' (Oh, oh)

And I've been hard at work, yeah, ho, you just hardly workin'

If it wasn't for this rap shit, I'd be movin' kilos

Front the pack from my connect then cop a few casinos

Used to fake it 'til I made it just to boost my ego

Stashin' money in my shirt, they thought I grew some chichos, oh no

I got some new wheels, uh-uh

Tired of kids, they think that we in school still, ah-ah

Play me, you gon' find out how the tool feel, ah-ah

Fuck around and you gon' find out who's real, ah-ah

Who, yeah, ah-ah

Zim Zimma (Zim Zimma)

Who got the keys to my motherfuckin' Beamer?

Bitch, I used to dream of this

I ain't that nigga you could

Play with, nigga, that's dangerous (Oh)

Told 'em I was raised in the basement

Twin AKs in the playpen

Take your face, rearrange it

I can turn eggs into bacon (Yeah)

I can serve base with a apron

Niggas been waitin' to hate it (True)

I got a Beamer and I'm anxious to race it

Vroom right past you (Vroom right past you)

Cops keep followin' a nigga, that's bad news

I don't like hassles (I don't like hassles)

Suck it down Remy and I'm feelin' like Papoose

Hope I don't crash you (Hope I don't crash you)

Lil' bird bitch with me and I call a ho Zazu

Mind your bidness (Mind your bidness)

Fuck your opinion, nobody asked you, woah

Look (Yeah), this that WAP-WAP shit (Yeah)

Shit'll make a nigga wanna stop, drop, shit (Buck)

Roll when you hit 'em with the Glock-Glock, bitch (Buck, buck)

Semi-automatic if a nigga really think he want static

Now a nigga doin' pop-pop, bitch

Oh, you thought you was a hotshot, bitch? (Oh)

Now you want a crown with a hotshot, bitch (Hey)

Nigga, I was raised on the block-block, bitch

This is my time, no stopwatch, bitch

All of my whips is top-notch, bitch

How to get a plug at the chop shop, bitch

Even my son got pop rocks, bitch

Fuckin' your bitch, don't cock block, bitch

I get your bitch, I'ma [?], bitch
She gon' ride my drop top, bitch

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Bitch, I used to dream of this
I ain't that nigga you could

I got some bands, now they got they hands out (Hey)
All them hoes that have a man now, they pull my pants down
They know they don't got no chance now, bitch, I'm the man now (Hey, hey)
Used to be my only fan, she got OnlyFans now
Yeah, I'm swervin', I got road rage, I feel OJ
I don't wear no fuckin' Dolce, I smell like olé (Joyner)
I might go back to my old ways, she want her soul saved
I done traded in my soulmate and got a gold chain
Okay
I came up with the privilege of poverty livin' and I ain't had nonthin' but scraps (Yeah)
I had to watch niggas winnin' and drivin' in foreigners and I was just stuck in the back (Word)
I had to learn me the bidness so once I applied it, I made me a couple of racks (Yeah)
I had ménages with Nicki and Cardi and Megan and then I woke up from a nap
Ooh (Ooh)
I had a Bugatti and then I woke up in the trap (Yeah)
I had a couple of friends I left in the past 'cause they don't do nothin' but cap (Yeah)
I know a couple of niggas that don't know the bidness and they do nothin' but rap (Yeah)
Fuck it I guess I'll just shut up and drive, I got me a Beamer, I'm runnin' the lap

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I ain't that nigga you could

Yeah
Put me inside of a room with niggas you think that are better than me
I crush them inevitably
And leave them as dead as can be
That go to any nigga who's steppin' to me
They all come second to me
My words are weapons to me
I burn it, second degree
And get it, and I'm sick of any nigga that's sick
And I got it sick and shiverin'
Even Ritalin couldn't get rid of it
You gotta be kiddin', I'm trippin'
I kinda feel like a kid again (Rah, rah, rah)
And, yeah, I got somethin' to say
I ain't with the games, I ain't come to play
Nigga, you confused, you a broad, go tuck your leg
You trapped in the wrong body like Young M.A (Buck, buck)
I need my money like andale
Got a one-inch blade, get cut if you run that fade
I ain't really with the dumb ass shade
I come back brave, get cut when I run back sayin'

Zim Zimma (Zim Zimma)
Yeah, ayy
All the girls, dem sugar

I'm a trill ass nigga
I'm a Mike Jack thriller
I'm a VJ killer
Armageddon, long-range Reggie Miller
Watch me swerve on a nigga
Zim Zimma (Zim Zimma)
Yeah
All the girls, dem sugar
I'm a thrill ass nigga (Buck, buck)
I'm a Mike Jack thriller (Buck, buck)
I'm a VJ killer
Armageddon, long-range Reggie Miller
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