

DOTS Freestyle Remix

Jpegmafia

Uh
Stuff-
Stuff a-
Uh

I stuff a Glock in my bitch pocket (Hey)
Bitch stop it, skinny nigga, big poppin' (Hey)
You put the pedal to metal we go Nicki Minaj (Huh)
One deep, baby, you can't top it (Brrat)
5'9", with the stick, I look like Big Papi
I keep a shotty, bottom bitches not harm me
How could I not be? Everything you copy, huh
I killed rock, now I'm sending bullets at you zombies
You never haunt me (Hah) , niggas tried to Vietnam me (Yeah)
But I've been playing with pistols since you watching Toonami (Yeah)
I'm not a rapper, I'm white trash in a mocha body
Ain't no career, I'm just hoping Madonna adopts me (Facts)
I get it popping, fuck rock, bump pop (Brrat)
I put the stock in, I'm scheming, I'm not plottin' (Heh)
These niggas steppin' to me, end up Gianni Versace'd, nigga

Say, say
Do a feature for what
Bro, I been dyin' to kick it
I'm too big for my britches, I'm too rich for these bitches
Rich in spirit, not in wealth, nigga, don't get it confused, yo
u feel me
Again, do a feature for what (Like, for what, for what)

And you know that I'm afraid of everything
Written like a girl who stuck her heart away
And you know that I'm afraid of everything
Baby, love me close, tonight

Keep goin', baby
Make me cry, nigga
Like, make me fuckin' cry
Make me fuckin' cry
We talkin' about this story, I'm 'bout to fuckin' cry
We talkin' about this story, I'm 'bout to fuckin' cry