

You think you know me

Hm

Hm

Downtown shawty, poke your ass out

Only settin' niggas up, I don't back down

Black and rollin' 'round with that K out

Every time I look down, I'm clean

Yeah, got it all lean

Big Gat', bail bonds and wrist slap

I seen niggas try to dodge all this new tech

Buh, huh, buh, buh, buh

Fuckin' your bitch like I'm back from the war (Ayy)

Fuckin' your bitch, I'm goin' on tour

Fuckin' the head of my best

I won't go in the ocean like Nemo, send shots at the floor

We can't relate, bitch, I was poor

Empty the safe, money on floor

All of my songs are diss (Facts)

I might just ghostwrite a hit

They know that's money well-

spent, yeah, yeah (You fixed your pussy?)

Hol' up, fuck, nigga did homework, what?

You gon' keep pushing' your luck

If I aim for your head, better hope that you duck

Buh, frr, buh, buh, buh

Fuckin' that bitch like I'm back from the war (Yeah)

Fuckin' your bitch like I'm back from the tour (Uh)

Fuck on me, baby, you know I'm a whore

I pistol whip 'em so he know that it's war

I ain't even have to show up in court

Droppin' the case, got a drop in the jar, shit

Buh, frr, buh, buh, buh

Fuckin' that bitch like I'm goin' to war (Yeah)

Fuckin' that bitch like I'm back from the tour (Uh)

Fuck on me, baby, you know that he borin'

I feel like they out here to win, I'm just scorin', huh

I can afford it (Yeah)

In the ocean like Dory, these sharks get 'em sorted, nasty