

# Sidewalk

Jucee Froot

Jucee  
Hitmaka  
(Nonstop)

These niggas sidewalk, they ain't street  
These niggas ride dick way better than me  
These niggas pillowtalkin' with the freaks  
How you a boss ridin' 'round with your tank on E?  
Huh, hoe don't try me bitch, this that body shit  
Body, body shit, your life, I buy that shit  
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Say they street, but they no wear street  
Hit your block, get there on the Henny  
She gon' turn into a-  
There some racks up on they jacket man  
Pull up, they gon' Jackie Chan  
Bitches want no smoke with me  
I beat them like they anime  
Niggas be talkin' like hoes  
I keep K like goals, I got no internet  
Bitch I'm smokin' O's, heard you rollin' rolls  
These brothers on drug shit  
Do another lap, the way I run shit  
I'm too fresh, it's no mint  
Bitch I bomb, make a forfeit  
Heard I'm in your mouth, wear your throat bitch?

Wait a minute, hold up  
Ride the beat like motor  
Why you flexin' on the 'Gram?  
Know that whip all on her  
Why you actin' like you're tough?  
Call 'em, we gon' get up took  
If you run, he'll get 'em boy  
Catch 'em, we gon' get 'em ran

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You got a revolver, bitch I'm playin' with drago  
Got that sauce like pasta, you know we be mayo'  
Bitch I'm bein' a monster, smash shit up like KO  
Heard you talkin' to your army, I'm goin' get the case closed  
Got that juice, we got it sleepin', caught it like a ribbon  
Ass so fat, so deep, these goes offended  
Beats hotter than the kitchen, get the heat up, brought the milli  
You wipe your nose, I heard you sniffin'  
Wike his nose then he gettin' in there, ay

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