

She work at [?] and mans (Mans), I'm fuckin' her  
She call me zaddy  
I swear lil' baby a savage like Randy  
Pop her a Perc' and she still ain't landed (Landed)  
That cat be tastin' too nasty (Nasty)  
She wanna fuck but she classy (Classy)  
Fuck her and fuck up her lashes (Lashes)  
Shawty burned out, that's tragic (Tragic)

You know we ain't doin' no regular, schmegular, degular  
I'm from a whole 'nother nebula  
I [?] like a editor  
Lemonade in the competitor  
If you want smoke, we can set it up  
She got that lockjaw, dread it up  
Still ain't met her individual fresh than us  
Shawty ain't playin' no games, Sega Genesis  
I had to took lil' bih from my nemesis

You only stay at the back of the club  
Ain't throwin' ones, throwin' dubs  
All these niggas like TLC  
Bitches don't want no scrub  
They like a nigga who fuck it good  
And used to be the plug  
You try to beat 'em up  
I'm tryna beat it up  
I eat that pussy like jugs and pizza  
These bitches be broke and be leeches  
I love my bitches conceited  
You don't ever, shit, I couldn't relieve it

Ice on my neck, I'm anaemic (Ice)  
She swallow my sons, no Phoenix (Phoenix)  
I'm stackin' that Kel, no Kenan (Racks)  
I swear I gotta be dreamin' (Dreamin')

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She wanna fuck but she classy (Classy, woah)  
Fuck her and fuck up her lashes (Uh, lashes)  
Shawty burned out (Okay), that's tragic (Tragic)  
Let's go

Hit the club, make it rain for no reason  
Take her back to the spot, fuck after she leavin' (No cap)  
And the way I be stackin' my paper fat at the table  
She callin' me greedy (Uh-huh)  
But I went from a house to a home  
From a bar to a O and I swear it weren't easy (For real)  
No cap, in my rep, I be hustlin', owe him some money and I ain't talkin' 'bo  
ut Weezy (Young Money)  
Uh, she bend that ass over, got bread like a toaster  
I'm ridin' around in the Rover

Yeah, big teaser, stay with the T  
She got that nacho, I keep that bitch loaded  
All these diamonds, [?]  
All these VVs and Cuban zirconias  
She ride that dick like somebody stole it  
I'm in the truck my myself, nigga dolie

Threw like five hundred inside the club  
Ain't flexin' like I threw a dub (Racks)  
These niggas just talkin' but really don't live it  
And wonder why they get no love (It's Kap)  
My bitch, she a wifey, no fragrance from YSL  
No, I'm not talkin' 'bout Thug (Slatt)  
They know I'm connected, I'm just like the socket  
I'm talkin' 'bout the motherfuckin' plug

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