

OH BOY

Kash Doll

See, they been askin' where I been at (Uh)
Bitch, I been busy
Nigga, I don't be playin' them games
Man, I'm still one phone call away (Reuel, stop playin' with these niggas)
But you can tell 'em we back
Matter fact
Let 'em know we never left
Oh, we back in that one bag, huh? (Gangsta Grillz)

My friend group compared to yours is different kind of bitches
It's two types, one who talk money and who get it
This ain't the same roll from last night, 'cause I spent it
My pointers so big, they keep fallin' off my pendant
Dior 1s, twelve-thousand each shoe
Think I got a cold, it's salt water in my pool
The rest of my life I gotta live by one rule
Remind myself every day not to dress like you
Y'all ain't makin' no noise, who the fuck is ol' boy?
Big boss, I'll hold my wrist up and ho boy
What should I drive today? The Bentley or the Rolls-Royce?
I put this Cuban on and have my whole clothes moist
Spillin' Perrier, somebody get a mop
It got borin' in a mansion, started sleepin' on a yacht
You ain't used to havin' motion, only livin' off the clout
It's some hoes that's gon' play with you, but me? I will not (I can not)

Ayy, all my bitches thick as Keisha and they got cash (And they got cash)
Every time we get a drop, spin the block fast
I get real dough, boy, but I'm not Chaz
When I leave the house, I know for sure I got my Mag' (Bah)
I love to ice my bitch out, she ice me out too (Ice me out)
Youngest nigga in the city playin' drop coupe (Huh?)
Catch an opp with his bitch, she get shot too (Fah-fah-fah)
Every bitch in the city wanna know what I do (What that boy do?)
Bitch, I get cash
Find the opp block? Spin his shit fast (Skrtrt)
Big dash, on the drop Benz, I get whiplash (Skrtrt)
Catch an opp in a fish bowl, make his shit crash (Fah-fah-fah)
Put a bitch on him, she gon' put him in a trick bag
Me, I got a big bag (Huh?)
All my bitches come with good pussy and a big ass (Huh?)
Spend the 'bow money, all the show money get stashed (Huh)
Point me to a big body Benz I can just crash, huh? (Gangsta Grillz)

Oh boy, I done jumped inside my bag and zipped it up
First dream was a mil', damn near touched it, wasn't enough
I told you way before we fucked, we just fuckin', it ain't love
See me shootin' with my chain on, I said it wasn't us
We stretch shit, know I'm him, you should've never left, bitch
I bought my bitch a X6, that shit got my ex sick
It ain't just my wrist and fingers, bitch, you know my whole neck lit
Add myself to an account like this shit was Netflix
Don't fuck with me
Tied our heart together, bitch, you stuck with me
She should sign to G-Unit, her kit worth a buck-fifty
Get on your ass in old fashion, you know we love switches
Prayed to a shootin' star, but he ain't make enough wishes

I'll boot up, suit up, come right in the house
I'll DM, then pull up, cum right in her mouth
The snow fall in the city, so I'm flyin' 'em south
If he hidin' in the crib, we fire bombin' the house, it's easy

He woke up with a .223 in his dread
He gon' reap what he sow, the chop shoot needle and thread (Brrt)
You never see me 'cause I'm deep in my bag
I treat his bitch like a tampon and leave her on read (Leave her on read)
She was dreamin' 'bout the dick, damn near peed in the bed
Bitch keep beggin' for it, we Felisha and Craig (Felisha and Craig)
Hit his bitch, now I got permanent seats in his head
Fifty clip curl like the first piece of the bread
Ayy, Jimmy Butler, big heat with long extensions (Ayy)
Bought my bitch a rose gold choker, Homer Simpson
Now she on my chocolate 'cause she heard I got the golden ticket
All these fuckin' poles like I'm photogenic, nigga, hold up, ayy (Nigga, hold up, ayy)
Yeah, I'm fresh as hell, take me a photo
But not with all these motherfuckin' dorks, take me a solo
Swiped the rental with a fake ID, made it a stolo
He bought a chain, please tell me it's real, K-Ci & JoJo

They like, "Why you start rappin'?" He done served the whole city"
My bitch in school for nursin' and still on the road with me (Let's go)
Turn around for fifty pros, 'bout to burn a hole in me (Uh-huh)
If he short me on that bread, I'm gon' burn a hole in him (Brrt)
I'm like Master P, I ain't got no limit (Let's go)
Niggas started, now they finished (Finished)
Niggas started, then I finished (Finished)
I did it on my own, I ain't borrow niggas' image (Nah)
I was on the block mixin' rock like a chemist (Whippin')
Got the fiends lined up at the spot like a scrimmage (Okay)
I be passin' out testers every day like it's Christmas
Dope talk, give it to my straight, fuck the code talk
First off, don't never ask me how much a fuckin' 'bow cost
Shiesty, hit this bitch three times like, "I don't know dog"
I'm Mike Vick, my trap still slappin', but no dog
A nigga try to punch, I'ma slide, nigga, no fraud
And y'all can't get no boy around this bitch 'cause we don't know y'all