

(Wake up, F1LTHY)

Designer, my shirt, designer, my shoes  
Designer, her purse, designer, her boots  
Yeah, we rock His and Hers, my bitch do what I do  
If a nigga try me and her, ain't no question, I'm gon' shoot  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot (Shoot it out)  
Yeah, I shoot it out for my bitch, she stay down, she'll never  
switch  
I was down, now I'm rich, I was cool, now I'm lit

I'm lit like inferno, he want to fight, I wanna shoot  
I dropped out, I ain't go to school, and my Glocky my tool  
'Bout to fuck this ho in the pool, she said she want some food  
She said she want Ruth's Chris, took her to McDonald's  
Ride through the drive-thru, I can't go for none  
After she ate her food, she put her hair in a bun  
She suck me, suck me, suck me, suck me, suck me 'til I'm numb  
She fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, I go dumb  
Got racks, do you want some? Boy, I could put you on  
Boy, you ain't got no swag, your phone ain't even on  
She worry 'bout a bag, but she ain't got no home  
Her priorities wrong, her priorities wrong

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(Shoot it out)  
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(Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot it out)  
(Shoot it out)  
(Shoot it out)  
(Shoot it out)