(Ayy, Mondo done made another one) (Sosa 808 got this beat knocking, nigga, ayy) Jumped up out the car, locked the door, left it runnin' (Yeah) Lamborghinis back to back, you know how we comin' (That's us) While you was in a bitch ear, I was in her stomach (Ah) Mmm-hmm, yeah, bitch the dumbest and the dumbest (Bitch) Fucked her and her best friend, I'm just bein' honest (Bitch) I ain't gon' do it no more, baby, I'm sorry, I promise (Bitch) I know I say this shit all the time but this time I promise (What you on?) Yeah, we still on dumb shit, the dumbest and the dumbest The dumbest and the dumbest, got carrots like Bugs Bunny Memphis nigga overpaid, you can call me Mike Conley I say I did it then I done it Nigga, you can call me Donnie Count my rizacks by the hunna and I put that on my momma (Bitch) I do what I wanna (Hey) I smoke good weed and got a darskin chick, just like Obama (For real though) The white people they love me though, go ask Rosie O'Donnell (For real thoug h) Got six bad bitches in my bed, it look like Royal Rumble (Royal Rumble, Roya 1 Rumble, oh) I'm just havin' fun with' it Pulled up at the club then pulled out 'cause I couldn't get my gun in it (Wh All the bad bitches in my section, yours ain't got none in it Glock put Lambo doors on his truck, I'm like "Damn you won, nigga" ("How the hell you do that? ") Jumped up out the car, locked the door, left it runnin' (Yeah) Lamborghinis back to back, you know how we comin' (That's us) While you was in a bitch ear, I was in her stomach (Ah) Mmm-hmm, yeah, bitch the dumbest and the dumbest (Bitch) Fucked her and her best friend, I'm just bein' honest (Bitch) I ain't gon' do it no more, babe, I'm sorry, I promise (Bitch) I know I say this shit all the time but this time I promise (What you on?) Yeah, we still on dumb shit, the dumbest and the dumbest Yeah, I know that I'm a dummy but lately been goin' dumber Memphis nigga in LA, slammin' bitches like I'm LeBron Yep my bankroll is humongous, I do whatever I wanna Yep, I ball, I flex, I dress the best, I'm the number one stunna Bitch, I just made two commas (Yeah) Just pulled up the yellow and red 'Vette, Ronald McDonald (Uh) Thirty shots up in my Glock, nigga, let's Royal Rumble Yeah, I'm all about my bread, baby, I need every comma They love and hate me like Obama The block is hot like a sauna Yeah, I'm drunk in love with the money Pockets stuffed, I'm stumblin', yeah I'm walkin' with a wobble, pockets full of them blue hunnids (Racks) Killers on the side, the other side, the back and front But I still got my own gun

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