

Fuck All Dat

Key Glock

Let the band play
I dunno (Huh?)

Okay, fuck all this (Fuck that shit)
Lil' bitch, uh, I been gettin' cash (Gettin' cash, nigga), bitch, yo, uh
Racks on racks on racks (I'm talkin' 'bout racks on racks), racks, yo, huh
Big racks, I need my cake like a fat bitch

Got baguettes in my Richard Mille, bitch, I'm that rich
Yuh, I just cracked another seal, bitch, I'm that sick
Yuh, I been hustlin' for real, now I'm that nigga
Yuh, I been hustlin' for real, now I'm that nigga

Yuh, yuh, ayy, I'm nothin' like these rap niggas (Nah)
Nah, I mean I'm nothing like these rap niggas
And that's a fact, nigga, yeah, I'm that nigga (Key Glock)
Can't get no dap nigga, but you an get clapped, nigga (Fire)
Yeah, my niggas gon' ride or die (Pew)
I brought the silence out, yeah, my aim on ninety-nine (Huh)
I bet I gun 'em down (Yeah), bitch, we slangin' iron, uh (Slangin')
Yeah, we slangin' iron, just like it's the wild, wild west
Yes (Yes), yes, bitch, yes, uh, this right here
Like a quarter on my chest, yuh, why I do that?
'Cause I'ma make that shit right back, duh (Duh, duh)
Duh (Stupid), I'ma make that shit right back (On God, bitch)

Fuck all this (Fuck that shit)
Lil' bitch, uh, I been gettin' cash (Gettin' cash, nigga), bitch, yuh, uh
Racks on racks on racks (I'm talkin' 'bout racks), racks, yuh, huh
Big racks, I need my cake like a fat bitch

Yuh, uh, Franklins, Grants and Jacksons, uh
Yuh (Yeah), bitch, that's another backend, uh (That's another backend)
Yuh, a big backend (Big backend)
I sure pulled up on your bitch, I broke her back in (Nigga)
Yeah, you shoulda seen how I made her back bend (Yuh, nigga)
And, yeah, I see why you love her, that bitch nasty (Huh)
The type of bitch to put a front on like she classy (Bitch)
Yeah, she belongs to the streets, that bitch trashy (Trashy, trashy)
Yuh, niggas sneak dissin', tell 'em at me
Yuh, I'm the same young nigga from them backstreets (On God)
Ridin' 'round with them thangs on the back seat (On God)
Ain't shit changed, mane, huh, I still pack heat (Ain't shit changed, mane)

But, uh, fuck all this (Fuck all that shit)
Lil' bitch, uh, I been gettin' cash (Gettin' cash, nigga), bitch, yuh, uh
Racks on racks on racks (Talkin' 'bout racks on racks), racks, yuh, huh
Big racks, I need my cake like a fat bitch

Got baguettes in my Richard Mille, bitch, I'm that rich
Yuh, I just cracked another seal, bitch, I'm that sick
Yuh, I been hustlin' for real, now I'm that nigga
Yuh, I been hustlin' for real, now I'm that nigga

Yuh (yuh, yuh)

Big Glock

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!