

Spazzing Out

Key Glock

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Ayy this that shit right here, dawg)
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Okay
Ayy, this shit crack
Ayy, Juice, this shit hot
On God, on God, ayy

First things first, never too much money
I'm sippin' on some purp', thumbing through these blue hundreds (Yah)
Bitch, I ain't tryna flirt, you gon' let me fuck or somethin'? Yah
Glizzock in her tummy, I'm an animal, Jumanji, uh
Please don't run up on me, yeah, show me my opponent, yeah
You niggas jabronis, and I only dap you phony, yeah
You niggas don't want it, uh, go'n and board little homie
All that bullshit, don't condone it, shoot you, I'm an organ donor, yeah
If you play with me, bitch, I'm goin' out like Tony
Carbon in the front seat when I'm riding 'round lonely
I get money in my sleep so I wake up money hungry
Told that bitch I play for keeps, you can't play me like no dummy
Key Glock, how you get the foreign?
Bitch, backends off of touring
Where you put all of that money?
Damn, your bankroll enormous
I be shittin', I need some Charmin
I be killin' all my targets
Smokin', smellin' like I farted
Damn, I just funked up the party
Big pints, no bottles, uh, drinkin' 'til tomorrow, yeah
Yeah, bitch I get dollars, uh, I'm a don dada, yeah
Harlem Globetrotter, uh, shoot you and your partner, uh
Racks in my pocket got me walking with a wobble, yeah
Lean with it, rock with it
Sippin' on some Wock' ('Hardt)
Motherfuck the cops, uh (Nigga)
Tell 'em suck a cock, yeah
Bitch I send shots, uh (Nigga)
Nigga I don't box, yeah
You know I cannot, not stop gettin' this guap
I pulled up with the top off, made her panties drop, yeah
 Fucked your future wife in my Gucci flip-flops
Talkin' 'bout can she spend the night? Bitch, kick rocks
Talkin' 'bout can she spend the night? Bitch, I think not, uh (What the fuck ?)

Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
I be spazzin'
You ready?
Ayy, this shit sound so motherfuckin' fire
Ayy, check this out, ayy

Dope boy shit, got my Air Max on, yeah
Riding down the block, grippin' on my chrome, yeah
You know what I got, bitch, my money long, yeah
Bitch, it's big Glock, these hoes love my songs, uh

Yup, yup, yup, yup