

Krust

Kid Buu

Brand new Rollie, that shit cost a hundred
Can't count on bitch, rather go count this money
After I fuck her, that bitch say she love me
Say that she feel it inside of her tummy
Her face turn blue like the face on my hundreds
Bitch, don't you slip 'cause my water is flooded
I get some top while I count up the money
I'm feelin' sleepy, my cup is too muddy
Heard you not strap, boy, I still got it on me
Heard you not slatt, boy, I still got some homies
Got all these bands, I did it by my lonely
My outfit Dior and my shoes are Rick Owens
Just finished the pint and my nigga still pourin'
Fuck her, threw my boxers, they came from Ralph Lauren
I fuck her one time and I leave that bitch snorin'
Kick that ho out, ain't no stay 'til the mornin'
These niggas my son like they came in the mornin'
Bitch, I stay eatin' like eight in the mornin'

Bitch, if you broke, get some change, change your subject
I get some bands, I ain't talkin' 'bout budgets
Spent your advance on my wrist just to flood it
Got mama worried my cup is too muddy
Bust down my grill, now my mouth is all flooded
Used to flex 20s, now I'm flexin' 100s
Cartier frames help me see what I'm thumbin'
That bitch not fast if it don't hit 200
If I fuck that bitch, I'm gon' fuck her buddy
My car too fast and my cup is too muddy
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