On It!

King Combs

(Yeah
You see all this ice, nigga, you see how we rockin'
CYN, nigga)

I bust down in these Louies
I gotta chill, knockin' down all these groupies
I'm a Playboi Carti, hang around with the Uzi
You actin' like she yours but she down for my movie
I be pimpin', I ain't worried 'bout no bitch crushin'
If I jump, they gon' jump, get this bitch jumpin'
Broke up with my Glock, got that bitch dumpin'
If I wear my money with my clothes, I can't fit nothin'
Bands pokin', thirty Glock got my hand smokin'
If I'm up and catch a lick, I put my mans on it
I bring the bitches to the beach, put the sand on it
Treat that ass like a fur and put my hands on it

Yeah, uh, put my hands on it
If you twerkin' for a Birkin, put my bands on it
Dirty money, she gon' have to put a fan on it
Shawty duckin' from the flash, put the cam on it
Yeah, I go Super Saiyan on it
And she's leavin' with me, you can plan on it
'Cause the crib so big, you can land on it
And that shit got a beach, you can tan on it
What? What? And that's facts
Cut her off, she mad, and that's that
Four door garage, the whips black
Hoes wanna menáge, they bitch bad

Like I worked at WingStop, you see these pieces
This Cuban link sittin' up just like I got cleavage
Like an old bitch, let me put my teeth in
I can't smile too hard 'cause my shit really blingin'
And if the head game right, I'm not leavin'
You bald-headed, if you can't achieve it, bitch, weave it
These niggas want smoke but these niggas still tweet
This bitch got a nigga but this bitch still beakin'
I can't fuck with a classy bitch, I tried it
I need a ratchet bitch that's gon' suck dick and ride it
Girl, you want this dick, ain't shit free, you gotta buy it
She Cash App and text back, ooh, you know I like it
I'm Superman 'cause these lil' niggas is my sidekick
I'm not sellin' swag but these niggas still buyin'
You not a boss, you just real good at lyin'
Singin' all my shit, you my fan and my hypeman

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