

T.N.B.

King Los

Pull up to the club - skatin' on them dishes
We in '67 Chevys, they got Dayton's on them bitches
Fuck is goin' on? Thought that hatin' shit was finished
We don't take it personal, we just takin' niggas bitches
Said we takin' niggas' bitches, takin' niggas' bitches
Takin' niggas' bitches, yeah, we takin' niggas' bitches
That's your girl up in my section? Boy, you know the business
Just don't take it personal, we takin' everybody's bitches
Hundred bottles of Ciroc, drinkin' like a boss
Fuck what niggas think, bitch, I think I like to floss
Fuck is goin' on? Thought that hatin' shit was finished
Take some shots, take some pictures,
Then let's take these niggas' bitches

Okay, I'm faded off that motherfuckin' Ciroc, buzz
Bitch we in the building like sheetrock, studs
Now she want me to beat that pussy 'til it beat-box (what?)
She like my style, so we got ghost while you D-Blockin', cous'
Yeah, she pullin' on my sleeve, tryna get close to me
She got a long, wavy weave and a big ol' booty
I'm gettin' all this rap money and my boys flip coke
So don't be actin' like you bougie if your boyfriend broke
She said he ain't fuckin' her right, she gon' eliminate him soon
I ain't tryna spend the night, I wanna penetrate it soon
You know, infiltrate that womb, drop in them guts like a convertible
We can get up like that nigga's ego, dollars off that vertical
She tripped over my swag - so you know where she goin'
Put no bitch over my cash - bitch, I'm 'bout my coins
And I ain't talkin' rolls of quarters, but I got some dimes
Tell him make my wheels look extra clean, bruh, I gots to shine

Dance, too much booty in the pants
I'll blow a couple grand, and straight throw it like a champ
And she drop it, I'm a get it poppin', shorties know we rockin'
I got all these bitches jockin' like the motorcycle dance
I'm low on my haters, but I'm high on them digits
I give her that sign, then we slide, you know I'm pipin' these bitches
She said he ain't fuckin' her right, she gon' eliminate him soon
And my shine out of this world, bitch, I intimidate the moon
I rock Jesus pieces and Coogies - you know, Biggie Smalls
I said "baby, you want some rose?" She said "you know Ricky Ross?"
I said "whoa, my pimpin' cold - go play in the snow"
'Cause these white bitches still roll, OJ in the cold
I hope it's all good like a field goal when touchdown like a end zone
If that bitch don't lick cock, nigga, kick rock like a Flintstone
See, you give me your pebbles, I'll give you this bam-bam
You booed-up with an amateur, just call me the sandman
Lookin' at my Rollie, it's my motherfuckin' time
Tell that nigga clean my wheels and make them motherfuckers shine