

Say what?
DJ on the beat, so it's a banger
Von

Aw, you tough? You ain't really tough
That little boy a mutt, he Mrs. Puff
Hit him in his gut and watch that boy ball up
Ay, get up
Aw, you can't get up, look like you givin' up
You better not die, I like your bitch, boy, I'm goin' to pick her up

Sick as fuck, yeah, I'm sick as fuck, and I'm slick as fuck
Just hit a lick on this nigga, bruh, then told him, "Pick me up."
Drop your panties, what's that smell, bitch? It's fishy as fuck
Went on a drill, he ain't nail shit, he iffy as fuck
Bag it up, folks them baggin' up, come and grab you somethin'
Tag you up, folks them tag you up, ain't no point of runnin'
Are you mad? Yeah, you super mad, but you ain't gon' do nothin'
I got a bag with your little stupid ass, might pop out with a hundred

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I got money, boy, a lot of money, put that on J Money
Your ass broke, your whole hood dirty, y'all ain't havin' nothin'
Bag it up, baby, bag it up, that ass fat as fuck
Bring your friends, I got the gang with me, they just tryna fuck
Bag it up, baby, bag it up, that ass fat as fuck
Where your friends? I got the gang with me, we just tryna fuck
Double cup, sip that lean, homie, it ain't green, homie
Got that Glock with that beam on it, better not tweak, homie
See I like hoes that be bougie though, but they be choosin' though
They get fly and bring they friends with 'em to the studio
They off Remy and that D'usse and that Julio
And they be trippin' off that Yungeen Ace and that Foolio
See, I'm a star, I be shootin' shit, ain't talkin' movies though
This bitch a freak, she be puttin' pills up in her booty hole
Get put to sleep, now them fancy clothes got some bullet holes
Thought it was sweet? I'm at your funeral, I have to play my role

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