

I haven't beaten my meat in three days, fuck
I'ma turn up on bitches, haha
Mathias

Gene Simmons, on murder she Kiss
Glock spit, like it came with a lisp
Pissed off, bitch I'm high like a flick
Washed up, boy your ass could get wrist
In a bad 'lationship, keep squirting on me like squid
Don't hate on my line if your pussy smelling like fish
I aim at his feet and I tell him "dance like this"
Go fitted and kill it, posted in front of your crib

Like yip-yip
Tell her to ride on my dick like Appa, your mistress
Don't like that white bitch shit like Maddona like "ole"
He want the bullshit the ones in power just one punch
I like this shit bitch like Saitama, I
Up the beamer to a scout like sci-fi
Insert dick in swift then he go bye-bye
Ghost Recon, the rifle came with eyesight
All you rappers tight remote like tye dye
Stop the drop and let heads, roll
You get tasked if you test, on
Get your shot the back tech, blow
Watch your fantis like, presto
Knick knack, patty wack give a bone
Ten cent, when I ride with the cho
Flexin, hit this brass to his dome
Fed-Ex, bring that smoke to his home
(Ay hold up, fuck you, you, you and your momma suck dick behind
the dumpster)

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