

F'd My Leg Up

Larry June

Damn, it's a nice ass day
Man, nigga you won't believe what fucking happened nigga
I done fucked my leg up nigga
Running through all these motherfucking bands, nigga
God Damn
Shit

Aye, Ouch, Damn
I done fucked up my leg
God. Running through these bands
Damn, Running through these bands
Shit, Fucked up my leg
Damn. I done fucked up my leg
Aye, running through these bands
God, running through these bands
Damn, I done fucked up my leg

I think I need to see a trap doctor
Getting head on the helicopter
Turned the soft white hard solid
Fucked the bitch then I never call her
Meet a nigga around nine or ten
Hit the blunt then I fired the bitch
Larry only rock designer shit
Whoop a nigga like Karate Kid
Hit my line, I'm by the Coliseum
Flexing hard I might buy a gym
Red berry, I'm in Hollywood
She came through I made her roll a wood

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Blowing weed with the high God
I'm on my way to Vallejo
Moon roof got the coupe shining
Bust down Presidential
Bitch I got a busy schedule
Bitch I won a trap gold medal
Now I'm flexing super hard
Got my old bitch jealous
These rap niggas need a cape, all these hoes they be saving
I got whole lotta flavor
I hit Ed for the taper
Hit him from a different angle
He never ever seen it coming
Man down, still sunny
Then I'm back to counting money

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