

Stick

Lawsy

Lawsy, pick up!

Ba-Bape on my body, that blick on my hip
And he wanna run up, get hit with the stick (Stick)
Got Number (N) ine jeans with the Rick
Been whippin' that shit, I done fucked up my wrist
And they know my choppa never really miss
Don't send me yo' music, it's dookie as shit
And she wanna fuck, then baby, come in
I walk with a Glock, stayin' with the stick (Stick)

Ride with the Glock, stayin' with the tool
She fuck with the vibe, wanna make a move
And I got a choppa, point it, then I shoot
And I'm off the gas, got me on the moon
Off of that Za', got me up in space
She wanna fuck, I do not do dates
He talkin' on me, say it to my face
That doo-doo-doo, choppa takin' off his face
Bad lil' bitch with the big-ass cake
Bad lil' bitch, finna nut on her face
How many bands? About 100K
And he want the smoke, pussy, where you stay?
I took me a Xan', now I'm on go
And he want the smoke, totin' on this pole
And look at my neck, diamonds and they glow
Boy, you gotta go

Go, go, go
Go, go (Go)
Go, go, go (Go, go)

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