

Yeah, yeah, they like how this white boy do that?
Yeah, pop my shit 'cause I'm a cool cat
Yeah, run through these racks, I got new racks
Yeah, his bitch got a fat ass, she know how to move that
Yeah, this bitch seen my blue racks, this bitch seen my blue racks
Yeah, how that white boy do that? How that white boy do that?
Yeah, nut up on her face, it go splat

Huh, yeah, huh, posted in the back, with my Drac', yeah
Huh, bitches get attached, that shit whack
With my brothers, with my brothers, I'm with Matt
Racks, racks, racks, racks, I got racks

Told that ho to stop recordin', opp ho always recordin'
I ain't even go to the closet, I just went to the store
Whatever you wanna call it, they got that shit for the low
Niggas know they can't fuck with Brennan, nigga can't fuck with
LAZER
I been done bought out heavy artillery, Brennan done bought out
some' crazy
Niggas around, they switchin' the dot
Made lil' twin pop out, we makin' it hot
Wherever we go, who the fuck got that 'za?
I had to get out, wasn't feelin' that spot
I had to get out, wasn't feelin' that vibe
Smoke get deep so I hope you don't try it
I know that shit 'cause you tried to deny it
Fuck with lil' twin, you end up fried
Fuck, fuck

Yeah (Fuck, fuck), yeah (I'm trim), huh, yeah, they like how this white boy do that? (Fuck, fuck)
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