

Is That Your Chick

Lethal Bizzle

Is that your chick
Boy, I'm sorry, she was catting for my drip
Brand new rari, auto but she riding stick
Whole gang looking like we hit a lick
We the shit
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Hold up who's this, a heard weebey back up in this bitch
Shit, diamonds on me looking like a glitch
Tour bus said I'm fucking on your bitch
I can put some words together make a hit
And I can put some boss with burden and make a brick
She'll be touching on the toes I'm gripping on her tits
She won't know my face and all she'll remember is the dick
I'm off the gas, I'm with the fam, smoking on gas, got me off the shits
I gave her a hit she put lipstick on my spliff
It's cool she gon' have to put that lipstick on my

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God damn, she's on my line, she's on the vibe
I'm tryna fuck that bitch tonight
I give her the pipe, the time of her life
She give me the ucky ucky ucky in the ride
Shit's lit, no sleep, every city with the g's
I got bitches on their knees they belong to the streets
Can't see my crib I fuck these bitches on the bus
She said she love me I don't know about us

She belong to the streets buck her like I love her
Send her right back to the streets, baby
They ain't loving on no weed
Pussy popping like a stick get that bitch off the tour bus and I told that b
itch to fix your wig
Told that bitch to go and fix your wig, 7 countries on the tour bus
Seen 1000 different chicks
Made the run back to their niggas ain't no telling what they did

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How you get that big batty all up in the skirt, red bottoms on
Don't lie I know they hurt, drippy blouse, no buttons done, you're a flirt
Take it you got your clit pierced, yeah, I know that hurt
We just sipping on some E&J, play your cards right end up on the P&J
Call the captain I tell him there's a slight delay, let the clearport know I
'll be there ASA

Is that your chicka, cah I'm that nigga, she see these diamonds dancing on m
e like a stripper
Now she offended cah I didn't wanna kiss, I give her liquor
She let me dick her, I boom boom, she knows the vibes
I'm with the guys, I can throw some shit together, bill a vibe
I can put my mash together, kill a guy, it's not that time, she sipping wine

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I was 13 when I learnt don't trust a chick
My bro's on a case but I know they'll never snitch
You can't test me on my realness, you niggas fake as shit
I bought my bro a meal before he handed himself in
And I know when I die god will put me with the real one
My nigga caught a bird so I tell my bro to bill one
The niggas immature I look at you like you're children
I know I got them skills but you know I'm not Brazilian