

Uh, uh, uh, uh

Match more than your average
Every bitch on the team is a bad bitch
Catch up, bitch
We don't match up, you can't even see my last shit
We already on some new shit
Full cup, fat blunt like a pool stick
Some things never change
But I traded in the Civic and I copped a new Range
Now we rollin', yeah, we rollin'
Pedal to the metal, never slowin'
Swag on fire but my wrist on froze
Snoop said it best, we don't love them hoes
And they ain't got shit on me
Bitch copyin' the swag, tryna shit on me
I just pay them no mind
Ain't no wastin' my time, bitch I stay on my grind

Everything on fleek
OG kush and my Swisher Sweet
That's fleek
That's sweet
Everything on fleek
OG kush and my Swisher Sweet
That's fleek
That's me

Debbie got game like a ball team
Touchdown, hit the stage and they all scream
Turn up, yah mean, yeah we all lean
Little bit of Sprite with the codeine
So fresh, so clean, beat the swag, ho
Fuck a tag, I just throw it in the bag, ho
Now that's fleek
50 grand on the wrist, 10 grand on the feet
And Debbie only hit it out the ballpark
Bitches out of line like a false start
Shit just cut me my check
I'll just pop me a bottle and hit my connect
Turn up, pour up, roll up, smoke up
Real bitch roll call, none of y'all show up
We don't pay them no mind
Bitch I stay on my grind and I'm takin' what's mine
That's fleek

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