

Loaded

Lil Debbie

If we talking waves, I'm like Free Willy
All my shipping fire, but my wrist chilly
Bitch you think you rolling [?], my new whip a [?]
Diamonds always rolling with a few strippers
Find a bitch who still wit' it when the camera roll
Work magic with the tongue, [?]
I could change your thinking, boy that's all I know
With this good head, bitch I should have made the honor roll
Debbie where you going slow it down some
Smoking on that loud, think I need to tone it down some
Dick riding bitches, gave 'em something they could bounce on
Long as it comes, that's the outcome
So when I pull up in a four and got these bitches like
"Oh no she didn't"
Bitch you like me, bitch you know we different
I put that kid up in the foreign, engine roaring just to show we different
Hater love a bitch, that's still your decision, listen

I'ma still get this money
I'ma smoke all my weed up
I might blow a few bands
Hit my plug for the re-up
Like fifty a hun, he say he think I'm the one
Don't get caught in your feelings
We just be fucking for fun
I'ma still get this money
I'ma smoke all my weed up
I might blow a few bands
Hit my plug for the re-up
We up five-hundred, a milli
Got my wrist looking chilly
All my bitches sit down
I know my real bitches feel me

All about that work, bout that gangrene
Same bitch from the dirt, with the same team
Wrist on froze and the whip clean
Ass nice, but the switch mean
Smoking's on and I zone out
Give a dog a bone, then I bone out
Fucking leave him, I don't fucking need him
Type of bitch to blow a hundred grand for no fucking reason
Got an outtie in the Bay, another in LA
All about the slave, for the pay
I don't fucking play, miss me with that bull
Not today, or another day
I ain't got the time, got the grind, staying out the way
Shit light on these bitches, call it candle bars
Hope we handle ours, watch me ride it like some handle bars
Watch your verses get a couple hundred grand for ours
She's so many, many [?]
Bitch you know that brand is ours, shit

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