

# Ratchets

Lil Debbie

I got bitches, you got bitches  
Tell them bitches come over  
If they ratchet, let's get ratchet  
Pick 'em up in that rover  
I got ratchets in my living room 'til 6 in the morning  
And when I finish up this weed, man I'm sending them home

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I got ratchets and some bitches  
Coke lines, no soft drinks  
Ben Franks, that green dank  
Wet pussy, pink paint  
Bitches in my crib, I got these ratchets in my mouse trap  
I pulled up in that rover, that dark tint, all black  
Yep, I got them saying "Debbie, you the fucking baddest"  
Cause I be smoking on that kush'n like a fucking mattress  
We could link up codeine cups, bitch drink up  
We turned like tea cups, cold sprite, syrup  
Boss bitch and my whip clean, eyelashes on point, ho!  
The Jordan chains go Michael, free throws my eyes closed  
Little Debbie, swagging out, I'm laced out, what you talking 'bout?  
Gold chain it might save your life  
I'm leaned out when I'm walking out  
Leaned out when I'm walking out (x2)  
Gold chain it might save your life  
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I got some sprite, I got some codeine  
You fucked up off no drinks?  
White reefer, fly sneakers, tint glasses out giant big  
Hate me 'cause I love that  
Get high with these ratchet bitches  
I got that range rover  
Dark tint, I might add some switches

That means I'm balling and these ratchets fronting like they know me  
Only if I had a dick yo they could fucking blow me  
And everything I want I cop it like the fucking police  
I'm faded like I'm Kobe, weed, I smoke it by the OZ's  
They in my function and they smoking all of my weed  
And I ain't tripping off these hoes, I pop another molly  
Don't you wish you had this green up all in my safari  
They talking lip, I turn these ratchets into Calamari

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