

# Touchdown

Lil Debbie

Yeah, yeah  
I got the juice, I got the sauce  
Bitch, and I'm feeling the boss  
Stick to the facts, count up the rest, I just been killing 'em all  
Stuck to the code, out on the road, I just been feeling my bag  
Broke all them molds, watch how they fold, all in their feelings, they mad  
Queen in my blood and they can't relate  
Getting this money like state to state  
Tipping the scale with this major weight  
Queen of the game, I'm like eight for eight  
Sitting back and let my haters hate  
'Cos all this grate I make got me living great  
Sitting back and I'm just counting racks  
And I'm just mounting stacks shit intimidate  
I reiterate

(Touchdown)

Talkin' 'bout time (Buss down)  
If we talkin' 'bout shine (Us now)  
We talkin' 'bout mine (Flushed out)  
I been the shit on my shit don't forget  
Ain't nothing changed but the digits I kick  
Just like the blunts, all my shit is gon' hit  
Don't need no fire, my circle's too lit  
Bitch, shit! (Touchdown)  
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Bitch, shit!

I got the flavor, it's all in the sauce, ain't no assumptions and faults  
Bossy behavior, they lovin' the floss, broke be the bitches, we off  
Debbie be draped in that Abloh with my eyes low  
Ask me how hard does my drive go? Murciélago  
Pedal to metal, you ain't on this level  
You bitches be puppets, I'm more like Gepetto  
My diamonds stay shining, some white and some yellow  
I stunt on my haters, that feeling is special  
Icy at the best so I'm cold as fuck  
Find me some fire to roll it up  
Still in the cut and still blowed as fuck  
Fully reloaded, let's blow it up  
I be that bitch that they imitate  
Change up the lane like it's interstate  
He said he need it so I let him eat it  
Then kick his ass out, that's a dinner date  
I be the bitch that you can't escape  
I'll leave the scene then it's yellow tape  
Bitch I go hard when I'm in the paint  
Debbie just hustle and innovate, bitch, I been living great

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