

MF Boss

Lil Gnar

(Arjun made a wave)

I'm a motherfuckin' boss (Boss)
I'm a motherfuckin' boss (Boss)
I'm a motherfuckin' boss (Boss)
I'm a motherfuckin' boss, I don't care how you cut it
This hoe super bad, but I ain't no McLovin (Yeah)
This bitch be havin' motion, I took off the rubber
I butcher the beef, you get hit with that cutter
Rocking that Ricky, totin' the switchy
Feelin' myself off this motherfuckin' jiggy (Huh)
Havin' my way, stack my racks to the ceiling
Wake up and put on some shit, I be drippin'

Huh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Bitch, get the fuck off my line
Huh, huh, huh, huh
All these hoes wan' do is lie (Lie, man)

I just been mixing Gelato, [?] pretty soon I'ma need me a ventilator (Phew)
Came in that bitch with the smackers, I keep me a strap, like a motherfuckin
' vibrator (Blatt)
Geeked off the Addy' (Yeah), rockin' the Patek
.223 hit 'em, turn 'em to jelly (Huh)
Bad ass lil' bitch, look like Keisha from Belly
Smoke out the onion and motherfuckin' smell it (Smell it)
Turn up my bitch, 'cause I'm havin' some foreigners
Ride 'round in Lenox, I'm keeping my gun (Blaow)
Can't make up my mind, I don't know what I want
In the back of the Maybach, I'm smoking on [?]
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm a motherfuckin' boss (Boss, beep)
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B is for balling on bitch ass niggas (Bitch)
O is for opps, 'cause we steppin' on niggas (O)
S is for saving the money, got business (S)
S for the switch on the gun, on the pistol (S)
Bitch, I'm a boss, my whole family on payroll
He tried to remix the Wock' with the [?]
Your head, it went under, I was throwin' tomatoes
Tomorrow I'm ballin on niggas, today and tomorrow
I know some crash dummies ready to die though
Life is like Twitter, but I do not follow
Blowin' this lemon, cherry and Gelato
I'm from the streets of Atlanta, like potholes
I'm from Atlanta, for real, I got like twenty somethin' bitches, they all lo

ok like Latto (Woo)

Talkin' that gangster shit all on the internet, but you're not ready to die though

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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This hoe super bad, but I ain't no McLovin (Yeah)

This bitch be havin' motion, I took off the rubber

I butcher the beef, you get hit with that cutter (Yeah)

Rocking that Ricky (Ooh), totin' the switchy

Feelin' myself off this motherfuckin' jiggy (Motherfuckin' jiggy)

Havin' my way, stack my racks to the ceiling (Ooh)

Wake up and put on some shit, I be drippin'

Ooh