

Cheerios

Lil Tracy

Not Cheerios but I nut in your honey
Look at my wrist and you know it's straight money
Ooh, ain't funny
Ooh, shut the fuck up

There ain't no difference between me and you
Boomin' in the booth sippin' off a soup
Double up I think I'm going to do
Shout my go 'cus I got something that your holdin' on my tooth
I'm always scheming in the booth (booth)
Never going to shoo shoo, lifting up her tutu
Fuck with me in Blues Clues, play with me and you lose
I'm at your mommas house so take up all the opportunities to play with you

My bitch might dunk on your bitch 'cus she six foot
Pull up in the fur coat, lookin' like I'm bigfoot
And I got the ice upon my wrist so I get looks
Gravy in the kitchen now you pull up you gon' get cooked

If you want the Baby Gravy we gonna supply
Saw the look in the eyes yeah, buns like Kaiser
Baby Gravy course we know she needs an appetizer
Ice be dripping so much I think we hypnotize her

Hypnotizer, booty scuba diver
Gravy splash on ya bitch then I high five her
Baby the supplier, pants on fire
Gas in my pockets and Versace on my visor

Teenie tiny rocks up on my teeth, I gotta shine
I gotta floss, I'm sippin' Voss
Your girl stuck to me just like moshy
On my waist just like a gloshey
Get me sloppy
Need a mop
I'm 'bout my business
Busy signing checks to take me out of all the debt

Bitches debt, steaming to your head
Take your mama on a moped
Gravy posted in your bitches bed, bed spread and a Snuggie
Gravy on the beat make your mama do the dougie
Gravy so young you might catch me in the Huggies
Booster seat, road head, Volkswagen buggy
Boy you ugly, scrubby, sauce with the chutney
Run up on a bitch like I'm playing fuckin' rugby

I don't do clans 'cus i'm really with the shit
You boys a pussy boy you better
Drop the {}, girl give me {}
Rolly on my wrist
I don't know which I wanna wife
I got the roolly on my right
{ } just one more night, ay
Money low, gotta get it up it's a pep talk
Cole slaw, mail gang
Bitch I let my chain swang

Gritty gang, dirty words, clean club, lean
Stunt gang, first name, booty with my gang (baby)

Aye, you don't get it
You really don't get it
Gravy and I, we the Baby Gravy
And all these girls out here in the world
Tryin' to find their Baby Gravy
But you know one thing?
We ain't gon' supply