

# Bag

Lil Uzi Vert

Funny, you can't turn me down  
I already know nobody don't got my back  
Yeah, yeah

Bag, bag, bag, bag  
Stack, racks, racks, racks  
Black Mac, stay strapped  
Ooh, big racks  
Ooh, large stacks  
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Ooh  
Boy, you catta  
Boy, you catta  
Ooh, you ain't put nothing on the map  
Choppa on my lap  
Ooh, she like when I pop them tags  
Yeah, don't trip 'bout my tag, yeah  
Get my swag from my dad, yeah  
Hunnid bands in my bag  
30 rounds in my mag  
Fuck niggas bit my swag, ayy  
I was just tryna walk past, yeah  
Put your lil bitch on a jet  
Then sucked my dick in your lap, yeah  
Smile in the whip, drive fast  
Goin' way faster than the Dash  
Wanna race, boy, get dragged  
Talking too slick, get clapped  
Fucking your bitch, no fag  
So fuck nigga better relax  
'cause everything I say facts  
Had to skate on a bitch like Vans  
Been wearing these shits since The Pack  
Ridin' 'round all black Mac  
Know I gotta watch my back

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Kick my one-two, yeah, ooh  
Fuck around, hunt you  
Kick shit, Kung Fu  
All my foreigns new  
Throwing my Mountain Dew

Diamonds from Cancun  
Twenty bitches at the fountain blue  
Psychic clowns, too  
Your diamonds got clouds, too  
Money talking loud, too  
Can't wait to embarrass you  
I was thuggin' like a bastard too  
I fuck like midnight blues  
Three-hunnid for the big Bentley Coupe (Uh, yeah)  
Wrist on froze like "Ouch"  
Got a car in the house like a couch  
Been rich, your bitch can vouch, yeah  
Now bring your scout, yeah  
I put my dick in her mouth, yeah  
We was on your couch, yeah  
I put my nut on her comb, now you got a nut in your hair  
Chanel on her panties  
My flow means eleven  
I got me a wife but, I still live like a bachelor  
I told her we married  
But I'm never 'gone marry her  
I married the money and karats  
I'm not tryna embarrass ya

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