Lud Foe

I Got The Swag, Got The Bag, And The Bitches, Too We On Yo Ass, So Think Fast, Cus We Finna Shoot You Better Shut Yo Mouth, Fuck Nigga Fo' We Run Up In Yo House, Fuck Nigga My Bitches Bad, I Be Flyer Than A Parachute I Make Em Mad, Do The Dash In A Bentley Coupe So Put Yo Money Where Yo Mouth At, Nigga We Know That You Ain't Bout That, Nigga

Bitch, I'm On Fire!

Ima Fuck Around And Make These Pussy Niggas Retire!
You Won't Make It In These Streets If You Wasn't Born A Survivor
Yo Bitch Give Me Sloppy Top, She Fill My Dick With Saliva
Ya Lookin' Fo' Us, Nigga, Then You Know Where To Find Us
I Swear Man, Everywhere I Go, I Always See Cameras
We Turn Around And We See Paparazzi Behind Us
I Wake Up, Get That Cake, And Spend That Shit In Pajamas
These Hoes Be On My Dick, But Me, I Always Decline Em
RIDER!

Doin' Donuts In The Parkin' Lot, I'm Burnin The Tires If He Say He Could Fuck With Me, That Nigga A Liar I Just Popped Another Ecstasy And It Got Me Higher Now You Know I'm The Fuckin Man! The Fuckin Man Lotta Dope In My Fuckin Hands, Like The Baker Man I Hope This Pussy Nigga Understand, I'm Not Ya Man Nigga, I Don't Wanna Shake Ya Hand, I'm Not A Fan (NAWWW, NAWWW!)

I Got The Swag, Got The Bag, And The Bitches, Too! We On Yo Ass, So Think Fast, Cus We Finna Shoot! You Betta Shut Yo Mouth, Fuck Nigga! Fo' We Run Up In Yo House, Fuck Nigga! My Bitches Bad, I Be Flyer Than A Parachute I Make Em Mad, Do The Dash In A Bentley Coupe So Put Yo Money Where Yo Mouth At, Nigga! We Know That You Ain't Bout That, Nigga

Ridin' Down The Highway, With My Baby My Rims Dancin', Forgiatos Do The Nay-Nay I Had One Wish To Be Rich Like I'm Ray J And If You Owe Me Money, Boy You Better Pay Me On These Beats, I Go Nuts Like A Payday You Better Fix Yo Fuckin Hat, Cus We Gangbang You Say You On That Bullshit, We On The Same Thing I Watch My Niggas Rob Ya, You A Fuckin Plain Jane Niggas Hate On Me, That Shit Come With The Rap Game But I Was Taught To Remain Focused And Maintain That Nigga Ain't Got No Game, He's A No Name! And Bitch I Treat The Rap Game Like The Dope Game Bitch, I'm With The Low Gang, You Niggas So Lame I Got These Bitches Dancing Like They On The Soul Train I Damn Near Made A Million Dollars Off The Cocaine Aye Kid, This Beat Is FIRE, Hope It Come With Propane GANG!

I Got The Swag, Got The Bag, And The Bitches, Too! We On Yo Ass, So Think Fast, Cus We Finna Shoot!

You Betta Shut Yo Mouth, Fuck Nigga!
Fo' We Run Up In Yo House, Fuck Nigga!
My Bitches Bad, I Be Flyer Than A Parachute
I Make Em Mad, Do The Dash In A Bentley Coupe
So Put Yo Money Where Yo Mouth At, Nigga!
We Know That You Ain't Bout That, Nigga