

Fallin' Out

Lud Foe

It's so mothafuckin hot I catch a tan in this bitch
Like a mailman I'm poppin rubber bands in this bitch
We be on that hot shit so don't get fanned in this bitch
Left the club with her but she came with her man in this bitch
I'm so mothafuckin high that I can't stand in this bitch
You a mothafuckin lie you say I ran from some shit
Prolly run off on the plug, prolly run off with his drugs, nigga run
up on me wrong so he ran into some slugs
And I'm prolly in the club if he ask is we some thugs
No security with me cause bitch we deep and we got guns
He was chasing me ain't know I brought my sack into the club
Play with me and mine lotta niggas die in cold blood
When I hit the spot bet they lettin out that Red Rum
Run up in yo spot green beams on all our guns
She got expensive taste have my dick all on her gums
Boy they buildings vacant lots shit cause I'm from the slums
Fill a nigga up with this hot shit, bitch you better not run
Thought it was a fair fight he ain't know I had my gun
Fucked her on the first night and she caught my first son
Are you the toughest nigga in the crowd? Then you the first one
Aye Lil Stewie these hoes starstruck they say I do some
You a broke nigga petty ass use a coupon
It's just me and Yae pull up on yo j with 2 guns
We ain't aimin at yo legs bitch we aimin at yo head bitch, I'm eatin
good I'm fed bitch, that Tropicana shit red bitch, niggas in the hous
e on that scared shit, you hidin under that bed bitch
Vacay with my AK with my feet all in that sand bitch
You know I'm on a walk up with a drum like I'm playin in a band bitch
I'm so mothafuckin high that I can't see straight
These bitches see me 3-D and they press replay
I'm a shooter nigga I should be on EA
Choppa in the front seat that's my new bae
You trippin boy you better tie yo shoelace
F&N pencil bullets don't get erased
If my bitch get outta line she get replaced
I scratch you off the list yea I hit the backspace
And my bankrolls big like my fanbase
Forensics searchin but they still can't find the shellcases
Bitch I ball like a cancer patient, I'm the shit boy I'm constipated,
I hang around robbers and you can get yo shit confiscated, I'm on th
e phone with Ben Franklin money my conversation, I shoot ya chest and
ya leg ya head ugly combination, they mad cause we made it they hati
n use it for motivation, I live in the fast lane my life is a celebra
tion
I just bought a brand new choppa a baby K
I run up in a nigga house broad day
I been at the finish line but yall late
The judge want me locked down behind them tall gates
Fuck these bitches I just want the money!
I was sellin snow & it was sunny!
I take my time and wrap em like a mummy!
No Hilfiger but I got my Tommy!

Yo time is runnin out cock my Glock and brung it out
They don't come outside cause they hidin they ain't comin out
This Big Mac with a lot of fries ain't no runnin out
I'm so mothafuckin hot bitches see me and start fallin out
Gaaaang gang