

# Switch Up

M Row

(Drior)

Damn, damn, damn, uh

Uh, damn, damn

M Row

Freak bitch tryna act brand new  
Let me just take off the plastic  
Know she the mutt, slut, ran through  
Beat up her gut, breakin' her mattress  
Shakin' her ass, you know I'ma handle  
She throwin' it back, you know I'ma smack it  
Out like a light show, candle  
And she doin' splits, I ain't talkin' gymnastics  
Catch Jay Hound and you know I'm gon' blast it  
Jet, like, what? For you, I'ma crash it  
Oh, she playin' "Neaky"  
Oh, you feel treeshy?  
Fuck out my car tryna play all that trash shit  
Kenny Capone, hate his songs with a passion  
Four times, did you see me? You know I get active  
I know what's up, you cap in your rappin'  
You know my bop, I just get straight to-

Money B, please stop tryna troll me  
Never did nothin' to me or my homies (Word to bro)  
Say that you on it, just come and show me  
Get off my dick 'cause you really don't know me  
Now I'm back to that hip shit  
She got good ass, her waistline bony  
Bitch, listen closely  
Hands on your knees, just shake it real slowly  
Pick up the pace, now watch how it jiggle  
Left cheek, right cheek, watch how it wiggle  
Get out the way, let me get in the middle  
Hit from the back while I play with her nipple  
Her hair too long, make her bootyhole tickle  
She petite and she little, she takin' the pickle  
She know I'm on court, I'm not tryna dribble  
I seen one nigga and I threw more than triple  
We in the V, she holdin' my blick  
She took it off safety, think that she slick (Word?)  
I told her, "That shit got a kick  
But you way too pretty, I don't want you to click"  
Chop got a ladder, came with a stick  
Who that right there? No time to pick (Who that right there?)  
Cops pull us over, they think they gon' frisk  
Just cover my bail 'cause I'm takin' that risk

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