

# Balenci And Dickies

Maxo Kream

[?] on that motherfucker

Ayy, I'm a real dope boy I might mix up the Dickies with Gucci and Fendi  
My kicks, they Balenci, and G-Star my jeans just to hold up the glizzy  
My choppa bad bitch, I might buy her some titties  
And I fuck with Bloods if I ain't red like [?]  
And I fuck with Crips, they got hustle like Nipsey  
And that blicky, you won't catch me slippin'  
Don't tempt me 'cause I really up and get busy  
Ride with extensions, got 30s and 50s  
Too many shots to be missin'  
Bitch, we the young niggas turnt in this city  
I hit a bitch with a quickie, skrrt off and I'm leavin'  
I leave the ho then she text me she miss me  
Alright, when the ho eat the jimmy, she know not to kiss me  
She swallow that cream like she eatin' at Krispy

Ayy, Percocet 30, this bih got me itchin'  
These rappers be actors like they was on Disney

I'm thumbin' through commas, blue hunnids, pink fifties  
My jewelry per-summer, I'm flyin', I'm Crippin'  
Rock Givenchy and Fendi and Louis and Gucci  
I'm gangsta and bougie, rock Balencis with Dickies  
Choosy like Susie, your bitch wanna do me  
Can't make love to a groupie, I bust me a quickie  
Might fuck up the city with pounds of the Keisha like Brandy, Moesha  
My trap fat like Nicki  
Big run wanna a [?], I'm servin' that smoke  
When I come to the gas, kick your grass like I'm Stanley  
Hellcats and Maybachs, we drive 'em like Camrys  
My diamonds canary, my wrist band named Jerry  
I'm shinin', you see me, might blind you like Stevie  
Put diamond VVs in my tooth like a fairy  
Beat the pussy like Springer, she callin' me Jerry  
Keep a yellow-bone diva look like Halle Berry  
She look like a singer, she totin' my Nina  
She holdin' my fire, Mariah, she carry  
Slide by opp block with the mop, I'ma clean it  
I don't do the drive-by, park the car, hop out  
Whatchu really talkin' 'bout? Pop trunk, grab the pump  
Call me DJ Unk, I'll walk a nigga out

Ayy, I'm a real dope boy I might mix up the Dickies with Gucci and Fendi  
My kicks, they Balenci, and G-Star my jeans just to hold up the glizzy  
My choppa bad bitch, I might buy her some titties  
And I fuck with Bloods if I ain't red like [?]  
And I fuck with Crips, they got hustle like Nipsey  
And that blicky, you won't catch me slippin'  
Don't tempt me 'cause I really up and get busy  
Ride with extensions, got 30s and 50s  
Too many shots to be missin'  
Bitch, we the young niggas turnt in this city  
I hit a bitch with a quickie, skrrt off and I'm leavin'  
I leave the ho then she text me she miss me  
Alright, when the ho eat the jimmy, she know not to kiss me  
She swallow that cream like she eatin' at Krispy