

Whatchamacallit

Maxo Kream

Dirty clips on everything, up this Curry then I shoot
Luh Tyler only seventeen, drinking 1942
Maxo, Maxo, Maxo, yeah

I'm a real trap nigga, baby, I'm so used to ballin'
Catch me hoppin' out that what's-ha-name, smokin' on whatchamacallit
Neck and wrist, it come from Johnny Dang, I'm wet up like a faucet
Like a dentist, I be flossin', stuffin' racks off in my closet

Stuffin' racks off in my closet, chasin' racks, bitch, I'm exhausted
He want a fee, just know it's costin'
Go throw a pack, lil bro 'n 'em Moss it
Boy, you ain't tryna get no cake, man, I swear these niggas lost it
My bitches mean, oh yeah, they bossy
Racks in my jeans, bitch, I be saucin'

Ain't no discussion, do no cuffin'
Flip a hoe, then Tyler toss 'em
Bullets drummin' like percussion
Opps play dead just like a possum
You know we strapped up in the field
Just like a stripper, up them poles
Shit, I buss that F&N or my Baby Draco

Yeah, make yo' face go
Bullets hot, they Fuego
I wake up and chase dough
You wake up and chase hoes
You talking 'bout bands, I make those
They be tryna take my flow
They drop them bands, we hit the road
Yeah, rock out at my shows
Yeah, pop out with that dope, nigga, racks in my jeans
Took a nigga bitch, he sick, like he ain't take the vaccine
No, I ain't know about these jits, but we gon' bring that bag in
I got like 20 stuffed up in my jeans, that's why I'm saggin'

Matte black Lambo filled with ammo, this is not a fuckin' rental
We tote cuttas like some scissors
Draw down with lead like a pencil
Infra-red to his head, pop a pussy like a menstrual
Gimme head, spread them legs, beat that pussy, instrumental
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Good thot hoes suck and fuck the gang, told that bitch to chew the crew
Persona money what I bang, show you what that money do

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