

Shorty Gud

Ocean Wisdom

Shorty good with her hands
(Ooh yeah)
I won't put this on the 'Gram
(I ain't no snitch)
I heard your nigga was a fan
(Ooh yeah)
I'll sign somethin' for your man
(If you'd like)
I'm the richest in the gang
(Course I am)
All my niggas gettin' bank
(Course they are)
If you in the milli gang
(If your papers straight)
Make a 'M' with your hands
(Then flip that M)
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Yeah, uh
Pulled up quick, like "Who dat kid?"
Ooh that's Wiz, he on some Wu-Tang shit
That nigga know Meth he in the Wu-Tang clique
He's still not rating your authority on who bangs sticks
Yo, who that boy? Who him is?
Who that nig? Now tell the truth my nig
Oh you that boy, you him is
I was tryna be like you, tell you the truth my nig
Gal are moany by the alimony
Gal just keep your moaning, let me keep my money (Mmm)
Satan waitin', Devil down below me
Hoping that I slip so he can slice me like some fried bologna
Fried halloumi 'fore I fly to Louis
Bagged a couple thousand worth of trousers then I bang a U-
ey (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
And there's a scam if man are ac'ing bookey
Had to rob his crop it was a duty

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All this Gucci man, all these kicks
All these bumpers man, all these tricks
All these breasteses, all these tits
Got all these broke niggas talkin' all their shit
Pull up quick, like who dat kid?
Ooh that's Wiz, he on some gangster shit
I ain't sayin' I ain't feeling shit
I'm just the type of nigga that can handle it
I just drip to some crispy kids
Fifty grand for one outfit
I bet my teachers all feeling pissed
In their same old dusty old trousers
On a big man ting, I slap a nigga right out their wits
Run his whole family outta town
The amount of times I ran a nigga right out the bits

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