

d.a. got that dope

You gotta get fly just to listen to this shit
Got a brand new Glock, Scottie Pippen in the clip
But I ain't Scottie Pippen, I be pimpin' on a bitch
You a sucka ass nigga, way you listen to the bitch

I be fuckin' with these hoes and I'm flippin' with my clip
You be cuffin' on these hoes and you kissin' on that bitch
I'm on that young nigga shit
Got a big 'ol bag 'cause I'm young and I'm rich
Hi-Tech, Wockhardt what my young finna sip?
Better tuck your chain 'cause my young finna trip
Fifteen double O, what I spent on my kicks
Got 007 type guns in my crib
Make one wrong move, you gettin' left in this bitch
And I put that on God, on my set and my bitch
On my set and my bitch
Make one wrong move, you gettin' left in this bitch
And I put that on God, on my set and my bitch, ayy

You gotta get fly just to listen to this shit (Nigga)
Got a brand new Glock, Scottie Pippen in the clip (Huh?)
But I ain't Scottie Pippen, I be pimpin' on a bitch (Go)
You a sucka ass nigga, way you listen to the bitch

Huh, slick pimpin', bitches want in (Slick pimpin')
I tell a bitch to swim, she gon' jump in
How you get the money to pay for studios way back then? (How you do that the re?)
Caught the boxes from the mailman (Go)
Bitches eat me up like Mrs. Pac-Man
I'm in the race car, this shit barely got room, I drive it like Batman (Skrr t, skrrt)
Bitches like my accent (Huh?)
You tryna fuck again? See how it feel, she got her ass did (Uh-huh)
I'm actin' like it's real
You must ain't used to freak hoes, you tryna chill (No chill)
She told me she on demon time, I popped the pill (Mm)
Run off with the drugs, jack the plug, call me Jill (Run off)
I ain't showin' a bitch-ass nigga no love, that's how I feel
Fuck a bitch with blue hunnids, they hit the spot, don't it? (Blue)
They tryna sit at the table, can't put no Glock on it
The gangster shit, it turn niggas off 'cause these niggas not on it
Can't even think of the cost of the shit you got on

You gotta get fly just to listen to this shit (Nigga)
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But I ain't Scottie Pippen, I be pimpin' on a bitch (Go)
You a sucka-ass nigga, why you listen to the bitch?

Got 007-type guns, nigga, James Bond (Baow)
We'll paint the pussy red, like crayons (Crayons)
Bust a 'scrip from the pharmacy, save on
Link a nigga with his dead homie like a séance (R.I.P.)
On the phone with my plug, speak Spanish
Make a brick disappear quick, go vanish

Got all types of clips like Inspector Gadget
Put Dior on my bitch, she in love with that fashion
And I'm-and I'm in love with this street shit
Chop like a broom and my young nigga shoot shit
Chainsaw, knife, but it ain't shit, that's sweet, bitch
Left stroke, right stroke, now she asleep, bitch
Ayy, now she asleep, bitch
Fuckin' on her bestie, she ain't know she a creep, bitch
Rocks so cold so my wrist look anemic
Do like Michael Jackson, do bitch and beat it, yeah

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