

Countin Blues

OMB Peezy

(Lee, I think we got another one)
(Will A Fool)
Look

Ayy, I'm winnin', nigga (Uh), yeah, look up at the score (Score)
Ain't no mannequin, why would I go designer head to toe? (To toe)
Tonka truck of bad hoes, I want the finest out the load (Fine)
I ain't talkin' 'bout no bitches, nigga, if you know, you know (You know)
Went from sleepin' on the floor, now my bed frame velvet (Velvet)
Know she dirty, if you tackle that, you better wear a helmet (A jimmy)
Freaky bitches wanna suck on these nuts, bitch, I ain't weldin' (What?)
Sweatin' bullets, did a show full of them pills, I feel like Elvis (Yeah)
I'm a high-school dropout (Drop), bitch, I'm still hot
This ain't no drug talk, ain't talkin' gotta go to school to hit the 'Scotti
(The 'Scotti)
You know I ain't the one to play with (Damn, why you still try? Boom)
Don't give a fuck 'bout who you know on my side, you could still die (Yeah)
Yeah, more money, more problems, I ain't trippin' yet (I ain't trippin' yet)
Banana clip under that Drac', let's see who slippin'
'Bout this check, I'll die or do life in the penitentiary ('Tentiary)
This shit right here for my son, my job ain't done if he don't get it

Look, huh, one for the paper (Paper), two for the hoes (The hoes)
Three for the haters who still pop out at my shows (The fuck?)
Four for the highs, it's under two for the lows (The lows)
My youngin bang under that five, but countin' blues like a Loc (Crip)
One for the paper (Paper), two for the hoes (The hoes)
Three for the haters who still pop out at my shows (Young Kush)
Four for the highs, it's under two for the lows (Lows, ayy)
My youngin bang under that five, but countin' blues like a Loc (Ayy)

Nigga, I can't keep up with the fashion (Uh)
I'm too busy trappin', I be cleanin' off the scale where the soft go
I like hood shit, but it ain't nothin' like a boss ho (Hoo)
The internet be paintin' pictures of me like Picasso
Ho, I get 'em by the boat, huh
Make a nigga overdose, this that kind of coke
My white boys hidin' work, that shit radical
Huh, they put 'em in banana boats inside the cantaloupes
Man, these bitches wanna be my baby mama, uh
Nigga, I'm so turnt, I can't even fuck without a condom
They wanna fuck a nigga just to have a lil' boy
A lil' girl with some long red hair just like Rapunzel
Let's get it, bitch, here go five thousand for some titties, bitch
I ain't Diddy, get the fuck from 'round me with that city shit
Let's get it, ho, I ain't givin' you shit for that kitty, ho
Ain't a nigga fuckin' with me inside of the city, ho

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