

Dope Boy

OMB Peezy

Hitmaka
Real forever
Kutta, cut that shit up, man

Look, dope boy out the trenches, can't forget I made my youngin' rich (My yo ungin')

Pink slip on a foreign, can't believe I really own the bih (I own it)

Make my quota, then we order, legend how I run it up (I run it up)

Trap it, trap it, flip it (Flip it)

Spin it then I make it up

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He been shootin' like Dior so I bought a ten pairs of Michael J's (Michael J 's)

Throw away but I ain't throw it away, I just put it inside the microwave (DJ lift up)

But we don't do flight delays, (I'm ridin' with clippers) like we forgot to shave (She's a stripper)

I seen you at Ace, (If you trip up) just know he gotta pay

How much it cost, your life? I'm sayin'

How much it cost, your ice? A mansion

My team, we ballin', this flight, a Vantage

Dreamin' far inside all of my vibes, a fantasy

The dime I'm flingin', V Live, she dancin'

Got a bitch outta Maryland, who swipe, she scammin'

I bought her a wig to get her outta my hair

Got a Ruger, if I send 'em bullets, they rare

I hate Hanes

I know some niggas got murked, their mother was scared 'cause they had dead brains (Man)

They picture me like digits, and all my cameramen got great angles

If she usually let it spin, she hit that head, she might be bae angel

Said her skinny wants the wide body Charger, fuck a waist trainer

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Look, dope boy (Dope boy)

And I make a nigga lay down, everybody hit the floor, nigga ain't have no choice (Have no choice)

I was on the block, late night, big cuz on the store, Off-White tag hangin'

Nigga don't know nothin', he'll prolly think I stole it (I stole it)

Nigga, I'll steal your life, I'll end your night, look at me the wrong way when I'm rollin' (Rrah)
Pull up in the pu', told her get in, "Make enough room for your problems to fit in"
She might gotta sit on your lap but don't sit on that strap, better watch where you sit (Where you sit)
I come from the projects, they know they can't stop it, they sit back and watch how we live (How we live)
Where I'm from, if you rich, you gon' get it (Gon' get it)
I'ma break her lil' back if she willin'
Youngin' out the bricks, I can't forget I turned my youngin' on (My youngin')
I shoot sum', I'm gon' hit, I cannot miss, bitch, who you runnin' from? (Runnin')
Promise you can't come around that gang if you ain't one of us (One of us)
And if you 'round me, you can't tote that flame if you ain't done enough (Peezy)

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