

5.6

OsamaSon

Ha-haha-ha-haha

Bee, bee, bee (P-pss, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh)

Wassup, pfft, yeah (What? Hol' up, hol' up), yeah

They pull up and get murked, hol' up

I was just coughin' on syrup, yeah

Two times, made that swerve (What? What?)

I'm in the Creek like, ''What's the word?'' (Yeah)

I spent fifteen for some Percs

Spe-spent a lil' fifteen, did that work (Bee, bee, bee)

I done kissed my fuckin' cup, spilt the red all on my shirt

New Al-, shh, now that shit dirt

I was in the back-seat countin' up Percs, yeah

Givenchy shirt, I buy all that swag, that cryin' shit don't hurt, yeah

I don't know, yeah, yeah, yeah (I don't know, yeah)

Opiates fucked my mind up, this lil' bih' can't get designer

I was in London fuckin' 'em pounds up, yeah, yeah, yeah (Bee, bee)

Fuckin' 'em pounds up, yeah

Fuckin' her mouth up, huh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Fuckin' her mouth up (What?)

Trap cost like twenty bands (What? What?)

We gon' shoot like twenty men (Yeah)

Nigga, we just like it that (Yeah)

Hit them .56 on they ass

(Yeah, what?)

Yeah, in a Balenci' bag

Yeah, told slime, ''Fill up mags''

Yeah, we got, frtt-, yeah, yeah

I'ma have to spin in that bitch back, yeah

I just been with hoes, yeah

Bentley go-, Bentley go fast

Bih', I can't miss a ho, huh

My slime finna go crash, yeah, my slime finna go crash, yeah

I got this lil' bih' mad, yeah, I got this lil' bih' mad, yeah

Buy the Louis V bag

(Ha-haha-ha-haha)

They pull up and get murked, hol' up

I was just coughin' on syrup, yeah

Two times, made that swerve (What? What?)

I'm in the Creek like, ''What's the word?'' (Yeah)

I spent fifteen for some Percs

Spe-spent a lil' fifteen, did that work (Bee, bee, bee)

I done kissed my fuckin' cup, spilt the red all on my shirt

New Al-, shh, now that shit dirt

I was in the back-seat countin' up Percs, yeah

Givenchy shirt, I buy all that swag, that cryin' shit don't hurt, yeah

I don't know, yeah, yeah, yeah (I don't know, yeah)

Opiates fucked my mind up, this lil' bih' can't get designer

I was in London fuckin' 'em pounds up, yeah, yeah, yeah (Bee, bee)

Fuckin' 'em pounds up, yeah

Fuckin' her mouth up, huh, yeah, yeah (Bee, bee), yeah

Fuckin' her mouth up (What?)

Trap cost like twenty bands (What? What?)

We gon' shoot like twenty men (Yeah)

Nigga, we just like it that (Yeah)

Hit them .56 on they ass