

Kutta

OsamaSon

Huh, huh, yeah, huh
Huh, yeah, huh, yeah, huh
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Huh, yeah, huh, huh, huh
Brand new cutter, huh, CLS, I fucked it up, yeah
Fuck your brother, I got racks, I do it all, yeah
YSL shirt, this bitch don't fit
I'm in Neiman, throwin' fits
For this coupe, I dropped a brick
Geek, I'm turnt off the shit
Slime like, "Who you want me to hit?"
Tell Celine to drop they sets
Helmut Lang jeans, no pockets, bitch
Check, check, check, check, all I do is drop that shit

Sex, sex, sex, sex, what's up in your pockets? Yeah
Brrr, what do you want?
I need lean, I need Wock'
Lot of horses in this car
I'm on that X, geeked up on Mars
Geeked up, yeah, that Par
Pipe up, yeah, I'm-
Piped up, yeah, I'm-
Pipe up, yeah, I'm-

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Yeah, yeah, check please
Yeah, yeah, where the lean?
I'm in LA, droppin' fees
I'm in New York, shoppin' spree
Huh, I'm in a GLE
Hit two hundred like, ''One, two, three''
Nigga, what you wanna do? I want everything, B
I'm on your block, what's up?
My slime got a lil' chop tucked
I'm rolling, geeked up
At Saks, uh-huh
I, "Vroom," from the plug
Now I'm in that bando, yeah

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