

Oyyy

Pardison Fontaine

Yeah nigga, yeah nigga, yeah
Oy, yeah nigga, yeah nigga, yeah nigga
Uh, look

Now I'm the hundred rack, oy
Get your woman snatched, oy
Give it to her good now she in love with that, oy, oy
That ak do the thunderclap, (pow) oy
And trust me you don't want none of that, oy
Look now I'm the hundred rack, oy
Get your woman snatched, oy
Her pussy good and I might double back, oy, oy
That ak do the thunderclap, (pow) oy
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Now all I make, in this white cruel world is not for certain
Chances slim, like a highschool girl being a virgin
Chances slim, like Tommy from Martin actually working
Chances slim, like a nigga named Quan being a surgeon
You ain't fucking with me, nuff said
Y'all niggas don't wanna bump heads
Your girl sleep under me, and nigga I don't got no bunkbeds
Think I love your baby momma her pussy get dumb wet
I give your child a stepbrother then teabag your drum set
Hey we'll be sitting on them milk crates
Stuntin all in this [?]
All my plans working out
My future is in great shape
Never touched bottles but I made cake
Passports when I vacate
You mad, cause your bitch treat my dick like a shake weight
Yeah I'm stunting on your bitch ass
While I'm grabbing yo bitch ass
I'm a play boy, playboy
That's a chick mag you get that?
Tricking on the hoes we don't do that nigga
Nigga playing around put two in that nigga
I'll be looking in the mirror like you dat nigga
My reflection on back but you knew that nigga

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And I'm riding through the city
Blowing hunnids and fifties
Ciroc in that Henny
Got yo main bitch and she with me
I could upload wild pics right now nigga don't tempt me
And if I wasn't so dark skinned I swear to God there'd be hickies

Now I dropped out of college
Trade that scholarship for a record deal
Bout to blow you bet I will
Understand you never will
My dick is hard, my heart is cold
My chain is gold, my tec still
Hot and I'm rolling
I feel like a ferris wheel
My flow got that beretta feel
Party boy you better get one
Thing about the rap niggas
Half the time they never real
My homie got knocked
Now he calling home collect
He told me facing three
I told him to hold his head
Now my girl caught me slipping
See me fucking with my ex
And I know she wanna leave
But she won't cause of the sex
I need money power respect
Tell Jimmy to cut the check
I need one point five bottom line nothing less

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Now I need money power respect
Tell 50 to cut the check
I need one point five bottom line nothing less
I need money power respect
Tell Diddy to cut the check
I need one point five bottom line nothing less
I need money power respect
Tell L.A. to cut the check
I need one point five bottom line nothing less
I need money power respect
Tell Yeezy to cut the check
I need one point five bottom line nothing less