

Peach

Pardison Fontaine

Wheezy outta here...

Yeah, yeah, fuck it up, yeah, look, uh

Said he's got the watch, flood it up

Cuban link, bust it up (Ayy)

You all know to fuck it up (Ayy, ayy)

Look (Ayy, ayy)

Everything that a nigga got, got it out the dirt (I did)

Like a rose in the concrete, I blossomed out the curb (Ayy)

Remember girls used to curve me, man, them bitches had some nerve

Ain't no nigga out here fucking with me, far as I'm concerned

You got a peach (Peach), ass (Ass), shit be looking right

You get to dancing in the mirror, you want some shit that get you hype

Gave a couple niggas chances, they ain't never get it right

Told your girl to leave them lames alone, now take your own advice

You got a peach (Peach), ass (Ass), shit be looking right

Girl, you bad and you working so you every nigga's type

Girl, you lit in real life, you don't need a lot of likes

And I know if looks'd kill, you doing 25 to life, ayy

Shake that ass, ooh, watch yourself, ayy

Shake that ass, ooh, watch yourself

Break them handcuffs, forget your man, move somethin'

If he ask you what you doin', say, "Ooh, nothin'"

I said all you know is bustin', all you know is thuggin'

All you know is hustle, you been working more than clubbin'

Moving underground, young Harriet Tubman

All you make is money, you let bitches make assumptions

Now your girl is feeling hype because she know that this your song

My dawg said you ain't no freak, you about to prove him wrong

Got an ass like a horse, Old MacDonald had a farm

And I know I drive you crazy but I never steer you wrong

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You get to dancing in the mirror, you want some shit that get you hype

Gave a couple niggas chances, they ain't never get it right

Told your girl to leave them lames alone, now take your own advice (Wheezy o
utta here)

You got a peach (Peach), ass (Ass), shit be looking right

Girl, you bad and you working so you every nigga's type

Girl, you lit in real life, you don't need a lot of likes

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If he ask you what you doin', say, "Ooh, nothin'"

Let that ass hang out, bitch

All up out the window, screaming, "Ow," bitch

Sneak dissing so I turned into an owl, bitch

Screaming, "Who? Who finna do what to who?" Not you (Bitch)

In the Bentley truck, I need room (Yup)

My perfume is Chanel, you assume my next move (Hah)

You was off, no, not close

I could buy me a Ghost (Skrirt)
I just might do the most
Came from nothing so I post (Period)

Ayy, ayy, ayy (Ayy)

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Ooh, this that DJ Swagger