

My Type

PeeWee Longway

(SwagDot, mmm)

My type

Know that shit my type, man

My type of bitch, my type of cash, everything

Huh, why niggas look mad?

Y'all niggas could be happy, man (What the fuck wrong with these niggas, man ?)

A nigga like y'all wanna stay down, stay fucked up

What's up? (Go)

'Fore I snitch, I might well drop dead and stop breathing

It's time for fish fries and white bread and more grieving

It's too many real niggas out here with loose hoes like my last case

It's too many new niggas ain't had no hoes, so they skirt chase

A goofy with money don't know what to do with the real paper

I send them steppers, they comin' to move it, they real takers

I know money make a baby bills on four hundred babies

Real crack baby, you'd think they Haiti babies

It's too many niggas, they claimin' they real, they really cooperating

Snitchin' and work for the feds for real like they givin' out applications

The judge be screamin' out so many years, he turned to an asthma patient

Them blue tips took off so many limbs, his mama like, "That my baby?"

I reserved the ICU, they screamin' out, "Doctor, he gon' make it"

He got brothers, he got sisters, that's my mama's youngest baby

He his mama baby now, but he was Tay-K with that AK

I'm like Bumpy, I get birds jumpin', trap house, make it Nae Nae

I mix fetty with a brick of boy, it's still ten grade A

Watch how you talkin', heard they with them boys, snitchin', they cooperate

I act like an operator, M-A-T or zero one

Can't reach me now, so call me later, I just pray she be the one

I treat these hoes like Now and Later

Bust the pack and pick the flavor

Lemon squeeze the Terminator

Rats and roach exterminator

Spin on the world like we the equator

Told you, got so many flavors, I'm servin' the world like a waiter, no apron

And that's how we trappin', nigga

I told that bitch if she don't get wet like water, she ain't my type

I told my girl to blow be in the Sprinter 'cause that other shit not my type

I just told that bitch I like her, she know she ain't my type

I only like her when I'm geeked and rollin', she know she ain't my type

I put my dick in anything, don't believe the hype

I beat them walls up, that pussy ain't got no fight in it

I'm the sergeant, I'm the general, I'm the lieutenant

I'm the big dog, I'm the Hov with the blueprint

Told my nigga, "Light his soul like an incense"

Homie said, "Fuck parole, I'll go back again"

Revoked the whole time, then I bought my own pen'

Ain't never told on a nigga for a reduced bid

I'll spin again like I'm DJ Whoo Kid

Ain't never been a pig, I do video vids

All these niggas cap so much, I think they work for Lids

I done made a cap so much, got zaza just like mid

If sauce make a bitch walk, I'm the kid did

You wanna see a dead body? Go and get the SIG

Snitches drop a lot of salt, don't talk 'bout what you did
I call the lil' bitch gargle mouth, she sucked up all my kids
Christian Dior drip, but I spent two racks on a wig
Rest in peace to Flippa, yeah, my steppers still my wig
Ayy, I put pointers in my Carti', twenty racks on my eyelid
My lil' bitch like be a Barbie, she runnin' 'round the lobby
Perky baby, arch it, baby, couldn't tell no nobody
Forgis, I don't do Rucci coochie, skrrt-skrrt on the 'Rari
Send your addy, watch me wrap it, ship it, touchdown come tomorrow
In the pot, I make it skrrt-skrrt, yeah, the brick taste calamari
Told that bitch to hit my phone, frrt, I'm the real deal
She ask me what I'm booted on, this a real pill
I went Johnny Dang cryin' jewels, that's a half a mill'
I went Wafi like a damn fool, spent a couple mill'
Told 'em Birkin bag the tote, Bottega slides on the shoes
Young nigga COVID mad, spin the block again, make the news, hit it

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