

Hiccups

Pi'erre Bourne

None of my niggas is victims, traffic and drugs with no hiccups
I sent that bitch on a mission, vacuum-sealed money it's wrapped up
They know me way out there in Lisbon, this sassy shit get international
Baby goat they wanna cry on me, they thought I was the son of Lazarus
She got bussed down in the backseat, there was no need for a mattress
I'm living too fast and too furious, my mother tell me, yeah she fascinate
I'm clutchin' my burner in public, where ever I pull up I'm backin' it
She told me she wanna get verity, I'm already thinkin' 'bout bussin' nuts

She wanna come crash with me, we don't do casualties
That .40 cal is attached to me
I flew out to Cali for packs a week
If I don't know them, I'ma text them people
The dweller is bussy, the setting is honeycomb
She dancin' around, she a diva
I'm standing around with my heater
Pick your man off the floor, is he breathin'?
She wanna come with me to Vegas
We party at Dreas' and stay at the Seasons
Throw the hood on my head, when it's freezin'
I can't leave the game, 'cause it needs me
Not trustin' these bitches, I know that they choosin', they pickin' whose po
ckets is cheesy
We pickin' your lock like it's easy
My Chavo chain filtered with VVs

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She told me that pussy get poppin' like red and vodka
She put her lil' head in vodka
She sip out the bottle, we fuckin' raw, no little bottle
Was never a middleman, spin like a ceiling fan
Runnin' the mall, I be in and out it
Them bitches love me, I'm their favorite topic
Fuck them niggas, how they feel about it?
I drive off the lot and the car ain't got mileage
Her ass is real fat, wanna sit beside it
I'm using the navi, this gun'll got me
He ain't finish school, but he caught a body
The heat with me when I cross over the state lines
My bitches want me to make time
Beat his face in, they said it was a hate crime
She wanna stay, can we 8 prime

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