

# 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 sossy 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 cally 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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