

Hoola Hoop

Pi'erre Bourne

When I say "Soss", y'all say "House"
Soss, House, Soss, House, Soss, House

Mm, let me guess, your first ain't gotta be beautiful
I drop the Addy, then spin like a hoola hoop
12 on the block and he screaming out "Woody Whoop!"
Chavi, you should just rap and let all your shooters shoot
I'm in the projects tryna' cut a 2 or two
Run off, I'm lettin' the gun off, that is your funeral, uh
These hoes gon' use you, don't let 'em abuse you
They called them uptown, they gave him a bruising
Pointin' the fingers at us, the suspects is usual
Off-White rug that my Frenchie gon' shit on
Cuban and tennis, I'm puttin' the kid on
Virgil and Louie collab, I'm puttin' that shit on

I skip the Purple denim to Amiri
Grab the iPhone and I had to ask Siri
"Who the realest nigga up in the city?"
She told me, "Go look in the mirror, you silly."
Flooded my neck with diamonds that is certified
You can go ahead and inspect all my jewelry
Runnin' with niggas that certified
No respect for the judge or the jury
Called up my I-95 with his head down and I whipped him up like a McFlurry
Pretty new weave and she stacked on her features
I charge a few racks for the feature
She go to Northeast and get cold in December, I flew her ass out for the sea
son

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I'm playing Craps and I'm smelling like Baccarat
Put out all that cap, I'on talk a lot
Waitin' for food at the Waffle House
She fuck around, give me head in the parking lot
He came to the spot, like he gon' shop, you gon' cop or not?
It was fresh off the stove, it burnt through the plastic, you can tell the r
ock was hot
Supreme vest on my back, it cost a lot of guap
Niggas flexin' with that bread, be honest that is not a lot
Patek on the watch, fashion up the par
She suckin' me off, catchin' lockjaw
I took her to Nobu, all off the Pro Tools
Eatin' tuna top top

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