

Creature

Pop Smoke

Shout-out 808Melo (Ooh)

Yeah (Ooh)

(Shut this shit down)

Run up on it (Ooh), you know I'm on it (Ooh)
The drank on me (Ooh), draggin' my feet (Ooh)
Hop in that whip (Ooh), I'm 'bout to see you (Ooh)
I'm like a creature (Ooh), I'm on the creep (Ooh)

If I don't get all of my chips, I can't leave just yet (Yeah)

Get that top, then I dip, I'ma leave her wet (Yeah)

I put plates on my neck, like tectonics (Ooh)

I put plates on my whip, it's a rocket ship (Rocket)

Sip drank, on Hypnotic (Aye)

You know our lil' nigga gon' pop shit (Ooh)

Louis my body (Aye)

That be why shawty is clockin' me, clockin' me (Ooh)

I don't owe no apology

I'm everywhere that the dollar be, dollar be (Ooh)

I don't owe no apology

I'm gettin' the money, you know my philosophy (Ooh)

Look, bend her over, blow her back out (Bow)

Bend her over, pull her tracks out (Bow)

She know the Woo make her tap out (Woo)

I really live what I rap 'bout (Woo)

I remember them days in the trap house

Yeah, it got real in the trap house

I went and did some time in the jail

Because I'd rather take the fast route (Grrt, grrt, bow)

If you wanna make bets then I'm open up TD

She like papi all I got is Citi

I'm like fuck it, come give me head (Woo)

I back out and nut on her titty

Aye, huh, she say I'm a dog, so I'm chasin' her kitty (Woo)

Light up the smoke like a Dutch in the city

I keep two in the head, we gon' catch him like Ricky (Uh)

Man down

Throw the piece to my bro, that's a hand down (Brrt, brrt)

Poppin' shit on the lot, make him camp out

He was twirlin' back then, he a fan now (Woo)

I keep nothin' but blues in these pants now (Woo)

Rubber band for these racks and these bands now (Blues)

We keep sticks and these drums, like a band now (Grrt)

My new bitch exotic (Exotic)

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You ain't poppin', stop it (Nah)

Fresh as fuck, no stylist (No stylist, uh)

Niggas stealin' styles, jackin', jockin' (Jockin')

This watch don't do tick tockin' (Nah)

Niggas know how we rockin' (Woo)

20K for Amiri's and that's for the jeans (That's for the jeans)

The money was dirty, I got into rapping and now this shit clean (Now this shit clean)

(Woo, woo) Now I'm on the scene

I made her tap out, I know that this dick turned the bitch to a fiend

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We livin' life, don't panic
She love the life, don't panic
Before the grave, turn the money to ashes
I just fucked on an actress (Yeah)
Motherfuckers start scattering
All the paper start to scatter (Hey)
I be doin' all that cashin' (Yeah)
I be doin' all that bashin' (Aye)

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