

Clip on ya bitch, suck my dick for the Hell of it
Runnin' away from your problems
Don't mean that you're solving them
The rum is red, the red is rum
I just wanna cum up on your tummy, just for fun
Stick her in by, time to run
When it's all said and done, I'll be the one chillin' in London
With my cousin, not thinkin' 'bout nothin' but the motherfuckin'
' cash
Pass her ass to my homies, now her ass is grass
Dip really fast, it's all part of my master plan
I'm the motherfuckin' man with the cash in my hand
Haters will never understand the [?] with my left hand (Pa)
You fleein', I'm seen on the scene
With the fiends that don't give a fuck, bustin' shouts
Killin' and ripplin' and dippin', I'm straight to the club
My words are like floods
Of the blood that's rollin' down your neck, better get respect
Go up and down in your bitch like elevatedness 'til I get my ch
eck

Clip on ya bitch, suck my dick for the Hell of it
Clip on my bitch, suck a dick for the Hell of it
Clip on ya bitch, suck a dick for the Hell of it
Clip, fuck my bitch

Red Table Studios, I see you