Head Tap

Pressa

T-t-t-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap
(D.a. got that dope) d.a.

I keep gettin' this money, uh
Head tap, now he do the Dougie, woah
I ain't no regular thuggy

Bitch, punch me in like the buggy (Volk')
She wanna ride on the Wagen (Wagen)
I'm from the dirt like the maggot
So sick and tired of naggin'
I took his chain and dangle it (Bitch)
Finessin' the plug
He got brothers, tie 'em all up
I'm in the cut
I do business with my gun (Gun)

I keep gettin' this money, uh
Head tap, now he do the Dougie, woah, woah
This ain't no regular mode (Woah)

Foreign, no Honda Accord, huh
I pick a bitch, either or
I wear Saint Laurent and Dior
She suck the dick 'til it's sore
Traphouse runnin' in the vacant
Finna buy a house in the A
Just a little something to renovate
Boss, we go boating on lakes
Shoot it up, then beat the case
Tiptronic, change lanes (Lanes)
Twenty-five for the change (Change)
Twenty-five in chains (Chains)
So I'm out here screamin', "Free Pac"
Broke niggas can't keep up
Fif kick in' FIFA
It get hot like teacup
Build the plug up, but we rob him today (Today)
She wanna stay in the Thompson like Klay (Like she Klay)
They wanna kick in the door, Jackie Chan (Jackie Chan)
I got bitches and racks in the safe (Rickety-racks)

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I keep gettin' this money, uh
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This ain't no regular mode

This ain't no regular pole
She throw it back, ain't no regular ho, huh
I wear irregular clothes
I'm the nigga that be doin' the most, huh
I got 'em losin' hope, huh
Fuck is they snoozin' for, huh?
Fact, I'll bruise him, bro, don't shoot him
I'm finna take his soul, huh

I hit that lil' bittie with finesse
No sex, only want the neck
I'm in your city, better show respect
That's on the gang, nigga, on the set
Fly young nigga, I live on a jet
Stop all that stressin', go and get a check
Throwin' bullets, tell an opp nigga, "Catch"
(Throwin' bullets, tell an opp, "Catch")

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I ain't no regular thuggy
I keep gettin' this money, uh
Head tap, now he do the Dougie, woah, woah
This ain't no regular mode (Look, look)

Niggas know we makin' bail tonight
We trained to shoot, you came to fight, huh
Aim at your brain tonight
Think it's a play until a spike, huh
Bands on me
Big body, double lanes for me
Gang really get to sprayin' for me
I make a call, we up at your door like, "Open the vault"
Bang with me
Bro, you're pussy, you can't hang with me
Put in pain or feel the pain from me
Up at your spot, heard shooters get shot
We bend through your block, huh
But they know we full of the realest niggas, huh
Niggas can flex for the internet, they know who really be with the drillin'
(Shooter gang, gang, gang, gang)

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I keep gettin' this money, uh
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This ain't no regular mode (Woah)

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