

Hahaha, okay
HARGO production
Whoosh
Gang
Bubu

Baby, calm down, don't act like that
Kiss her forehead and grab that back
And she gets gassed when she does man's plaits
Man a badman, don't take no chat
Splash a boy's chest, watch his eye roll back
Ain't got ten bags but you chat 'bout trap
On my left wrist that's nineteen bags
On my right wrist that's a next quick eight

Been Taze so she know me already
She's stripped down and ask if I'm ready
She wan' badman up in her wah?
She wan' badman up in her belly
Bro-bro-bro balance the ting steady
Dodge po-po, pallance the whip lefty
They pulled up and had to do wah?
They pulled up and had to do leggy

My cousin came home, he bussed case
I'm in the kitchen cooking up a crate
I got .38 in this Glock if any boy think he got hate
If I hit him with this uhh, send a pussy nigga ass space
I checked the plug three, four times but this time me, my niggas black tape

Gun Lean in her belly
She said, "Russ, I want you, I'm ready"
She got badman up in her head
On her bed, she spreaded her legs
Condom on, protect my third leg
No cuffing, I'm Russ and not Feds
In love with the bread, put ten on your head
Put ten on your head

Wicked and bad, man skid it and crash
Man talk light but they see me then dash
Hinges off, brother give me that cash
Stand your ground, are you silly? You're mad
Can't G check this zesser, never
Back my wap, all wet up
Heat up a nigga, that's shellers
I won't entertain no deaders

Go get the ski, go get the diggy
I'm in the trap, I live with the nitty
I'm in the trap with an ounce and a glizzy
The plug come again with [?]
Go get the tag, hell of respect
Shot off my hip
Clean feel, just like a pitcher
Fuck out the Feds, jump in my picture

That gyal bad 'nuff and she look good
Bum, flick, slide on my hood
No relationship, she want good wood
Sex your bae 'cause I could
On ImJustBait commenting bare wass
Live in the flesh, your bro left his hat
Don't see them unless we attack
Cali bud, smoke a whole load of pack

Man came 'round and tried to do (Woo)
Eight man stuffed in a five door (Car)
Could've been a Ramb, dot-dot or (Star)
All of them dead, me and them can't (Talk)
Love drunk heart when she touched this fur
Buss my mout' when I buss it, brrr
Don't brag that cah I got that first
Back that wap when a back get burst

She wanna weighin' way to the rock
She want a plane, she want a jet
Yewww
I got away, all they got was a snack
I got the taste, taste some respect
Fuckin' with me, you'll end up dead
I got the drop, it was in the text
I hit the kitchen, I'm making a mess

Baby, calm down, don't act like that
Fumez The Engineer