

Oh, I'm little Wassi  
In two-point-five seconds like the sink  
Ba-Ba-Ba-Bah!  
(Oooo J Mak)

I'm a Wassa, in two-point-five seconds like the sink  
I'm a monster and swear to God, ain't talking ink  
Dodging coppers, reason why my skin ain't got no ink  
Go get Wass'd up, shoot a nigga dead before he blink  
I'm a Wassa, in two-point-five seconds like the sink  
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Ain't a game, what you think  
Bullets comin' at your ting  
No comin' back to my ring  
Hate to brag, I do my thing  
I'm not someone, I'm a thing  
Chinese shooter, call me Ling  
I'm not someone you gon' smoke  
I'm not someone you gon' drink (Ba-ba-bah!)

And my heart colder than rinks  
Every time I hit the block  
My neck water like the sink  
He want drift, he in  
Thirty shots, call it the zing  
He want war, I'm in  
Shooting guard, bro on the wing  
He a clown, he IT  
Dodging bullets, now he dip  
And I'm sick with it  
Tag a nigga, now he it  
I am the plug, chain on my neck, that a pug  
I live by my gun, how could I die by the gun

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I'm a Wassa  
They don't want no actions, want no smoke  
Shoot him right in front his folks  
Make him do the folk  
My shooters don't provoke  
I got shooters on parole  
Check the score, check the score  
Bet you miss your broski  
I'm little Wassi  
Reason why my gun is never clean  
Super swag from head to toe  
Bitch, I feel like Mr Neat

300 grams on my neck  
Now I feel like Lil Reese  
Double U, that's double V  
Shoot shit up when I'm with Leaks  
Kwasi Skene  
Google him and google dream  
And they way they shootin' shit  
They shoulda made the shooting [?]  
I got choppers in the S  
I got shooters in the E  
Broski weage, super keys  
Cuban links, Wassi piece  
Gang, gang

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