

Shoulder

Quality Control

She tried to get up but I bent that bitch over
Causin' trouble in these streets, swervin' a Rover
{And I'm right up on your ass, gang, gang, yeah it's over
I say she the chosen one, "Why boy?", because I chose her
Ever since I got older, I hate to be sober
Got older, I hate to be sober
And we put a big body bitch, just like a boulder
Do it again, do it again
Better watch over your shoulder}

Gon' hit the backdrop, gon' hit the backdrop
Give me top in my lap, now that's a laptop
And we get lit (We get lit), like I was a match box
And you know I ain't gonna call no bitch, better put that shit
in the stash spot
I know these niggas waitin' for me, I got music I could drop
I got Balmain jeans, you can see these fat knots
SRT real hot when I swerve up out the lot
We gon' see if you real when I put you on the spot
(Somebody stop him)
Go have lunch, yeah, go have fun, so bitch, I'ma do it all night
t
You know what I do in the SRT, we'll then go swerve your block
And I don't give a fuck 'bout a stupid lil' bitch, no, no, no,
I do not
I don't know what the fuck
I'ma get my secure, better get your slot, damn
I remember old man sitting by the Texaco
He told me one day I gotta eat up all my vegetables
Ever since that day he told me I eat it up just like a Lunchable
e
Now, look at me, big and strong, feelin' like Mr. Incredible

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