

We Got

Quin NFN

Pew, pew, pew, pew, pew
Yuh, huh

We got some rocket, ice, some pills some weed some lean and Chardonnay

I got a ratchet, classy, bougie, basic, bitch from cross the way

We tote Choppas, Glocks, and Rugers ain't no room to conversate
We got Benz's Porsche's, Beamers, Scats, and Cats that cost a bank

In the club with all these hustlers, trappers, rappers
And these robbers

She gon' fuck when I say "Fuck" just for Celine, Gucci, and Prada

In the section standing on couches wit' my patna's they can't stop us

We been clutchin' on all of these Gats

Like we Mad Max and Biggs from Shottas (Ha)

We sell quarter, halves, and zips, we got Qp's, bowls, and all
She a stripper I'm gon' flip her knock her down and break her jaw

Niggas quick to claim a bitch

But knowing that bitch ain't claiming y'all

She only dancin', put me in his mentions I still play around

You get one or two or more, fuck the price we drop it down

You can pay me for your check, I spit that crack like Bobby Brown

Niggas loud until we draw that (Pew, pew, pew) make not a sound
She out the projects, if she got low mileage, I might knock her down

Bitch we strapped with ARPs, red roamin' DOA

When I walked inside the club, I'm having chips like Frito-Lay

Niggas muggin' in this bitch we asked that boy "Is he ok?"

Fuck it, I don't see your base, oh momma come get me yo' face

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