

We Got

Quin NFN

Pew, pew, pew, pew, pew
Yuh, yuh

We got some rocket, ice, some pills some weed some lean and Cha
rdonnay
I got a ratchet, classy, bougie, basic, bitch from cross the wa
y
We tote Choppas, Glockes, and Rugers ain't no room to conversate
We got Benz's Porsche's, Beamers, Scats, and Cats that cost a b
ank
In the club with all these hustlers, trappers, rappers
And these robbers
She gon' fuck when I say "Fuck" just for Celine, Gucci, and Pra
da
In the section standing on couches wit' my patna's they can't s
top 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 j
aw
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 Bro
wn
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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