

# Articuno Wrist

Ramirez

I need dough, I need cash  
I need guala, I need racks  
I need cheese, I need green  
I need money I'm a fiend  
I count chips, I flip bricks  
I fuck your bitch in my whip  
Flick the wrist, cook the shit  
Niggas know I stay equipped

Chopping blades up in that Cadillac  
Dropping off some more macs  
Smoking on the fat sack  
Little killers out so watch your back  
There's blood all on the ceiling  
But the bodies laying on the floor  
Fiending for a massacre  
Triple six is in this hoe

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I said fall off  
These niggas don't know I smoke too much  
I need a cough drop  
I pull up with the fucking cannon  
Grab the sawed-off  
I need that loot inside my hand  
I'll take your top off  
I call my cousin then I tell him  
At the drop off  
You fake thugging all on Twitter  
Youse a knock off

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