

Moxie Java

Rexx Life Raj

Look

I think I might have a fucking problem
Crushing Adderall in Moxie Java
Thinking about getting more to the bank
Trying to get places they said I can't
I think I, I think I might have a fucking problem
Crushing Adderall in Moxie Java
Thinking about getting more to the bank
But they won't let me in cause I smell like dank

I'm just a Berkeley nigga putting on for the south
Metal detectors installed in my mouth
I've been far too focused to take note of you clowns
Got a big booty bitch and she holding me down down
Everytime I come around town these niggas embarassed
Y'all out feeling fresh off clearance
I stunt when not necessary
My dick has seen too much pussy to get married
Keep that shit pounding like 808
Keep a bad bitch on layaway
With pussy so fire that shit should say stay away
My papa taught me the playa way
I hope my bro put the K away
Would spray for me when needed
Pray for me I need it
I been sucker ducking, ducking polices
Harassing me cause my features
When I be out with my other bitch that stay in Martinez
My other bitch a believer
My other bitch in Benicia
I mob in her Prius, her momma don't like me
I told her suck me
I'm a Berkeley nigga, shit could get ugly
My niggas pouring fours all in their slushy
We taking risks like we was taking lunch money
Fuck it, we trappin' trippin', trippin' trappin'
You niggas piggy-backing, I'm with the realest faction
Sucka niggas napping, wake 'em out of Z
We send a bitch like a pound of weed
I got niggas living sending a pound a week
Counting money like fat bitches count calories
Triple, quadruple our salary
Shit on these niggas, give fucks if they mad at me

Actually I think I might have a (fucking problem)
Crushing Adderall and (marijuana)
Thinking about getting more (to the bank)
Trying to get places (they said I can't)
Actually I think I might have a (fucking problem)
Crushing Adderall and (marijuana)
Thinking about getting more (to the bank)
But they won't let me in cause I (smell like dank)
I think I might have a mother fucking problem
I think I might have a mother fucking problem
Tripping in the trap house
Tripping, tripping in the trap house

Got a bitch in the US, suck dick for a sport
Four foot three and she never come short
I think she falling in love with the boy
Wouldn't you know that it's not a good choice
Berkley, Chanel, straight dolphin apparel
Get left with the pharoah
Chewing on Zanny's, I'm fresh off the plane
Know bitch I'm the man
No socks in my Yeezys
The lean got me sleepy
I'm still feeling freaky
Bout to go round up some mother fucking checks
Green sip, yellow sip, Afghan Tex
Ya'll niggas ain't about that syrup shit
Boy no making you nervous
Me and my niggas get rich off this
Hit the mart blow it back cause the money ain't shit
I know I'm going in but let a nigga take a sip
Shit
She wanna take a trip, she ain't never got her chips
Imma dip
I love smoking weed and sipping mother fucking wiling
Bitch I live on rapper's island

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Tripping and trap trap
Tripping and trap trap