Get Dat Doe

Rich Boy

Rich Boy, we at em once again
You see where we're going?
You take the 65 or you take the 10
You take the charter or you take the G5
You can take your Chevy
And you can take the truck
Class is in sessions suckas
Hey Rich Boy, I think it's time
It's time!

Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit

Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo

Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Purple juice, sip it slow
Pour a fo, it's time to blow
Fuck up on a moment bruh
Feds come searching for the gun
Make them racks out of corn
Bounce that pussy in the zone
Stack, you go spend it then
Never seen no hater win
Hotel bedroom full of wind and then they want my cool again
I'm a polo, fuck the world, fuck the laws
Them stacks ho, filthy rich bitch time to ball
Count that cheese, I'm major league
You fake to me, too make believe
Use yo head and bend yo knees
She come to please and then she leave
Flip that quick and hit that lick
Pop that bottle, pour that shit
With that ass she do magic
And she love to trick or treat
Dollar bills - that's what I'm bout
My nigga Cee Lo cashing out
Bitch we talking large amounts
How much money you tryna count?
Count that pass, that blunt and rhyme
Smoke that purp and burn it down
Salute to my nigga Bun, it's time for me to loud shit now

Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo

You know just how a nigga livin
I be grinding for a living
Tryna stack it to the ceiling
Why you niggas was flat style
Dreaming on yo mama couch
I was breaking down peas
Try not to stink up my mama house
Uh, real shit you better ask about me
Fuck friends, I only feel right when them racks surround me
Ale servin, middle of the mall, poop side shit
Oh lady man, house flooded with Jordan shoe boxes
She just wanna count cause she love this shit
If I ever disappear she'll be swine flu infected sick
Grind hard, I'll never quit this shit
Wanna give my daughter the world so I need the biggest lick in here
Fuck skirt, chasing bars
Some can live a boss life
Then these hoes by the dozen
Every ho gon be the boss wife
If you don't respect that my nigga kill yo self
It's king's tomb, I make kings moves better wealth

Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo
Get dat doe, fuck that hoe
Spin that shit, make some mo

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!