

Buns

Riff Raff

Don't want none
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Unless you got buns, hon
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I pull a red on you, hoes
Might knock your leg off the fucking street
Thugging no black cop on easy street
Playboy, no, ain't nothing for free
'97 I was hustling, 40 packs in my jam sport
Shouldn't stop me, know I get stupid
While we bad bitch recruiting
When you see a young pimp saluting
Got the mind of a shark or a hammerhead
Fast-forward to the stacks of bread
Y'all really know what your momma said
Diamonds black in your vision
Passing out, pills, no prescription
Young, young, young ghetto farmers
It's shining blind in my upper wrist

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Easy height, diamonds in your sight
Make her wanna fight
Taking flight, done for half a night
40 tabs of angel dust, camp look like savages
Swords, barbarians, cream seats, Bavarian
Condo in Barbados, seven shrimp egg rolls
With the sky, tell pages, living in the majors
Could've been your local mayor, make the wallpaper mayo
Key with stretched mangles, break ankles at angles
Switch game of diamonds, rearrange in Texas Rangers

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