

# Buns

Riff Raff

Don't want none  
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Unless you got buns, hon  
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Unless you got buns, hon

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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