

What I'm 'Bout

Rob Stone

I pull up on your block, I'm winning when I pop out
I pulled up, bagged a pretty bitch, ain't even have to hop out
Well damn, I guess I'm hot now, I fuck it up and rock out
Stuff a knot up in my sock, an extra TEC up when the cops out
Well oh my God
I'm known to shake 'em up when I be slidin' out, I'm trippin'
Catch 'em slippin', pull the Glock out
We all we got, my brothers at the top
We in your pockets, need the guap and all the bitches in your contacts
And don't stop that, baby throw that wop yeah
Do it how I like it, I'ma hit it when it bounce back
All white Lam looking like a light flash
Diamonds on me dancing, got me looking like I'm lightskinned
I look like damn, bitches looking like damn
Who the fuck is that, it's young Rob, Gucci'ed Louis'ed down
I spent a bag on a bitch then went to fuck her friend
All around the world I get the bag then run through again

Pipe down nigga, pity and you pout nigga
Yeah yeah, I'm getting litty in your town nigga
What I'm 'bout nigga, titties, Henny, big amounts nigga
Yeah yeah, I'm in your city making rounds nigga
What I'm 'bout, hit the Grammy then I shout, yeah yeah
I hit the bitch then kick 'em out nigga
What I'm 'bout, this is really what I'm 'bout nigga
Yeah yeah, I hit the city make it bounce

It's a vibe, bitch give me the light
Ho get out my face lil bitch, you know you ain't my type
I'm a shot caller, feel like Ben Baller
Twenty-four karats, you ain't even got a dollar
Feel like Stone Cold, you lil niggas bold
Try and run up on me, leave your lil ass in the cold
I'm the fuckin' man, you niggas some chins
Need a hundred fuckin' million, fuckin' hundred fuckin' grand
Lil bitch, ayy

Bitch I'm off the shit, ayy
Shit my wrist ache, I whip it 'til my wrist break, ayy
When I'm dippin' I'ma switch lanes
Out on Biscayne, where the bitches give brain, ayy
I'm the shit but never look stank
Eating big rings, sauce up on my big ranks, ayy
Man these groupie bitches insane
Don't make 'em give names, I'm balling out like King James

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