

BMF

Rob49

If you trappin like you say you is throw up your scale
I been out here blowin' money fast nigga BMF
This ain't no scatpack this a hellcat with your crazy self
Imma fly my bro back to Cali get that package mailed

I just stuffed like 200 Ps inside a vacuum seal
My hoe just wanna go to Miami get her titties did
You ain't never sell a hunnid pack nigga how the fuck you young and lit
You ain't never go buy a bitch nothin' how the fuck you claimin' pimp

How you say it's good behind closed doors you out here claimin' smoke
Callin' her hair long my hoe bald head she look like Doodie Lo
Call a nigga bluff got killers with me I don't need no bodyguard
Call it what you want let them niggas play imma put them niggas on you

And I like goin' illegal nigga
And I like fuckin' boo hoo bitches
Look alike but I keep my pistol
Imma make em come creep up on you

Bruce Lee how I kick shit I'm a real bag getter
She be tryna play hard to get but I know bro hit it
Told me believe it but I can't
Don't touch 4 I got some rank
All this money gave me power whip the Trackhawk like a slave nigga

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Pints of lean that's 300 Gs it come off vice and easy
Got a extra hunnid in that cutter that bitch slicin' trees
Pop two 6s rollin' off them bean that's why I bite my teeth
Throw that dog shit up we ran up weak until it's time to leave
Got a extra brick right buy the stove that came from cookin' lows
Pull it out her mouth and bust a nut on top her pussy hole

Fetty way to strong don't overdose and we got off the road
Switchy on this bitch it shoot so fast I damn near lost control
He almost home
That mean that he gone we gotta talk in codes
Bro gon' spin around for those bitches like he lost his phone

My lil jit rather take a hit before he drink some trish
Bust it out the rapper and our zips look like a plate of grits

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