

Pack Flipper

Rob49

(Danny Franchise, you did it again)

Yeah

Huh, shit, uh, yeah (And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it)

Gabby Douglas on the mat the way I flip the pack, huh (Yeah)

Same way that you pussies whip, the way bro whip the crack, yeah

Fuck the NFL and NBA, bitch, I'm a rapper (Yeah)

Like fire drills, these niggas sound real, niggas cappin', yeah

Fuck the music, I ain't tryna 'bout heads I tapped

My daddy keep tellin' me health is real, I'm sorry, my pockets fat

All that pussy-ass nigga shit niggas be doin', it get 'em slapped (Slapped)

If she ain't tryna fuck a nigga on the first night, kick her out

I'm playin', but I ain't givin' her nothin', I took two Percs, I'm bustin'

I'm clutchin', middle of the jungle, same hoes who played, I fucked 'em (Yeah)

I don't even talk to my cousin, he fool as fuck, it's fuck him

Whole time he say he love, nigga plottin' on a come up

I done sold more gas than BP, I done sold more pounds than Tre

In the trap house every day like I ain't got money, sellin' yay

Yeah, white girl look like Caitlyn Clark and grits stuck to the plate, huh

Every nigga tryna on big V3, they gotta pay, yeah

The price on weed just ain't the same no more, huh (It ain't the same)

I was prayin' to God for a plug and he ain't come (He ain't come)

Like Wheezy F. Baby Daddy, I'm stuntin' (Yeah)

When I fuck hoes, I'ma fuck her 'til she cummin'

Treat a bad ho like she country, I done made 400K this week

I done went back to the streets and fed by fuckin' hood like EBT

Why niggas dyin'? It's 'cause of me

Nigga want beef, I guess it's beef

It's my time, it's Patek Philippe

Perc' 30 put your ass to sleep

Call up Wafi, tell him I need two hundred thousand dollars worth of pink

Money good, bitch, I eat chicken, bro take first Perc' like gremlins

Like Kodak, I paintin' the picture, my neck and wrist is pissy

Comin' home smellin' like I'm fishin', got fish scale on the dishes

Yeah, the biggest

Can't her it stress you out, dog, know what I'm sayin'?

Real boss niggas do what we want out here, better believe it

Shit (Shit)

Yeah, told the bitch that if she 'bout to start stressin' me out, I'm gettin' her gone (Yeah)

I know hoes who boyfriend beat the fuck out them behind my songs (For real)

My pants and my jacket Chrome, go ask my city, I put shit on

I heard niggas say it's smoke, man, tell them niggas this ain't what they want (At all)

I pushin' P like pump, 49 fuck any ho he want (For real)

In the A, I'm screamin', "Free Slime," he ain't tell her get back home (Free Slime)

Real know I want his ho, but he act dumb like he don't know (The fuck?)

If you see him there, I'ma send them fuckin' smackers, bitch, drop that lo', yeah

Diamonds hittin' like Tank, 49 fuck bad hoes that you can't, huh

I done got shit spanked, bitch, get shit spanked to up your rank, huh

I done plead the fifth every time I'm in that jam, bitch, what you think?

We done made niggas' mama cry, take pills to ease the pain (Yeah)

Dread head, all he know is bang-bang like he Chief
Why they dyin'? 'Cause of me, I could tell your diamonds cheap
In the trap house with a glee, pop that pussy, let me see
On a song screamin', "Free my fuckin' uncle Reggie 3"

The biggest
The biggest
Big 49, man, let me fly
Stop holdin' my wings back, man, let me fly
Niggas cliquin' up, man, I'm turnin' the clique up
What's good? Do what you want
We ain't goin' outside this circle for nothin'
VM, Vulture Mafia, VC, Vulture Cartel, it is what it is