

1st Thing First

Robb Bank\$

Aye
Bitch I walk up in it
Crumb hoe, pick up your phone
Sir Griffin don't a Piston
But I do not play ball
You a peasant, you a serf
I got Wi-Fi on
I walk in it with a semi
No, bum bum bum

Aye, bitch
First thing I need is a perc
Stick my dick in the pint
She lick it with the syrup
Know I keep the muzzle
Pussy nigga, hit the dirt
Boy don't make me up it, keep on talkin', you'll get burnt
Aye
Aye, ain't nobody like me, ain't nobody like me
I might fuck your wifey
Boy I know you like it
Ain't nobody like me, why the fuck you lying?
You know I was signed, you can't do it like me

Bitch I know I'm stunting
Codeine got my kidneys rotting
Jugg the plug, I'm out here running
Know we're flexing, bands be thumbing
Popping these oxys today
Global, get outta' my face
You local stay outta' my way
We sip the whole pint and finesse him for days
Jump him no stopping
I'm popping these knuckles
We cashin' out shows
You pockets stay bluffing
My savages jumping
Buffet Boys we buzzing
We actavis drowning
I'm tweaking on something
Drop down the windows and air it
You broke? Designer, can't wear it
My foreigns, can't even compare it
Flex on these goofies
They watching and staring
Pullin' up, gon' fool 'em
.224, gon' shoot up
Your lean stay Karo, boot 'em
Bring your bitch, I swear you'll lose her
Why you tweakin' on me?
Thousand dollar sneakers on me
Dropped a four in litres
Why you think they wanna be us?

Boy you know you tweakin'
If you think that bitch a keeper
Boy I eat her, then I skeet her

Combo, she a sleeper
Off the bat, I'm Derek Jeter
Homerun, when I see her
Strip the belt of her, leaner
Nigga, you gon' need a prenup

Bitch
First thing I need is a perc
Stick my dick in the pint
She lick it with the syrup
Know I keep the muzzle
Pussy nigga, hit the dirt
Boy don't make me up it, keep on talkin', you'll get burnt
Aye
Aye, ain't nobody like me, ain't nobody like me
I might fuck your wifey
Boy I know you like it
Ain't nobody like me, why the fuck you lying?
You know I was signed, you can't do it like me

Aye
Bitch I walk up in it
Chrome, hoe pick up your phone
Sir Griffin don't a Piston
But I do not play ball
You a peasant, you a serf
I got Wi-Fi on
I walk in it with a semi
No, bum bum bum

2phoneshawty take your bitch
I'm gone bleed them
6 I'm 545 fighter
I'm the fucking King of Leon
Pussy nigga talking with his chest
You better wear a vest, you a peon
Got a red bitch
Coming through my day like a Hurricane
Or Rock Lee huh
Phone will snipe a nigga like I'm Blade
More less take your Bape
Nigga waiting for me
You clean tables all day
Jessica do what I say
Nigga know I'm Killgrave
I got flies in the air
Like a fucking bouquet

When we visit, choppers spray
I don't care what you say
I got racks, spendin' bands
And I do this everyday
Sipping lean, popping pills
All these drugs gon' light my fuse
Who is you? Who are you?
You a broke boy that's so true

Bitch
First thing I need is a perc
Stick my dick in the pint
She lick it with the syrup
Know I keep the muzzle
Pussy nigga, hit the dirt

Boy don't make me up it, keep on talkin', you'll get burnt
Aye
Aye, ain't nobody like me, ain't nobody like me
I might fuck your wifey
Boy I know you like it
Ain't nobody like me, why the fuck you lying?
You know I was signed, you can't do it like me