

# 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 foreigners, 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

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Chrome, hoe pick up your phone  
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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

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