

Five Six

Robb Bank\$

(How can I make you happy?)

Five, five hundred horses in my engine
Six, six bitches all ridin' wit' me
Seven, seven times that I flew out to Italy
Stric-strictly for my riders, for my hitters, yeah

I got forty-three hundred bitches
All of them talk shit and they expensive
Bitches violate back while I'm chiefin'
I put the GLK on a mission
Took a IQ test, scored a million
Yell at my bitch but she don't see the vision
Got to give her a line and two periods
I could turn anything in ten minutes
Y'all niggas podcast, all talk
I'm 'bout to monetize where y'all walk
Pups can't come 'round me, all bark
'Cause I'm fin' show my fangs off
I ain't tryin' to hear that fuck shit at all
My ears gifted, Vincent van Gogh
I hit her twice, stop and then I'm gone
Like I'm tryin' to turn a laptop on
Y'all hit a lap [?] wherever y'all rollin'
Your bitch car the last car that you drove
Y'all last case the last time you told
So I don't wanna hear you put it on bro
How you gon' lie on your mans for a dub
How you gon' hate from outside the club
I put your bitch outside where you was
I can see why y'all two fell in love
I turned out to be what I was planning
You turned out better as a mechanic
I done turned three hoes down in one sentence
Then hit all three, ooh the plot thickens
Ain't no nigga living how I'm living
Unbarred uncensored, unrestricted
I passed a bar of xan in 5 minutes, we did it
And he did it with sticks, pill popping legend
Let's go

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Seven, seven times that I flew out to Italy
Stric-strictly for my riders, for my hitters, yeah
I, I done took 'bout three hoes out the trenches
My, my bitch still on me cause I'm the realest
Blind, make sure they can't see whenever I'm stepping
Got a fine, they ain't tow your car they towed your rental