First things first, miscommunication ain't no lie So shut up nigga, ole' fuck nigga The only thing gonna touch nigga is yourself nigga When you see Robb Bank\$ on sight Man I'm playing with the pussy, I already know what they about Man I see all they attentions on Panamera too I make a nigga wanna swtich positions I got doom with this bitch, And how she's been? Past-tense, crazy I see that bitch a day later Her eyes first, I size her up after, then she say "Hey stranger" I take a glance, and I laugh cause of my outlook on the situation She say I'm disappearing Never dealt a nigga like me I ain't going abandon my city Let alone run from no pussy Got a lot of paper, none with my name on it, another purple But Richie could still read through you invisible Boy I'll be damned if a bitch think they smarter than me See your Broward college degree only left hand prints of steam on the porch window Perspiration on the seats In other words man, I wasn't impressed man We're the first and seconds I'm saying doing an oppression Always gonna be acting like someone that you ain't Y'all niggas tryna be someone that you ain't At Paramount I make a movie, faint to Panameras to Dually And if you making a scene you pretty much saying shoot me Got these lame niggas putting bugs in your ass like Shino ho Took a bitch on a date the other day to prom Uno, dos, had a blonde bitch fighting to get to be a nigga Two phone Tarantino

Heartbreaker, fuck up yo' bitch make-up
Heartless, ungrateful
Unfaithful, love you then they hate you
Just tell them stay true to what they saying, they ain't me
While we pass notes hand to hand with the paper
It's raining, said its pouring
Young savage
Only ride foreign

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Said I just want you to want me
When you sliding state to state, country to country
You bound to leave a piece of something somewhere with somebody
I wanna make a scene with ya'
With the same ingredients that's Professor Utonium
And you need a turn Inspector Gadget on
Your going on on a nickel marriage

Ask your dime-piece southern Hampshire

She'll tell you I'm a savage

Boy, four in the morning you got me zoning at my iPhone

Then it turn to six, then a nigga realize he just want sex

So I give a call to my Claymore bitch

Cause I know that she awake, and

Been a savage since elementary

Can't look me in my eyes so you look up my history

But what you niggas don't get it is all that shit will get to me, it stick to me

A year ago we talking about running away and leaving

And now it's been two months and she still ain't bleeding, bitch

And all these fuck boys think another nigga life so sweet

These niggas say my daddy rich shit, the my bitch call me Weezy

See how fired up you get me

Get me off topic again like the new jewelry on your pussy ring from the main thing

Two months I've lived with you, talking till we passed out, no goodnight kis ses

So passive aggressive but you tell me you love me and I think you meant it It it's funny the only woman that I ever really loved in a different country Country boy can't pass the county limits

I drink more lean in all these niggas

And show cutling to all these niggas

Fucked all your bitches

And these Xan's got me thinking that everybody snitching

Aye that's why they call me Robb

Cause a nigga always gone

But I'm never gone missing

Broward County, I'm in the city

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