

New Kicks

Sad Frosty

Huh?
Aye!
What?
A-A-Astro, got it runnin'
Pussy!
Yeah! (Mathiastyner)
Okay!
Uh, yeah (Mike G, you can't do this to 'em, man)

New kicks, check that (Huh?)
Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that (What?)
All you other rappers got set back (Bitch!)
I run the game, bitch I said that (Huh?)
New kicks, check that (Yeah)
Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that (Okay!)
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Your bitch on my dick, she a dummy (Ayy!)
Wrap that boy up with some tape, he a mummy (What?, pussy!)
Pull out my dick and I nut on her tummy
DC my slime, his nose always runny (Thottie!, ayy!)
Pussy be talkin' that fuck shit (Huh?)
Call up Lil CJ, that boy he gon' dump shit
Broke boi be hating, he know that I run shit
I got a pregnant bitch, I'm with that dumb shit (Huh?)
Sike bitch, I'm playin'
Lil Frosty goin' Super Saiyan (Okay!)
Get rich or die trying was the plan
If I go back home, then bitch, I'm the man (Huh?)
Ayy, fuck a handout, bitch I won't ask for shit
Come get your bae cause' she all on my dick (Bitch!)
Fuckin' with Frosty, your bitch might get hit (Thot!)
I don't sell no crack but my chain cost a brick (Huh?)
Lightskin bitch in my DMs tryna fuck (What?)
You can get this dick, but miss me with the cuff (Okay)
That bitch like a blower, all she wanna do is suck (Yeah)
Body bag the pussy, left that in the trunk (Yeah, yeah)

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Shout out my nigga Big Frosty, uh (Slatt!)
Tell 'em get off me, uh (Yeah!)
No I'm not Jesus, don't cross me, uh, yeah (Bitch!)
You niggas is salty (What?)
She wanna gobble my dick it's impossible
Bitch I don't want you, I swear that I'm positive, um (What!)
My niggas slide through to your crib then we bringin' Bruce Wayne cause' I s
wear that we robbin' yah (Skrrt, skrrrrt!)
Slide, slide, niggas finna die (What!)

Bitch we came in with that fire
.223, on the side (Yeah!)

Cut that boy neck off, got machete, I know that his head soft
He deserved it, they callin' it manslaughter
And we poppin' too much, make the lead hotter
And your bitch got no name, call her head doctor
Tell Lil Frosty to pull up and Dead Shot him (Bow, bow, bow bow!)

That's my nigga, on God we don't playin' bout him
And your mans got his blood on my red bottoms
Fuck!
(Bitch!)

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