

We Gettin' It

SahBabii

Bang

Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds, bands

Them bands

Let's get it

Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it

Let's get it, let's get it, let's get it, let's get it

Let's get it, let's get it

Let's get it, let's get it

Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds

My niggas, we out here, we drummin'

Them thots we fuckin', no cuffin'

They bustin', the trouble, it's nothin'

I put that thirty to his face if he flexin'

I'll cut his fingers off, no more textin'

My niggas in the field, fool, we reckless

Your bitch in my room gettin' naked

Big shit, we tote that

O-three-nine, we 'bout that

Black cars and blackjacks

Black Glocks with extended mags

Hella hoes, hella bands

I'm higher than a helipad

The gas, chokin' off hella gas

Shittin' on 'em like hella ass

Bitch, we through the window like Bruh-Man

My pockets fat like Duh Duh Man

We cook it up with Pyrex

Niggas lookin' like, "Fuck the pan"

These bitches mount and do the team

Nigga, fuck the can

I'm closer to your bitch like you is to your brother, man

I hit 'em with that hook like Candyman

These niggas sweet, they from Candy Land

Wrap a nigga up like Spider-Man

These hoes buggin', need a Raid can

She givin' bald head like Hitman

I'm ridin' 'round doin' hits, man

I got a magic dick, man

I showed her a magic trick, man (Bitch)

Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds

My niggas, we out here, we drummin'

Them thots we fuckin', no cuffin'

They bustin', the trouble, it's nothin'

I put that thirty to his face if he flexin'

I'll cut his fingers off, no more textin'

My niggas in the field, fool, we reckless

Your bitch in my room gettin' naked

Money on my mind, bitch, I'm tryna get it

I stain for some hundreds, now I'm really tryna spend it

Your bitch pussy, I'm in it

That bullshit, we with it

All my niggas killin'

Bitch, don't get your feelings hurt

I told Thottiana fuckin' swerve
I'm on the block, boy, you know I'm puttin' in some work
My guns clappin' like the bitches twerk
My niggas out here ringin' bells, boy, I know you heard
Tote them twenties, tote them fifties, tote them hundreds
I got the screws in my hair, I spent eight-hundred
Them big screws, yeah, them bitches love it
Now she tryna make me her bitch

Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds
My niggas, we out here, we drummin'
Them thots we fuckin', no cuffin'
They bustin', the trouble, it's nothin'
I put that thirty to his face if he flexin'
I'll cut his fingers off, no more textin'
My niggas in the field, fool, we reckless
Your bitch in my room gettin' naked

Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds
Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds
Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds
Them twenties, them fifties, them hundreds