

Ooh-wee
(JRag on the beat)
Ooh-wee

I be with street niggas
I'm used to choppin' shells on the beat, nigga (Shit)
I don't repeat, nigga
I spend another hundred every week, nigga
I'm with the grease, nigga
I got detergent on me as we speak, nigga
Sauce on my feet, nigga
I be in Bathing Ape like it's cheap, nigga
Sancho delete niggas
I get a nigga murdered for the free, nigga
I'ma defeat niggas
I'm with the killin' grannies, I'm a G, nigga
All them delete niggas
I served you magic, lift him off feet, nigga
How you deplete niggas?
Spent a whole quarter million on some beef, nigga
I'm with the demonstration
I'm tryna see my opps get decapitated
Rappers be fabricating
Shit hit the sky, man, y'all stop procrastinating (Ooh-wee)

Chopsticks came with a dick on it
Million-dollar play and a nigga put a bitch on it (Ooh)
And a bitch run it back like Devin Hester
My pockets on swole like Brock Lesnar
I'll kick a nigga ass like Shane Lechler
I don't give a fuck 'bout your vendetta
I'm the type, get the bitch, make her do better
You the type, get the bitch, then you lose cheddar
I'm the type make the ho trip any weather
You the type take the ho out to eat at Cheddar's
I ain't got time for a dinner date
I'ma drip on a bitch in Bathing Ape
Once a nigga trip, I'ma put him on display
Rollin' through your hood, I get it brackin' in the broad day
Yellow stones in my ear, lemonade
Keep a cutter on my side, not a switchblade
Y'all niggas slimes, bitch-made
TSF business, lil' nigga, we been paid
I'm wreckin' bitches for riches, no time for a renegade, on sauce

These niggas got problems, we scoot up with cutters
I been drippin', I be leavin' a puddle
Alexander McQueen, I be clean like a bubble
At the trap spot, it's just me and my buddies
Nigga play with the sauce, I scoot up with TECs
I just seen a slime nigga wearin' a dress
I'm out of town, nigga, where is the meds?
I'm strapped up, got a MAC tucked
Nigga play with this shit, he gon' end up dead
The opps seen us at the store and they fled
Old scary-ass niggas don't want no playin'
I'm ridin' with Glocks, FNs, and choppers

I'm mixin' the Off-White with Versace
I know it sound brazy, but nigga, I'm drippin'
Pull up to the trap if you need a prescription
These niggas are rats, these niggas police
These niggas are sad, these niggas are weak
I drip and I splash every time that I walk
I drip and I splash every time that I talk
We sittin' on leather, you touch one feather
No question, we splash up and knockin' you off
Real trap nigga, I got bricks in my wall
And I got a whole army of shooters on call (Blah)