

# Dripp Harderr

Sauce Walka

Ayy

Got diamonds all over my teeth  
They drip and they freeze, bitch, I gotta eat, ayy  
I hop in the Benz with a freak  
Smash out at the store and I serve me a P, ayy  
The fuck is you talkin' 'bout?  
We got them choppers out, I'm shootin' shit like a three  
I swear that you niggas not street  
How you a shooter, you don't got no heat?  
I count the backends with my brother  
I smash with my brother and we got each other  
I finesse on a bitch and her mother  
I scoot up, I splash 'em, I'm slangin' the cutter  
I'm all up in Gucci with hundreds  
I make this shit double, I came from the gutter  
Got the powder with me, got the rocket with me  
It ain't nothin' to smash up and touch you  
Put an opp nigga in the graveyard  
Free my killers out hte stateyard  
I get thirty P's off a facecard  
I drip and I splash in a racecar  
I'm drippin' all over the radar  
We slidin' right now on the highway with eight cars  
Not the light way, the right way  
All these diamonds blangin', it's a nice day

Your daddy was a bitch, you a ho's son  
All these niggas gang gang, got no guns  
How is you the brick man makin' store runs?  
Your Versace kicks fake, get a refund  
Fell in love with the bitch, you a peon  
Send a hit, niggas scoot in a neon  
And my wrist AC, nigga, Freon  
(Ayy, ayy), Who drippin' harder than me? (Than me)  
Who drippin' harder than me? (Than me)  
Who mouth is water? It's me (It's me)  
Who spillin' hard in the streets? (The streets)  
Who drippin' harder than me? (Than me)  
Who drippin' harder than me? (Than me)  
Who drippin' harder than me? (Than me, ooh-wee)

Don't make me spill on your clothes (Clothes)  
Get you took down for your gold (Your gold)  
Then put it on at my shows (My shows)  
Bathing Ape all on my toes (My toes)  
I Bathing Ape on a ho (A ho)  
Yeah, I be drippin' but I be gorilla, so she camoflauged me the dough, oh  
You snatchin' and grabbin', your partner got caught and he told, bro (He told)  
You went to the jeweler and bought some fake diamonds for low, no (For low)  
You bought a two liter and only is pourin' up four, whoa (Whoa)  
And it's five more heads on that soda, you niggas be roachin' like janky promoters  
I bought a three-fifty and dieseled my motor  
I know that I'm black but my bitch white as coca'  
If the bitch ain't Oprah then I'ma look over

'Cause I'm tryna run up my check like a broker  
I'm havin' choppers on top of my sofas  
I brace for everything, I don't leave ovals  
Sauce is an army, boy, we don't leave soldiers  
You pray for a hundred, I spent that on chokers

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