

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 camoflauge me the dough, oh
You snatchin' and grabbin', your partner got caught and he told, bro (He tol d)
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 pro
moters
I bought a three-fifty and diesel 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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