

Ignant

Sauce Walka

Voochie, Voochie
Voochie, Voochie (Voochie)
I been myself for a long time (June, you're a genius)
June, you're a genius (Mhm)
(You're a genius, June)

Hey, I been by myself for a long time (Long time)
I been on the grind for a long time (Long time)
2020, yeah, it's my time (My time)
To shine (Shine)
I'm done bein' humble, I'm done bein' cool, fuck that (Fuck that)
Walk around the city with a twenty in my pocket
And a Sprayco in my backpack, hmm
I don't give a fuck what an opp talkin' 'bout
Call my birds, choppers gon' make him walk it out
Birds gon' spin a nigga block
Man, this shit crazy how all the real niggas out here dyin' over clout
Man, what happened to the gangsters?
All these new rap niggas wanksters, hmm

Hold up, June, let me switch it up
I ain't gon' go high, I'ma keep it low, mmm
Voochie P, bitch, I got flows
Voochie P, bitch, I got hoes
Braids to the back with the bobos
That shit get me dough, dough
I ain't never been a sucker, oh no
Always stood on my own
I know one thing for sure
I know one thing for certain
I'm cold, get to the money, I'm always outside, I ain't never runnin'
If you ain't TSF, bitch, or one of my niggas, you out of my circle
Can't fuck with you snake-ass niggas, geek-ass niggas, you niggas be Urkel

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All these new niggas soft (Soft)
Nowadays, if a nigga don't got a gun, he'll let you punch him in the mouth (In the mouth)
He'll let you run in his house (House)
Take all the cash in the couch (Couch)
Can't rob Voochie for the shoulder-
strap Louis, it's a Glock with the bands in the pouch (In the pouch)
Keep a strap in my hand for a mouse (For a mouse)
We don't fuck around with no snitches (No snitches)

Snake-ass niggas get stitches (Fuck slime)
'84 swang over ditches (Wait)
TSF business, we the richest (Business)
Richest (Business), richest (Business), richest thang (Business)
I'm throwin' a waterpark in my backyard the same size as Schlitterbahn (Ooh-wee)

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Go, Bentley Mulsanne, ridin' dolo (Hey)
I just knocked a bitch at the four so quick for the dough that I thought she
was the po-po (Ayy)
'65 coupe, ride slow-mo (Slow-mo)
I be in the hood with the bankroll (Bankroll)
So much ice 'round my neck, I could put it 'round your bitch, she gon' take
me to the North Pole (Woo-woo)
I'm so cold
Trappin' in the rain in the gold in a Louis V trenchcoat (Drip)
Glock get to switchin' on his block, we gon' aim at his top 'cause he wanna
make a quick post (Sweet)
Three trap phones and a bitch callin' one
Foe, you better hit Ian, got the choppers (Got the choppers)
Reachin' for my chain, get clapped first (Get clapped first)
I'll put a pussy slime on a white shirt or in a green hearse (Go)

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(Hit Cartel)