

Hellcats SRTs

Sexy Red

(Young Rari)

Yoom, yoom

It's Sexyy

Yeah

Bad bitches, we like fast cars

We like niggas that sell drugs with fast cars (Skrrt, skrrt)

Hellcats, SRTs, nigga, come pull up on me

Drive the car fast, do the dash, it make my coochie leak

Real bad bitch sittin' pretty, thousand for the weave

Fingernails exotic, gotta look cute when I'm smokin' weed

Trackhawk, say he wanna eat it, put that shit in park (Skrrt)

Bend it over, I'm from St. Louis, say he like my arch

Tell that nigga cash out for a whip if he want my heart

Playin' with my coochie while he drive, we on our way to Mars (Yoom)

Put the Benz in sport mode, nigga, I ain't no regular ho

I-I don't do insurance for my whips, this ain't Geico

Key my car, you want to, stupid bitch, yeah, I bite hoes

Diamonds bussin' through the tints and my car a light show

Drop-drop the top on the 'Rari, hope the wind don't snatch my wig

Bankroll Sexyy Red, bitch, you know I do it big

I be smokin' Zaza out the pack, you hoes be smokin' cigs

Been that bitch since I was in first grade, I put that on my kid

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You drunk? You swervin', I'm Sexyy, so he nervous

Bussin' hooks with my nigga in a foreign, servin' (Yoom)

R-real bad bitch, ain't nothin' average, that's for certain

He used to can't handle Big Sexyy, but he learnin'

B-bounce my ass in traffic, you in a hooptie, ho, you lackin'

Pull up in somethin' fast, you know I bring out all the ratchets

D-drive the Hellcat with no license, I'm a savage

He used to fuck with lames now he fuckin' with the baddest (Sexyy)

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Hellcats, SRTs, nigga, come and nut in me (Yoom, we out)