

Snapbacks & Tattoos

Shawnna

Snapbacks and tattoos
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Nice whips, fly chicks
All that cause cash rules

Show off your hats
Show off your tatts
Show off your arms, legs, chest, show off your back
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Ok now snapbacks and tattoos
Rap phat I'm that dude
My backpack got cash that
I make an ass clap like tap shoes
I'm international
Y'all n-ggas vaginal
I pass through, fresh to death
You've now entered swag school
Ladies holding kisses
Swag as cold as sickness
Team Driiky tatted on 'em cause they're ass is so ridiculous
In the 'Mazzi, paparazzi
Man they can't control the pictures
M.O.B. tat, screaming money over bitches
My clothes and tatts they're all custom though
Something that you ain't accustom to
Don't collapse with the Huxtables
Hoes like hats they adjustable
This is for my ladies and my fellas getting gravy
With your bodies marked up, like the train back in the 80s
I've been through the test
Now, Ink on my chest
Trying to triple my checks
I spit through the rest
Buy you a Mitchell & Ness
Fly and It'll fit you the best
From NY to LA
North Cackalack to Baton Rouge
All across the latitude
Everybody rockin' them

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Aye, y'all n-ggas don't wanna come and try to talk with me
Now n-gga, I do this shit
You motherf-cker wanna come and battle me
Oh n-gga, that's ludicrous
Snapbacks and tattoos, doobie wrapped in my bamboos
Young bitches too turned cold so I burn hoes, burn through
2 G's on my sandal, 10 packs on my man too
Y'all don't spit that's chase fire, I whack through window
Uh that's my bitch, wait
Uh that's my shit, wait
Y'all hoes just hate just hate us cuz can't do that like this ay
Show me any rapper, any motherf-cker rapper
I'mma put him on his back with the rat tat tat
Put me in the booth, I'mma show you where the truth
With a n-gga with juice and a black bandana
And I pull up in the Porsche Panamera
Money in the bank like I'm Hannah Montana
And I fill with the esta maniana
Pause for a minute, smile for the camera
Swirl ways in my Vera Wang
Feragamo, hermit lane
My swag stay on the plane and I'm old school, Dana Dane
Swishy sweets in my gasoline
Front page of your magazine
Pop a mile and you'll pop a pill cuz I'm iced out and I'm ridin' lean

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