

Broski

Shoreline Mafia

If I want, then I'll hit, pass it to my bro
(DJ Vision)
Three-firty a zip, five hundred my coat
It is what it is, we don't never love a ho
Know the price, nigga
Yeah, yeah

Three-firty a zip, five hundred my coat
It is what it is, we don't never love a ho
I only love my bitch, my kid, and my dough
If I want it then I'll hit her, pass to my bro
I want it, then I'll hit her, pass to my broski (I'll pass her)
Pop a lot of seals, pour the pint by the O'ski
If I want her, I can hit her, pass her to my broski (To my bro)
We pourin' up these pints, drop the seals by the O'ski

Nigga, hmm, that's his bitch, but not for long (Not for long)
Fenix walked into the room and now she gone (She a goner)
Politickin' 'bout some pussy, what they on? (What they on?)
Every dog gon' need a bone, mine was in this bitch's home, nigga (With your
bitch, nigga)
Yeah, she gettin' sneaky while he out workin' (Gettin' sneaky)
Cuttin' up up in her guts, but I'm not a surgeon (We gettin' freaky)
This bitch damn near thirty-five, actin' like a virgin (Bitch, stop it, psh)
Pussy cleaner than detergent, I'm tryna murk it (I'm tryna pop it)
He was trippin', made the news, now he out of service (Brrt)
Called OhGeesy, what's the word? We gon' get to purgin' (Hello?)
Rich bitch, hella thick, yeah, I got her squirtin' (Nigga)
I fucked her while she on the rag, it's a bloody murder (Yeah, ooh)
You hear that, 'Frirt," nigga, "Baow'", it's a man down (It's a man down)
The chopper finna, 'Booka-booka," make him stand down (Make 'em stand down)
Fah-fah, baby ain't gonna leave a nigga soulless (Brrt)
She bend it over, spread it open, watch a nigga poke it (Watch a nigga poke
it)
Me and Bella's rollin' buds, yeah, we getting toasted (Gettin' faded)
Nigga, fuck a peace treaty, tryna split 'em open (Buh, huh)
Put some bitches in the bathroom, playing with they noses
Nigga play, I'll drop a dub and watch my nigga smoke him (Uh, uh, uh)
You caught a shot, now a nigga choking, hmm (Huh)
Fucked her off an Adderall, I ain't losin' focus (Off a Addy)
Three bitches on me now, nigga, hocus pocus (Yeah, they on me)
Now you see me, now you don't, left her in the open

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I don't fuck with none of you bitches, I'ma let you know the truth
Let theses niggas capped out when they get up in the booth
I swear it sound good, but it sound better on mute
A nigga pump fake with his blick, I'ma shoot
I'm back on that bullshit, back on that juice

I'm back on that block, gettin' head up in the coupe
When real niggas walk in, you better salute
Me and Fenix back ballin', nigga, alley-oop
I'm talkin' 'bout pick and rolls, givin' goals, slappin' hoes and gettin' do
ugh
You ain't tryna do the same, then what the fuck you in it for?
Cookin' with my nigga, even though it's been a minute, though
Fuckin' at the kitchen 'cause the plug said he need ten of those
We supply the plug, nigga, we is the connection
We decide, niggas, how your main bitch dressin'
We don't step outside if we don't got a weapon
I see a real nigga when I look at my reflection

Three-firty a zip, five hundred my cup
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Pop a lot of seals, pour the pint by the O'ski
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Tezzer- T-T-Tezzer on it