

Send A Text

SleazyWorld Go

Nigga
Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Run that back, Turbo

All the bad bitches come to the front, the weak hoes stand to the side
I'll hit your block with some shit that'll kill everybody outside
The Glock ain't a Red Bull, but this bitch still make nigga fly
I think God was on his side when we caught him, he shoulda died
Wash my face and brush my teeth before I leave, I grab my blick
Throw my jewelry on and start my day, I can't forget my kit
Drive the Trackhawk or the 'Vette, my bitch text me soon as I left
Side bitch know don't call my phone when I'm at home (She better text)

I like when my bitch walk 'round the crib with my boxers on
Don't know bitch suck dick better than my bitch when she got her bonnet on
She know I'm the one, not the two or the three or four
Got more luck seein' the UFO than see me cuff a ho (For real)
Switch come with a Glock, red beam with a dot
I pray wherever these bullets go, it reach the opps (Go, it reach the opps)
We been whippin' them boys' ass, we need to stop
They shouldn't be actin' like they some' that they not

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