

Cabbage (Freestyle)

Smino

(The booty in that muhfucka cuh
On God, you had a target on 'em, nigga
That's blue club, nigga
Straight up, big booties in the produce aisle
On God, line two)

Met a freaky lil' dish at the Slauson swap
She a artist with the tongue, mm, Jaw-squiat
I was flea market up, that cost a lot
Got a St. Louis, chickenhead, was top
I'm a sucker for cornrows and natural afros
Your bitch a bird, sink, bath, she pigeon-toed
Your bitch a bird, no salmonella on the pole
Try to get to lickin', I'm electric, she cha-cha slide on me
Ejecto seato, no for Smino, let her for my homie
Icon my nigga, no tuxedo, my air force one on me
Bitch, I stay puffy like a Cheeto, God took his time on me
Twenty bitches in the lobby, guess that's where I be
I be smokin' on dry weed, got me wakin' up late all groggy
I need some real thick like Ashanti, later roun'
I'll bill up, no Chauncey, huh
Or Sevyn Streeter, I take seventy streets to eat her
I'm not a big repeater
My name ain't Peter, but let me now if you see her
Only kids, I don't hang with the chi-chi-chi
I done pissed off the gang 'bout the shit, shit, shit
Quick to cut a nigga off like a sink
(Nigga I'm havin' so much fun in this motherfucker right now)

Gettin' cabbage, and all my bitches nasty (My bitches nasty)
I'm higher than your fashion (Dior)
And if they ask, I'm taxin'
You're broke, tragic, nigga, that's tragic
Tragic, tragic, tragic, haha

You know me
Young nigga just tapped in like a tap dance
We do this shit easy, man
We do this shit every day, any day, man
Listen, this is fun bruh, at this point
Man, I hope y'all motherfuckers enjoy y'all self
You know what I'm sayin'?
Hope y'all got your goddamn popcorn, Kool-Aid
Barbecue wings, whatever the fuck y'all do
Hope my niggas got something' rolled
My shawties got them a little wood or whatever, yeah
She already decided
It's above me know
Videos, homie, videos?
DVD, CDs, Master P, Charlie's Angels
Let's go, let's go, let's go