

WE GOT THE BISCUITS

Smino

Oooh
Woah!
Oooh
There you go baby

I'm positively poppin', on my zit shit
Tap the pussy proper, (No hands) it's a meniscus
Dovey dovey dovey dove (We got it)
We got the biscuits
Dovey dovey dovey dove (We got it)
We got the biscuits
I get the dough baby, when I do-re-mi
She got that Fa So Le Ah Ti
I get the dough baby, when I do-re-mi
She got that fire, so I'm tired

I get the dough, like Homer (Doh!)
All this paper look like homework (Woah!)
Shawty a glacier in a cold world (It's cold!)
Her booty flat like Converse
But when we converse, she said kind words
I like how your mind work, let's see how your brain is
I Concur
Fuck 40 acres, want the whole world
Never complacent, come and place it
Right on my face lemme recline back
Actually, where was you thinkin' of buying that (hmm hmm)

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Ooh ooh ooh ooh
I got the dough, she got the cake
Let's talk the show, no Ricki Lake
They paper trail like everyday
We make the paper percolate
We had the tape to respect, they seen us
We grew up with some sticky fingers
'Cause I was serving a whole arena
I was right there when he had the Chingy
Then I was the shy nigga, blingy blingy
I open this bag, it get stinky, stinky
Hop in the Jag and get itty bitty
I'm outta town, man I miss the city
I might just buy a whole block off of Delmar
Throw me a fire show in the city
Tryna inspire the little kiddies
Tryna return it to the cribby, yeah

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Damn, the fuck it's so cold in LA?
This muh'fuckin piece of shit...
Come on, damn!
Nephew... in this bitch smokin'
Nephew... smokin'
Write that shit nigga

Nowadays I, feel like I, can't fuck bitches without other bitches all knowin
g my business
Nashey trois on my mind like my locs
So I hop in my ride to meet you and your partner mmhm
The Southside a Chicago mhmm
On The 9 2 be proper plus Uber
They surgin Ibaka parcore in that pussy
Pop wheelies on your walls
A nigga purge on yo pearls
I stick it up like jewelry shop break ya down Like a hoopti
Ol' faithful my getaway from my
My getaway