

Johnny!

Smokepurpp

Bitch I feel like Johnny Dang!
All this ice around my chain (all this ice!)
Bitch I feel like Johnny Dang!
All this gold my pinky rang (blang blang!)

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I don't know you, you a stain (yeah I don't)
I don't know you, you ain't gang (no you ain't!)
Ain't no function, let it blang (ain't no function let it...)
Run up on me, you get changed
Ruger on me, shootin' like I had it
Pull up on your block I make it tragic
Pussy boy I get it crackin' (you get it crackin' huh?)
Watch a pussy nigga panic
Run it up I need my check
Pull up start bustin' the TEC
I been in the kitchen no whip (yeah!)
At 15 I hit my first lick
Remember when there was no money
I really was rippin' her tummy
Now these bitches wanna fuck me
Now they just happy they touch it

Bitch I feel like Johnny Dang! (hey!)
I'm a dope boy, all I do is slang (all I do is slang boy!)
If you is a opp then we cannot hang
I got fiji diamonds all up in my rang (fiji, fiji, fiji) (my rang, my rang, my rang)
If you wanna feature, imma charge a rack (that rack boy!)
I feel like Johnny Dang, the way I move the packs
My name is lil pump and all I sell is crack
If Smokepurpp don't trust you then you gon get wacked
Obama told me Lil pump, oh my God (oh my God!)
You and Smokepurpp, ya'll been doing so much fraud
I go to Johnny dang after I crack some cards
I smoke straight backwoods I don't ever smoke cigars

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