

Don't Miss!

SoFaygo

I'm me (Grrah)
I don't feel like I gotta be like anybody else (Oh, yeah)
At the end of the day I'ma always do me, so it's like
If you don't like it, then fuck it (Haha)
(2Ezzy on some other shit)

You better lace up your boots, let's go to war (Woah)
Suicide doors (Woo), motherfuck a Ford (Yeah)
I'ma get that bag and I can't ever come up short (Oh yeah)
I'm a poor sport, you play with me then get extorted
I bought that bag for my lil' shawty
I'm too geeked, I'm too retarded
Why you even listen to what they say?
You know if you need me, you can call
These niggas get hit from my 9
Number nine in my size (Number nine, number nine)
Everything I touch heat
If I don't miss, don't be surprised

How can they surpass me?
Shut the fuck up, lil' bitch
We getting up, lil' bitch (Yeah)
And I spend a whole rack on the kicks
But I cannot hold back on a nigga, man
I put them old racks on a nigga
I cannot go back being broke
Run up and go to Saks, I'm in Neiman's
Man, that chopper go "Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-fah"
Go and get it or you dyin' tryin'
Shooter pull up with this hot nine
You ain't never put your life on the line
He ain't ever buy his mama a bag
He don't know the feeling of having racks (Yeah)
Damn, a young nigga got off his ass
Now he thumbin' through the paper fast
Now he thumbin' through the-, haha (Yeah)
Now he thumbin' through the paper fast
On the highway, do whole damn dash
Catch up, boy, you're coming in last
Pedal to the metal, foot on the gas
Up in the A with a H-town bitch
She lovin' a nigga, smack her on her (Woo), ass

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Ayy, I'm done playin' with niggas

I got my foot on they neck, ahaha
And that's how we gon' deal with 'em
Sit here and count these racks (Bitch)
Ayy, but fuck you if you don't like it though