

Rappy

Sonta

That's my Rappy, that's my Rappy
That's my Rappy, that's my Rappy
That's my Rappy cus she gone ride
I call her phone, know she gone slide
That's my Rappy, that's my Rappy
That's my Rappy, that's my Rappy
That's my Rappy cus she official
To make me happy, she'll get with you

We get lit, we talk shit, we kick it
Fuck around make a hit
Fuck around move bricks and babysit
You don't wanna play with sis, it'll get ridiculous
I was in love with him but then my mood changed
Can't get enough, get him back when my mood change
I want the red, my Rappy want the blue range
We want blue hundreds, we don't want no loose change
I don't got much to say to you cus
About me my Rappy, ain't gone play with you
Snatch you up and let me have my way with you
It can get crazy boo, ahuh
Ain't shit sweet but she shake it like a laffy taffy
Look to yo left or right say that's my Rappy, that's my Rappy

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(Queen, aye)
That's my Rappy
Bitch we stuck together like we nappy
He finally ate some pussy now that nigga over happy
You see us in the club, don't touch her, don't tap me
You know I had my babies, bitch we good don't ask me
Don't ask me shit, I been making these hoes repent
I been making these hoes play the bench
I been making these hoes pay my rent and
I don't give a fuck Queen key
EMP bitch, make me cum, get smart, get head bitch
Make me dumb, I walk what I talk
Can't no bitch make me run
Queen Shit Bitch

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