

BAWSKEE K

SosMula

Army boy, army boy
Is that Shoki on the beat?
Ayy
Hellsing
Reapyy
Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt
Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo

Uh, mans, mans, mans, that's your mans walking
Catch him, run his ass down, do the dance on him
Michael Jackson in this bitch, moonwalking on him
He think he shit, we at his crib, take his bands off him

Ayy, doo-doo-doo-doo-doo, that's my TEC talking
Little bitch just shut your mouth, I ain't TED Talkin'
Drop some bands, bands, bands, he a check walking
For them bands, bands, bands, shoot his chest off him

I said "fuck Bawskee", bitch, you want smoke, you get hit
Diamond brazy, flick the wrist, we been slidin' with the tint
I put silence on my Tommy, [?] you ain't boutta hearing shit
Put machete through your skully, you gon' get your wig split
You a Disney Channel baby, you ain't scaring not shit
Jewelry game Fugazy chains look like hot shit
You was raised in the burbs, you wasn't scared of not shit
You was training in the army, pussy still ain't pop shit

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Sippin syrup outta double cup, I'm rude about it
I just left the lot, I'm smoking gas with shooters prolly
Had his mans go set him up, he never knew about it
Put taht boy rite on the news, Fuck 12 go do about it
Bitch It's Big Sleez, made out the way from the projects
I'm who you can't be, driving faded feeling nauseous
Imma flip the rari like a pop of narcotics
Came up from the Yo, we were trapping out apartments

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