

Pockets Fat

Soulja Boy

I'm busting jugg, turn up, whay, hey
I'm making plays, young fresh nigga, boy
I'm hitting licks, everybody on my click we busting, turn up, turn up
All day, busting jugs, making plays
Bustin jugs, making plays
Bustin jugs, making plays
Bustin jugs, making plays

Bustin jugs, making plays, I got all these bands
I got racks everywhere, soulja boy I got zans
Got a new rollie, and I cope the new ap
Got all the bricks on me, and I got all the whips on me
Words to my mother, word to new york
Soulja boy stunner, kanye say new slave
While soulja boy say new chains
Man that boy be so fly, I keep shit like lu kang
Man you tripping nigga, go and tie up your shoe strangs
It's about time, that soulja boy come through shine
The 54s on my mind, get money that's all the time
I am not jay z, I'm not, I know how this feel
I know what I gotta do, I'm a turn up in this shit
My diamonds look like a light show
I'm getting cash, no typo
My iPhones no ice copin
And I'm on with no ice on
My girl go wherever I go,
I'm getting cash no type
Pockets fat no light bulb
I'm getting cash that's ice on
Soulja, yeah I be told ya, whipping the rover
Chicken and chiefing, I walk in the Bentley
The ball of the century, I'm a guap till it's empty
So... spray, I'm killing the camp out, boom, bang, bang
I pull up slangin em chickens, you know I do my damn thang
My pockets fat no light bulb
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My girl go wherever I go
My pockets fat no light bulb
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My pockets fat no light bulb
Pitchfork's like disciple
Riding through in that new lac
Swear my diamonds look like a light show
I'm getting money like tyco
I'm getting money like Tyson
I'm getting money like a billion dollars
Like a million dollars that's come soon
Vacuum all the guap, that's vetuceen, want on top
She want a picture, just panorama
On the pj in my new pajamas
Riding round with that fucking hammer
Gucci, louie, hermans, Versace'
World tour, I touchdown

They see my face, they fuck with me
I'm getting cash, I'm getting guap
Yeah the shit is lovely,
I stuff kush in my swisher sweet
Your girlfriend she came here to see
Gave 50k just to make her see
'Is on my feet

I could rock the cold chilla, Gucci to the sweater
Guap down to my shoes, finessing marting margello
Swag so clean, I should have signed on rockofella, jay z
I be getting cash, I could rock it acapella
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My pockets fat no light bulb
My girl go wherever I go
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