

NUTELLA

Spark Master Tape

I'm runnin', I'm runnin', I'm runnin', no twelllve, could possibly follow me
(blah)

I don't want head, I don't want head hoe, gimmie lobotomy (uhh)

My chain shining like Mr. Perfect, that oil ounce

My wrist gleam like I dipped...

Boom boom boom

Gas stackked like a mofukkin' pimp (I got money look, ayy, ayy)

I go harder than a anybody (ayy, I got money look)

I go harder than a anybody

Get it, harder than a motherfukker then I hit a party, kkill a guest, guest,
guest, guest, guest, guest, guest, guest

Dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit

Gotta go to

Dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit

Dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit

Dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit

(Xans all I need on my NUTELLA sandwich)

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Ayy, ayy, ayy, uhh (boom boom boom)

Ayy who dat here, ayy who dat here

Who dat, who dat here, who dat, over there, over there

Fuckin' all these bitches, fuckin' all these bitches (fuck)

Hey over there, hey hold it here, hold it there, over there, over there, the
re

Fukkin' all my bitches over here, over here

Yeah, ok, all I do is fuck bitches

Ayy, wake up and I fuck a bitch, woo

Go to bed with a 9mm for 'em, 9mm for 'em

Run up, run up, run up

I got NUTELLA boy I got the kkoran

I got NUTELLA boy I got the kkoran

Dump shit, dump shit, dump shit, dump shit

Gotta go to

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Hey over there, hey hold it here, hold it there, over there, over there, the
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Fukkin' all my bitches over here, over here, ok (boom, boom, boom)

The king of the gods, an' the God of the key
Hop on the op try and talk shit and swing
Over the clock, like the card of my rig
Stumble your room like you, Morty, I'm Rick
Bitches on bitches on bitches who gives
I whip a bitch in the back of my crib (run up on 'em)
Pistol whippin', double grippin', shiftin' chicken, flippin' pitches
Fuck you bitches (boom boom boom)

NUTELLA ayy, that NUTELLA, woo
NUTELLA ayy, NUTELLA ayy, NUTELLA ayy, NUTELLA ayy