

## Calabasas

SSGKobe

Yeah

Yeah, ayy, yeah, ayy, yeah, ayy, okay, yeah

Wait, hold on bro, who the f\*ck keep callin' my phone?

Hey, never mind, f\*ck this bitch

One, two, three bad bitches sippin' Lipton (Yeah, yeah, ayy)

Pulled up with your bitches then we left, yeah we dipped in (Yeah, ayy, yeah)

Niggas, they be cappin' on they chinny-chin, Crimson (Yeah, what?)

I'ma f\*ck this thot like a GTA, she missioned (Yeah, what?)

And my bros booted up off the gas (Uh, where? Where?)

And she bad (Ooh), shawty shakin' ass (Where?)

In L.A. with Bia, he'll hit the dash (Skrr, skrr)

I just called my clans, we can clash (Baow)

I get hella lit (Yeah), I'm a frat boy (Yeah)

Frat boy (Frat boy), feel like Batman, I'm a bat, boy (I'm a bat, boy)

Pull up with them sticks, we keep them bats, boy (Frrah, frrah)

Niggas keep them tools, we never lack, boy (Frrah, frrah)

And you said you bangin', that's an act, boy (Act, boy)

'Cause when we shot your crew, you was track, boy (Nyoom)

You had turned on your gang, ain't comin' back, boy (Nah)

Smokin' big 'Woods, not no Black, boy (Not no Black, boy)

One, two, three bad bitches sippin' Lipton (Yeah, yeah, ayy)

Pulled up with your bitches then we left, yeah we dipped in (Yeah, ayy, yeah)

Niggas, they be cappin' on they chinny-chin, Crimson (Yeah, what?)

I'ma f\*ck this thot like a GTA, she missioned (Yeah, ayy, ayy)

I'ma check these niggas like I work for Nike, they won't like me

Put your fist up, sticks down, come and fight me

This a Phantom, ho, I can't go broke, bitch, I'm rich (Can't go broke, bitch)

I'm a lick, I'm a walking brick, yeah, that be your bitch

On my dick, I'm a rockstar, yeah, I'm rockin' shit

In a coupe, I can't even lose, I be with your boo (Uh-uh)

Talkin' shit, end up on the news, I got plenty tools (Where? Where? Where?)

I got jewels makin' money too, this the life I live

I can't choose, I got plenty moves, everything legit (Yeah, ayy)

One, two, three bad bitches sippin' Lipton (Yeah, yeah, ayy)

Pulled up with your bitches then we left, yeah we dipped in (Yeah, ayy, yeah)

Niggas, they be cappin' on they chinny-chin, Crimson (Yeah, what?)

I'ma f\*ck this thot like a GTA, she missioned (Yeah, what?)

I'ma f\*ck this thot, she a treesh, pourin' Wockhardt (Ayy)

p\*ssy boy throwin' signs on Twitter, boy, you're not hard

You could get your face fist-f\*cked, you play your cards right (f\*ck)  
I'm a lil' kid, I like to eat Pop-Tarts