

(Ginseng)  
(Ayy, yeah)  
(Yeah, go)  
(Woah, yeah, ayy)  
D-

D-D-Don't even gotta shoot, give that bitch to Bell  
Walk in YSL, they say, "What's the smell?"  
I've been kickin' shit, know that you can tell  
Summrs 007, ring a bell  
High up off this gas, babygirl, I'm shell  
Sippin' on this lean, bae I need some help  
I don't even skate, but I'm on the rail  
That mean I'm on my grind, know that you can tell  
My bitch down to earth like a spider  
And I'm in that Spider  
Shit can get lit, just like a lighter  
He say he get high, babygirl, I get higher  
He think he get fly, babygirl, I get flier  
Off of this lean, got me movin' slow  
Sippin' DJ Phat when I'm in the mode  
My pockets they stay fat, fat than a hoe  
Walk right up in Neiman like, "Give me those"  
Tatted on my neck, it attract the hoes  
She just want the sex, yeah, I'm hip, I know  
And her pussy pink, Pepto Bismol  
Get shit poppin' on the scene, like some Crisco  
Smokin' on this gas like the Citgo  
In this coupe, it's fast, man, that bitch go  
Fuckin' on her sister, man, that kinfolk  
Light up the gas with the zippo  
Hit it from the back, like them dimples  
Fuck in the pool, make some ripples  
Now she stuck on me like she stapled  
Suck me with no hands, I know you able