

(Wisvoo)

Brr, brr

Geekin' off a fuckin' Addy, yeah
Rockin' Off White with Bally, yeah
Got a glass pint from Cali'
He shop at Ross, all these fucking millions, I keep adding
Bitch, get up out my face with all that nagging
Two Glocks part of me, no lacking
Yeah, the pistol get to fuckin' clapping
If the bitch bad, you know that I'ma bag it
Thirty-five pointers in my tennis, bitch, and yeah, my left wrist is
some baguettes
Turned a couple niggas up off of some features, carry like a basket
My bitch waist slim like she fasting
You gon' hear that motherfucking Glock click like a seatbelt when it
fasten
All my drug dealers, what's happening?
Most of my niggas still in the streets and they fuckin' trappin', nig
ga, no capping
Get his nose wiped, no napkin
Strapped like Iraq, nigga, we packing
Russian cutter, this bitch nasty
Fuck Balenci', I change up my fashion
And my bitch just like me, she bragging
Hit her up, now that pussy gasping
I could show you some tricks, some magic
Yeah, watch how them racks turned elastic
Cup full of Tris, clutching my plastic
Stuff her throat, got this bitch gagging
Connect the play like he John Madden
And fuck what he say, that nigga just rapping
Yeah, that switch talking Pig Latin
Yeah, step back from the three, my shooter Curry or CP3
This bitch like an NPC
Made a million off my PC
And my scammers hit a PC
Rocking YSL with LV
Yeah, Louis when you smell me
You won't hop up in that V
Said she wanna go out to eat
Text the bitch back like, "We'll see"
She'll slobber, she a neat freak
Clean me up when she eat me
If ain't about the money
Yeah, ain't no reason to proceed
I'll fly the bitch across the sea
Put her ass in

Yeah, yeah, yeah