

Van Cleef Poppin

Summrs

Uh, yeah, yeah

Brr

Ain't stopping, got these bitches fallin' out of my pocket, huh

Yeah, yeah

And these racks ain't stopping, got these bitches fallin' out of my pocket, huh

Lil' bitch, I'm poppin', know a couple niggas wanna pop me, huh

Got some niggas wanna copy, left wrist went Van Cleef popping, huh

You sittin' on your ass, lil' baby, I'ma take her shopping, huh

In the back of the Rolls truck, I'm noddin' off

Let's get it on, pussy nigga, let's play ball

Free my niggas from them shackles, fuck the law

Free Sosa, yeah, he short, but this money tall

Colorblind when it's not the money

Slime his ass like his nose runny

Nigga, wake up and get the money

Nigga, wake up and smell the hundreds

With these freaks, I'ma keep it a hundred

Nigga, all of my diamonds stunning

She gon' eat me up until the morning

I used to be broke, I was too bummy

Chew them Percs just like some gummies

Have my nigga run you down, get to gunning

Yeah, wrap it up just like a mummy

I'm a millionaire, dummy

I'm off of that white with them snow bunnies

Yeah, his pockets so crummy

She hop on that dick and get to jumping

Yeah, I'ma have my nigga slap 'em, shell cases get to dumping

Bullets flyin' everywhere

We gon' put 'em in the air

Stack my money, need some stairs

'Cause this shit get overwhelming

And these niggas keep on telling

That's why we gon' leave 'em smelling

And these racks ain't stopping, got these bitches fallin' out of my pocket, huh

Lil' bitch, I'm poppin', know a couple niggas wanna pop me, huh

Got some niggas wanna copy, left wrist went Van Cleef popping, huh

You sittin' on your ass, lil' baby, I'ma take her shopping, huh

YSL on my denim

Stuff them racks up in 'em

Came through this bitch trimmin' in a fuckin' Lamb' chop

Yeah, we gon' handle that smoke, pussy, we don't call cops

Came through this bitch in a double M, I drop drop

Yeah, God made me a millionaire, praise to Allah

I'm in Magic City throwing racks at these strippers

Free all my niggas and kill all the snitches

I'm the one investin' in all my killers

Mask off, his last sight was his killer

Hang around felons and drug dealers

Fighting my case with these fuck niggas

Watch out for snakes, I don't trust niggas

When I flash out, just wanna bust, nigga
Turn his ass into some dust, nigga
Red key, I'm in track mode
When I'm in the back, I'm in relax mode
Sippin' out of champagne flutes with a black ho
Tryna fuck your mama, I'm in that mode
Pockets full just like a fat ho

And these racks ain't stopping, got these bitches fallin' out of my pocket,
huh

Lil' bitch, I'm poppin', know a couple niggas wanna pop me, huh
Got some niggas wanna copy, left wrist went Van Cleef popping, huh
You sittin' on your ass, lil' baby, I'ma take her shopping, huh

(Ayy, Geo got them bands, huh?)