

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

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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

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(Ayy, Geo got them bands, huh?)