

Panda (T

T-Pain

Oooohhh, yeah yeah
Woo! yeah yeah
T-T-T-T-Tmix, baby
Pizzle, Woo!
Look at it
I mean this shit can't be against the rules now
I fuck with these niggas
Get the nigga who did Desiigner adlibs, get him on the phone because this sh
it about to be lit

Leggo
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda
I got hoes up in Brooklyn, my Jamaican bitches be cooking
She sit me down at the table, I let you know how it was looking
Rice and peas, macaroni cheese, collared greens
No she don't bullshit
She Steph Curry with the curry chicken
She just make a whole bunch of good shit
I been out the ghost, I got the rice sitting on the tow truck
Had to hit me with some bands
He can get me that brown paper bag
Get me more bucks
I'm goin fine, securing lines with my zoes bro down in Florida
I stack it, stack it, pack it, pack it, stack it, pack it, stack it, pack it
, in that order
Hold up, I'm all the way up
I need to put something in my soda
I don't need no lunch, Imma go get a bunch of Asian bitches up in the Rover
My legacy, fuck that
They thought that T-pain wasn't gon' to come back
Now go tell them that when you run back
You a hoe, so you already done that
Hold up, I'm all the way up
I need to put something in my Sprite, bitch
If you think you're doing it, I'm about to ruin it
You're niggas are going to learn tonight, bitch
If you think I'm lit now, watch what happens when I come and turn on the lig
ht switch
I will not plan this shit, I come and handle it
Boy that ain't shit but a flight, bitch

I mean really though
If you think about it, really think about it how hard do they really go?
(Bitch, I'm really dope)
Now you really know
They ain't ready bro
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda

I got bitches in the Bronx, nigga
They can get me in the back door
Rob a nigga in the trap house, bitch you just walked in the trap door
Caught the body in the Bugati, go put the bricks in the wrapper
Thought they was sleepin on Pizzle
Somebody go ask these niggas what they takin' a nap for
Illuminappy, that the squad, nigga
Without that shit I would've been dead
But I swear to God I'mma keep killin' niggas and I put that shit on my kid's

head
Cash Know. I'm an asshole. So don't fuck with Pizzle and his bread
I'm the type the type of nigga that'll find a nigga then go and find his chick and a get bitch head
Yea, I'm all the way up
¿Dónde estás, mi amigo?
Don't put your eye in that peephole
Cause I'll turn the back of your head to a peephole
Think again, and then go and murk all your people
You already know the weapon is lethal
Flip the clip, guy get back, pull the hair trigger
Yeah nigga, back for the sequel, oh
I got problems in my head, nigga
Smokin' that shit from the West Coast
The major key is when you hatin' me, you could fuck around get your neck broke
You fuck around with the Winsquad, they could find your body at the Texaco
The summer comin' and you comin' with nothin'
You ready pussy-nigga, let's go

All I say is "Panda, Panda" and they handle-handle my shit
While I'm chillin' up in Alabama tryna show a bitch how fast a lambo can get
With all of this green up under these gold chains, they mistakin' me for the king
Bitch, I make platinum, I'm comin' after them
Passin' them, all I do is fucking win, bitch

I got broads out in Cali, I got hoes gettin' ratchet
Hit dispensaries and grab it, wrap it all up in that plastic
USPS, I'm a track it
Two day priority, I have it
They're making a meet and I'm taxing
Two hundred racks in the mattress
I don't know about y'all, but I'm a street nigga
Ain't gotta sound like nobody, I'm just me, nigga
Been on tour with T-Pain, that's for free, nigga
That's why I still fuck with them bricks and the weed, nigga

And that's why I hop in my jag, my nigga go hop in that Benz
My nigga go hop in that porsche, and no we don't need no new friends
Cause we'll go hop in that ghost, and yeah that we'll still got the Benz
Look at that lift on the fours, look at the mothafuckin' rims
And I keep tryna tell you we from Florida, babe
Still fifty-grand sofa, now mercedes benz

The baddest bitches in the world that'll drive you crazy
From the cocaine era, I'm a eighties-baby
Oh yeah

Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda, Panda
Panda, Panda, Panda

Ahh, uhh