

Boomin Freestyle

T-Wayne

Rickey Wayne still the black Justin Bieber
Fur coat cause I got jungle fever
All my girls got Clyde, no teacher
All my girls a work of art, Mona Lisa
Pull up feelin' like I'm Michael Jackson
Dropped a mixtape and then I went platinum
You was the man in high school, what happened
Man my whole team eating, pass the napkins
Taking trips to Bermuda
Now I'm whipping like Kunta
On point, Freddy Krueger
Rickey broke, that's a rumor
Whole team taking off, so you better move
I had to flick my wrist cause I woke up on the moon
Man Rickey Wayne cool even in the month of June
All these other rappers faker than a bunch of cartoons
Rickey Wayne part 2, got your girl getting loose
I'm on top, no roof, in the clouds like Zeus
Man I'm young presidential
Pull up, no rental
Kicking shit like kimbo
Getting head like mental
I'm just going off my mental
Homeboy smoking like a whole bag of indo
RIP to my little brother Timbo
Ballin' on these haters, you can catch me in the gym-bo
Couldn't get the Xbox, had to flex with the Nintendo
That's when I was young and I had a lot of hunger
Had the girls getting hot, undressing like it's summer
I'm good with punctuations cause I see a lot of commas
My bank account looking like a cellphone number