

Dynamic Duo

TeejayX6

I'm mad as hell 'cause Spirit delayed my flight
Me and Teejay had a show in Miami to go to tonight
Just got an opp address, we gon' go tonight
A couple days later they was postin' this nigga candlelight
He wasn't even from the hood, he was from Sterling Heights
Finna knock a nigga out and go viral, record the fight
What you got put on the weed? That nigga only said five
Took a petty-ass loss, boy, I can't believe you cryin'
If the opps in this party, then everybody dyin'
Your bitch saw me out in traffic like, "That's really Kasher Quon"
Got caught with stolen credit cards but they let me out on bond
He was 'bout to sell the last deuce, but I came right on time
Everybody say they fuckin' with the punches or the slides
Mad at the cashier 'cause she told you it declined
At first he had a Scatpack, now he askin' for a ride
At first she had her own crib, now she tryna stay at mine
What, you ain't got your own 'fits? Nigga, you tryna buy mine?
I just punched my mama bills on Comcast dot-com
I think the city bad luck, I'm 'bout to move out of town
He tried to slide in Walmart and left out with a frown
And he say he smokin' Runtz, man, that shit Bobby Brown
Wearin' them old ass 'fits, boy, that shit out of style
You ain't up no dog shit, I can tell that you down
You need to junk that old car 'cause that bitch too loud
Your bitch was on her period, I told her put her head down
I'm off a four of Hi-Tech, I'm 'bout to go to bed now
Told your bitch to come over, bitch, come over now
I treat your bitch like a dog, tell her, "Roll over now"
The opps havin' funerals, piss on they casket in the ground
Ridin' in a Scatpack, you in a Victoria Crown
Rushing in on my face, they keep telling me it's down
I just went to Walmart and I tore that bitch down
And I saw you in there too, but you got a low amount
Please hit my DM if you got a bank account
Try to run off with the cheese and you know we staking out
'Cause when I got your log-in I saw the address to your house
Treat a nigga like a fancy dinner how I take him out
You know that bitch got thirty bodies and you still ate her out
My pops ran off with a bow, I'm 'bout to take this nigga out
This shit really surprise me what niggas doin' for some clout
You on the stand testifying? Lil' nigga, you a mouse
Had to shoot up the liquor store, I seen a nigga on the Ross
Too addicted to the lean, poured that shit in my Voss
You ain't got enough for it, boy, stop asking what it cost
Stingy like Mr. Krabs when it comes down to my sauce
Got chased by a fat mall cop, he look like Rick Ross
Like I'm hooping with this nigga, hit him with a criss cross
My bitch ain't tryna let me fuck, this shit got me pissed off
Now I'm in my DM's, probably 'bout to trick off
Told the bitch I wanna fuck so how much do that cost?
Niggas lookin' at my 'fit like, "How much do that cost?"
Sent the AR bullet to his head and I knocked his cap off
I just jugged my bitch lil' cousin and he from Utah
I just got a couple bows in in the U-Haul
My mama sad she tryna move, punched her a U-Haul
When you walk in my house, nigga, take your shoes off
Remember back in middle school, fucking in the school office

My shirt says Givenchy, yours say Pink Dolphin
She ain't never smoke Runtz, I can tell by how she coughin'
Your bitch keep lurking my page, dawg, I think I got a stalker
My lil' brownskin bitch and I call her KeKe Palmer
Finna catch this nigga slipping at his own housewarming
I just slid down on a nigga at his own house party
A bitch just called my phone and I think she need forty
Last night I had a dream I went to jail this morning
'Cause I kidnapped a nigga and them motherfuckers caught me
Pop a nigga while I'm on Instagram Live, screen record him
Jugged a fat nigga from Cali, and he look like E-40
You at the gas station scraping up change for your 40
It costs fifty to re-up on a quarter, but you only got forty
It costs forty to pay your phone bill but you only got thirty
Fuck the bitch so hard, she said, "What, you tryna hurt me?
Heard about your boyfriend, that lil' nigga, he a turkey
He ain't got ninety-nine cents to grab three beef jerkies
Lil' lame ass nigga, caught him on Instagram jerking Niggas watching my page,
on Instagram lurking
He called for a Hi-Tech, hit him with dish detergent
'Cause niggas tryna drink lean and they ain't even got a purpose
This bitch must be out of her mind, tellin' me she a virgin
I can tell if Wock' hit 'cause the shit be too purple
Lil' nerdy ass nigga, boy, you look like Steve Urkel
Niggas 20 years old and they still got a curfew?
Since you was sneak dissing on the 'Gram, I'ma hurt you
Lil' dawg a sneakerhead, I just scammed my own nephew
Sixty for a three-five, I'm smoking on Fruity Pebbles
He went to jail for a week and turned into a fruity pebble
I just poured an eight of red, I'm 'bout to turn into the devil
My bitch say she wanna leave, go ahead, 'cause I'ma let you
Popped my cousin in the alley, I'm 'bout to bury him with a shovel
I just fucked his lil' bitch, now she wanna chill and cuddle
A nigga tried to hit a lick, I popped his ass like a bubble
Invested in a couple houses, I'm on a whole different level
I just ordered iPhones, in who name? My lil' nephew
Finna paralyze an opp and turn him into a vegetable
Somebody need to get they bitch, she keep grabbing on my testicles
Told my bitch, "You got potential and you cute, so I'ma invest in you"