

HARAKIRI

Terror Reid

Welcome 2 the dungeon motherfucker pay respect
The boogie mane never fresher, say less
I'm 'a doozy on the mic I suggest you take a few
Steps in the south and observe the all new
Ranky stank platter of dis game that I toss
Reid up in that thick shit feelin like a boss
Ridin wild style straight dippin never slip
Chicken neck hoes always grabbin at my dick tip

Bound to happen 'cause I keep my shit blappin
Reid under the roof it mean the cheeks get clappin
Never ever will you see me make a big stink
Bout some petty shit hoe what do you think?
Poppin outta the 64 on vogues
The one they chose wearing all of the hot clothes
With one good look you'll see the illest in the book
But keep ya eyes open or yo ass cooked

If it's all gone today
Would you stay down for me?
If it's all gone today
Would you stay down for me?

They be like Domsta
Who up in that 'burban?
Shit it might be your hoe
Smiling tippy toe behind ya back
I spend no dough I promise
I get the jitters when I'm in her
You her baby sitter
Real stand up guy
Gon' let me come and hit her quit her
Had to upgrade to denali
Sayanari
One wrong look
I ready the blade like Harikiri
She run and giggle
'Cause it's Dommy calling
Who you thought I had her for a night
Now you can't share what we apart of
Got the bible in her bio
Let me stick in her pie hole
Told me please hold her iPhone
Told her smile
Hey buddy you got a good girl
But in a short while
She might accumulate
A hundred thousand miles
I keep it pushing
Like these playa haters couldn't
Got a woman whip up something
Like she put her pretty foot in
Amount of kush inside my blunt
Send you to cushions
Tapioca smoking pudding
You can't find 'til 2030 hoe

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