

Chingon

That Mexican OT

Run up, boy...

Aiyyo Mario, this shit fire...

Yeah, ey, ey, ey...

See a opp, hit him with the AK, leave him flat lined

Rolex ice water but I'm busy, I don't have time

A nigga tripping, it don't matter where we at, we gon' tear it down

I'm in the trap with a uzi rocking Louie, no Ferragam

I'ma dirty bay baby, wavy, I'm saucy, I'm gravy

Y'all better hide y'all's ladies 'cause I'ma steal her

Extended clip, inside the stick look like caterpillar

Big money in other states, but in Texas we got a bigger, for real

AR shoot long range

Step up to the plate in this ball game

I got racks in my Amiri's

Ain't no money in your Balmain's

While she licking on my booty hole, she jacking off this dang a lang

Ice out a trailer, bitch, you should know that it's a hog thang

In the Benz truck, get my dick suck, don't get sticked up

Go to bookies, I'm pouring Activist in a big cup

Hold 'em like a nigga tried to pull it out and still got blicked up

My chopper got Chlamydia, really, she a sick slut

I'm on the block with a glocky and beat it up with my kinfolk

Me and OT counting more cheese with our wrist froze

I'm getting rich, finna fuck up on yo bitch till my dick swole

We getting money in the trap, we still booming it out a flip phone

Yeah, I'm sure you seen these boots they on Discovery Channel

I do somebody like abuela, get 'em popped with the sandal

They say I'm too much to handle, them bullets rip off his flannel

I'm gettin' the money and stacking the paper, I get lit just like a candle

Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him

Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him

Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him

Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him

Don't let me catch 'em at the store, let it go, bullets drain on 'em

Keep a pole just like a stripper, a nigga trip I make it rain on 'em

I'm selling Fentanyl, niggas criss-crossed, don't get picked off

You gotta problem, it's cool, I'm tryna knock a nigga shit off

A nigga reach up in his pockets, ain't shit but a lint ball

Aye peso, counting pesos, I'ma big boss

Off of the Henny, I'm 'bout to fuck with my dick soft

Put it in her mouth, she gon' eat it up like it's apple sauce

Bitch, I'm hotter then the jacket that's being worn by Rick Ross

Itty bitty nigga, I told the buster to get lost

I'm that Mexican outta Texas and I got 'em all pissed off

I'm that Mexican outta Texas and I got 'em all pissed off

Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him

Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him

Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him

Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him

Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him
Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him
Pop the trunk and then I let it wave on him
Can't fake the funk, bitch, I'ma put the K on him