

Time to drip
It came with a ocean
Drown in all em
Splash

Gentlemen
In all this splash
Brand new wave
I'm ocean half

Fuckin' that bih
From the back
On bathsalts, you would thought I'd
Spaz

Uh, doin' the dash
On a brand new track car
(Fff) I almost crashed

Pussy lil' nigga
You ain't get no shit wif
If you ain't even get to know
How to cash

Pussy lil' hoe
Can't come to my telly
If you ain't got no ass

Shawty you bad
I'd might smash
But nah
I ain't if a nigga got no gas

I'm gone home for all day
Only the real gon' last

Good to be done with
Life been hard
Gotta go through the day
With a flask

Makin' my sons
Smells of off rain
Finessee, I'm feelin' like nash

Shawty want to be in my future
But won't tell me her past

Shawty want me, my future
But won't tell me her past

I gotta a double my way
I need my personal space

Shawty always had a real bit of
Face, thick thighs and real damn waist

Niggas be fuckin' with the baddest hoes
Still cheat on them, end of the case

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Then ima back up the rave
Back up the Glock with faith
Back up the dodge, you can race
Back of the car, she gave face

Little bitch, she ain't check
So quit, no matter hoe, you bad
Never real chase

Little bit racist
Fucked a girl in every race, yeah

The world be mad
Persue me at my state, yeah

And there yo friends, ghost
Your hoe eatin' my stake, oh

Whole lotta girlfriends
I guess that's a lot on my plate, yeah?

And then call mari
Two different fits, both of dem are barbies
Had to show, how to know you lookin' salty

Don't even think like fauni
I could convince a bitch to work for me
Make it a callin'

I could convince a bitch to twerk for me at 4 in the mornin'
I could convince a nigga to give me a pistol, he gon' see a coffin

I do the dash in the beamer right down one day
I seen the boy walkin'

Pull up on these pussy ass boy
Shoot em down, not do no talkin'

I feel like I'm the king of new york
Joe dirt, you're Christopher Walken

Pussy lil' boy wanna smoke
Instead of with us, leave em out in Chattan

Ah, leave in chattan
Hoes, Cause they callin'
Oh, We ballin'
Oh, They Stallin'

Duffle bag
Hold a lot of stick

Pornstar
Suck lot of dicks

Think he straight
They need henny

Stupid boy
I'm done hit it

This bullet here
Gon have yo name

Niggas straight wanna
This shit gon' hit em

All of they bullet gon' hit em
All of they bullet gon' hit em

Pornstar
Lot of chicks

Xvideos
Lots of dicks

All of these pool
I need Jesus

All of my bitches been filled with semen
All of niggas been turn to demon

Reauthorazation
Maybe I'm bleedin'

All of my niggas got turned to demons

Hellcat
Vroom Vroom Vroom
No speedin'

You my dawg
Just for treason
You my dawg
For no muhhfuckin' reason

All of my exes out here
Reachin'

All of ya'll new hoes
So bad seasoned

I got my plans on to change to new season
All my young niggas, they turn to demon

I just pulled up in a hellcat
And that hellcat became a demon

GTR
With a
SRT

Baby you know I'm known for speed
Me and speed in the midnight club
Grand, for em all
Code 3'

Her parents lit
But she ain't not see

Never seen niggas dominatin' the street

TTB, Young Elite
34 hunnit, soldiers eat

Baby ya'll call me bipolar
Cause I'm cold with the heat

Then I'm cold like they
When the dro' come with company

Baby girl call me bipolar
Misses in they swear to eat

S-R-T-T-B
My shooters
They shoot for free