

DOW JONES

ThouxanBanFauni

Indigo
Okay Embasin
Kayoh cook it up!

Double up, triple up
Big bank, money up
Who down, who up
We is, what's up
Pick it up, go ahead go get that
Counting guap not shit, this Wall Street
Brand new duffle to catch a bag
No Z's, cash don't sleep
Go hard or go home
In the deep end no shark loan
Dollar bills, make clones
Doraville to Flat Shoals
Pull up, trap home
Throwaways only, no iPhone
Ain't dropping no pin on my stash home
Run it up then get gone

Big guap, what we on
Stock up, that Dow Jones
Stepped out on
Turn good girls into freak hoes
Drip down like
Mix Palm Angel with the Needles
Let 'em hate first then copy
See the opps still moving sloppy
Ball hard no backboard rebound
On the rebound, she with me now
Got a fs fs, shoot no sound
Won't even see it coming, can't get down
Pink rock, brown tan
Molly world, down
Manifest, keep balance
gon' sow what they reap now
Big bands, Tom Hanks
Groundhog's day, repeat now
All you could eat buffet
Go ahead get a plate, young nigga, go eat now
I don't even like the club
Just go they pay me, guess I'm senile
Doing my thing
Doing, doing my thing, don't worry about me now

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Outta that mud
Mud
Mud, mud, mud
Mud, mud, mud
DJ Flippp, make the money flip
Straight outta that mud, mud
Straight outta that mud, mud
Straight outta that mud
Outta that mud
Straight outta that mud
Outta that

Y'all niggas be lowkey
These niggas don't know me
He a rat, he the police
Uh, uh
If anything y'all owe me
On go like a goalie
Big fye, like on me
Uh, uh
A lot of them drugs, that's in my codeine
Blue thirty up lonely
More bands getting on me
Uh, uh, uh
Uh, uh

Flats for resting
Big blocks that Tetris
Supernova nexus
Switched out Dlo with Alexis
My adolescents, on antidepressants
Ineffective, my moon crescent
Star of David a blessing
Salad a bitch like dressing
Been about that smoke, it's a mess, get a message
Niggas gon' choke, talking about they finesse
Leave them broke, holiday presents
Stack it up, stack it up, stack
Stack, stack up, stack it up
Stack it up that blue, my green is neon
Who the hell is you, pussy boy just a peon
Gimme that loot, diamonds on crayon
Bitch get a boot, fuck y'all be on
Fury Road, vroomin' on that concrete
Groupie hoes, pull up on me
Dirty that juice, got a pint in my suite
Letting it go, hell nah not even for a feat
Dirty me up, dirty me up
Dirty me up, dirty me up

Straight outta that mud
Mud, mud
Straight outta that mud, mud
Mud
Straight outta that mud, mud
Straight outta that mud, mud
Straight outta that mud

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Hold up, check it out
34 no pump
Move around with a gun
24 with the dunks
Space Ghost with the funk
Rat boy from the slums
Six gauge with a pump
Wanted a challenge
Shawty head go dumb
Yeah, check it out
Yeah, hold up, check it out
Hold up, check it out
Yeah, yeah