

Boogie

TiaCorine

Yeah

I just want a lil' fuck, know I'm on some dawg shit

I just want a lil' fuck, know I'm on some dawg shit
I'ma suck your dick and I'ma squirt all on your carpet
Got a big behind, like buick baby park it
I can walk through and get a table on some boss shit

I'ma start a riot, all you niggas in the moshpit
I spit fire, I'm pretty, I'm awesome, cross him
Wanted me to fuck but I blossom
Bitch [?], I pluck 'em, I toss them
I don't give a fuck, any nigga, I'ma boss him
Wanna get real litty with my titty, it's gon' cost him
I just went to Florida, flippin' bitches like dolphins
Sweet barbeque, McDonald's, I'm saucing, glossin'
I can leave you dead up in your city like possum
Batman in your city, in the corners, I'm watchin'
Finna bust you all up in your shit, stop talkin'
Please, come and eat this coochie on your knees
Please, I'm squirtin' on my hundred dollar jeans
Please, I'll fuck you on a hundred dollar bean
Please, just give me any reason to make a scene
Please, every time they see my face they finna scream
Like duh
I'm thick, money bustin' out the seams
Like duh
I got tricks, I get candy, Halloween
Like duh
Colorblind, all I see is green
Like duh
And can't no nigga ever get in between
Like duh
I don't give a fuck about a nigga, that's ho shit
Woah bitch, you are just a [?] shit
I don't give a fuck about a nigga, that's ho shit
Woah bitch, you are just a [?] shit

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Aw yeah, you know what it cost when I walk through
And she got it like (Go)
I mean, I used to
I would, but I changed, you know (Go)

I used to want love, now I want drugs
I used to have feelings, now I got bitches
Shawty, I'm holdin' no paper, don't call me
Wasn't on the team, but I grew up to be ballin'
I got a new bitch, Chick-Fil-A saucin'
I be in the bakery, I hear the cake talkin'
She caught me in the club, shawty seen me through the lens
She just wanna fuck me, then go hang out with her friends
I like ridin' high, doin' donuts in the Benz

I'm on hood rat shit, but I'm hood rich
I don't want a model ho, I want a hood bitch
You can't live this lifestyle if you don't take risks
I told this bitch she gotta leave before my other bitch
If you don't love me, then I promise it's another bitch
My ex miss me, I told her I could never miss
I'm no magician, with these women, I would never trick
I'm a trap nigga, my wrist cost a quarter brick
Order tables, order bottles and I order hits
I'm a dawg, Tec 9, two pits
I get what I want, I don't care, I'm rich
I call shots, but I can't take pics
I get cake but I still can't mix
I'm above the fence so they gon' have to play the fence
I could fuck your mama, move in house and pay the rent
I'm fresh as a bitch, pullin' fresh up off the exit
Every win I ever got, I finessed it
No label, independent, I invested
I'm with a freak, she got a caramel complexion
No dates, she get dick and Netflix
I break her back, then she pop like Sierra Mist
Coke bottle frame, I can make her body twist
I'm a dawg nigga so I got a dawg bitch