

HomeComing

TM88

808, 808 Mafia
Yeah, yeah

The hood show me love every time I come home (Ayy)
Ain't no price tag, but I can buy what I want (Ayy)
New Prada pants, don't rock Amiris no more (Ayy)
Why these niggas mad, man the hell if I know (Ayy)
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She give me piñata, she gone bust it open
Bitch I'm from the bottom, where niggas keep a four fifth
Money blue it's so Crip, all my money Rollin'
Hit it from the back, yeah, she want me to hold her hands
Thinking bout' them racks, wait, like I work at Nordstrom's
Smoking on a pack, wait, rolling up your old friends
Man that ass so fat, wait, she want me to go again
She don't know my tracks, wait, must be a Magnolia fan
She throw me the cat, wait, I feel like a Doja fan
When I get that bag, wait, man I do the Soulja dance
Call me eighty racks, wait why you tryna expose your man?
Boy you know that's cap, ayy, I ain't even want your bands

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Yeah, a nigga got opps, just pointed em out
I'm running it up, you running yo' mouth
She sucking my dick, I cum in her mouth
Run me your shit, they come in your house
I feel like Martin, you get to steppin'
I need Charmin, shit on you peasants
Fresh to death like a stairway to heaven
I'm on the square, not eleven-seven
Niggas square took all your seconds
I beat up her pussy like I'm in Tekken
She bent over like those stretches
She get tired when she ride for real
I stack my money like I play Tetris
Throw her the money, look like confetti
I got the sauce, it's like spaghetti
You wanna race, bitch I'm Andretti

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