

Oomps Revenge

Trippie Redd

Somehow, my songs always apply to my real life right now
I be predicting the future
I think I'm good at that shit
Yeah, uh
This is a beat pusher production

Everyday I keep it real and get that bag, hoe
'Cause that shit up for grabs hoe, put that on my tab hoe
Jimmy Neutron, I told that bitch to have a blast, hoe
Yes I'm a asshole, bitch why you mad for?
They say that I'm mad dope
Ballin' on a budget with my cousins moving mad dope
To eat and see that cash flow
Niggas always hating but ain't got no fucking bag bro
I just keep it pushing I ain't worried 'bout the mad folks

If a nigga test me I'ma reach up in this bag though
And put on my ski mask, hoe
And let off hella shots and do 200 on the dash, bro
I can't go out sad, bro
Got a family and I still wanna pop some tags more
Used to want a Jag, hoe
Now I'm in a Bentley still want the money
SS 14s on the side it's Trippie
I don't think they get me
Build a legacy and hope my niggas be up with me
If not then you is against me
Leave your body souless, empty
Used to feel so empty
Now the chips is stacking up, I need like every fucking penny
And everyone that's with me
I used to feel alone, but I know my brother's soul is with me
I know Oompa's soul is with me

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Yes, I'm a asshole
Bitch, why you mad for?
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