

STRIKE OUT

Trippie Redd

Huh

Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out
Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out
Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out
Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out

Huh, run up the bag

Run up the cash, strike out on they ass, ha (Woah)

I got a red bitch pouring up purple stuff

Call up Dave Blunts fat ass to give me some double cups

I told that bitch to get in the huttle, I told that bitch to huddle up

I told that bitch stay out of my bubble, I told that bitch don't come near us

Mini Draco and it came with some trouble, .556 (Fah, fah, fah)

Dead zone bitch and I'm repping the five

Red zone, bitch, leave you dead, I'm a Don

Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out
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Go ahead and strike out, go ahead, strike out

Strike out, strike out

Strike out, strike out