

Puff Hit Pac

Troy Ave

Baby, rub my back while I rub on you ass
In a foreign with 200 plus on the dash
I don't care about love
That shit don't last
It is money power
Respect
You could give me the cash
Riding with two seats
Louie bag with the Heat
4s [Jordan] on my feet
And my bitch looking sweet

Candy-color 'rarri
Keep a Uzi in my Jeep
'Cause niggas getting the hating
When they know they can't compete

I don't argue in the street
I just follow through and creep
Next thing you know he gone
And ain't nobody said a peep

I know you peep
Die slow, nigga, you been a bitch
If they had reached
Would've killed them pussy niggas you was with

If you know, you know
If you don't, that's better
Ain't no statue of limitations
Keefe D know better
Saying, "Puff hit Pac."
Put a bag on his top
How much is Holly charging?
I might pay that hoe for some top
Just joking
I don't trick
I ain't ghosting
This ain't Halloween clothing
This Versace on Roland
Get it straight
Like a ghetto star Crip
Shout 2 Snoosh
Getting cake
Broke niggas couldn't relate
Birthdays is any date
Tyra went to Ibiza
Better not been with a date

Can't trust
No fat ass, long hair and pretty face
If I spit on your mouth, tell me "Yum"
You love the taste
It's a CRIP in the couch
If they come, shoot at their face

Baby, rub my back while I rub on you ass

In a foreign with 200 plus on the dash
I don't care about love
That shit don't last
It is money power
Respect
You could give me the cash

Baby, rub my back while I rub on you ass
In a foreign with 200 plus on the dash
I don't care about love
That shit don't last
It is money power
Respect
You could give me the cash