

## Heisman (Part 2)

Tyga

Bitch, it's T-Raww, blood on my paws  
Big booty chick back a nigga to the wall  
Never get involved, murder every bar  
Shit so illegal, get a green card  
Different cars, different from y'all  
I work hard, you work at the mall  
Pass a bitch off like my nigga John Wall  
Fuck her in the dark, gimme the light, Sean Paul  
Yeah, bitch I do this shit  
Colder than a motherfucking penguin lip  
And my bitch pussy fire gotta extinguish shit, LeBron James and shit  
Got heat super freak Rick James ya bitch, leave a stain and shit  
On ya couch in ya house like brotherman  
Hanging like Mr. Cooper hand, damn.

Posing, Heisman [x3]

Yo, got a Asian bitch on my left side  
Another Asian bitch, right, right side  
They might send your ass off to the next side  
Bitch hold your damn breath 'cause you might die  
Got a group of bad bitches and I feel good  
Oh you're hungry? Too bad 'cause my meal's good  
And I shouldn't beat a broad, yet I still would  
But I don't tryna be bad 'cause the deals good  
Yeah, now look I got the urge to feed them off some doggy shit  
Type of stuff to make them feel like alcohol and potent shit  
Hold the bitch, just sold the bitch, fuck you pay me is what I told the bitch  
You can't walk or talk, I own you bitch  
Please don't make me hot, I'm the coldest bitch (agh)

Posing, Heisman [x3]

Well, running from the cop, boy born to kill  
Hand me the lock, bring it to your front door, doorbell  
Knock knock, who there? Houdini disappear  
Got green, John Deere. More green, Paul Pierce  
Amazing win shot, you my son, I adopt, dop dop  
Pacman, that's for opening your mouth  
Bust a nut, kick her out, lit a cigarette now  
Put the cigarette down, I'm the shit, loose bowels  
Wow, Laughing, did I say that out loud?  
Nigga getting busy like I work downtown  
On to the next if she don't fuck right now (right now)  
Harder than a pipe, can't pipe down  
What you niggas talking about?  
Man I'm what your bitch is talking about  
Two months then an album out  
Careless world drop, pewm, then I'm out.

Posing, Heisman [x3]

If a bitch fuck around, I might go off  
My advice is you better get down to go  
You came to shop at the mall, but I bought the stores  
I got a box of jewels, I call it pot of gold

Call the cops to go, as my pockets grow  
Get the chains and the rings and the watches, bro  
And I boxed a slut, I just boxed a hoe  
You tryna pass me bitch? It ain't possible, nah  
Cool as fuck, I suggest you dress for the weather bitch  
Is forever shit, whenever bitch  
What's a whore to a queen? Whatever bitch!  
I crop a kid, it's a hot to shit  
Its some Gucci, Louis, fendi, Prada shit  
Tell them eat a dick, you ain't not a bitch  
Find me in the club where my partners is  
(Schwagg, B-BITCH!)

Posing, Heisman [x3]  
(Bitch I'm The Shit)