

Bizzy

Yeat

Yeah, you know I been talking my shit (Turn that shit up, 2)
Ooh, uh, twizzy
You already know that shit dope, you know I was talking 'bout my twizzies
What's a new word? Got to think 'bout something different (Twizzy)
Bitch and a thot, call that bitch my bizzy
Uh-uh (Bitch)
Might f*ck your bizzy
Call that bitch my bitch (Hey, hey)
Might f*ck your bizzy (Uh-huh)

Yeah, I'm with my bitch, I call her my bizzy
When I'm with my twin, I call him my twizzy (Let's go)
I can't talk right now, lil' bitch, I'm busy
Oxy with that lean, boy, I might crash out
Livin' like I been dead person for some years, better bring the casket (Yeah
)
I got me some new Celine with some rings, diamonds in the basket
Same bitch want bands, suckin' on the team, how the f*ck you beggin'? (Ooh)
You ain't never had no racks, never had a bag, how the f*ck you braggin'?

Rockin' a Teflon tee, rockin' a mink coat G
I got twenty-five thousand, seen him copying this shit, odee
She gon' watch me count it before she spread that shit for me
I ain't even speak no language, money counters all I speak
That bitch say I was her favorite, yeah that bitch head just for me
I remember back when I was broke, I couldn't even afford no expensive tee
Regardless I get to that cheese (Racks)
Finna go cop me a Bugatti, I can go faster than all the police
I'm buying that mansion cash, no, I don't feel like paying no lease

Man, this shit going way too fast, but that's good enough for me (Yeah)
Yeah, she trendy she like fast cars, she like living large
We got plenty, don't care bout no penny, my money gon' stack to mars
Call her my head, cause she gon' throw that head like she work at a college
She got a PhD from me, that please don't hate me I'll give you that knowledg
e
Give me the noggin
I'm on this Oxy, I'm nodding
I'm in the stu' with all of my twins and we ain't go to sleep until the morn
ing
I ain't talk to nobody cause everyone else to me is really so boring
I just copped the flight I'm in New York I'm at the Helmut Lang store (Let's
go)
You care about them followers, boy you got it backwards
Get that money, stack it up until it come back with a half more
It's some secrets to this shit but I can't tell you the password
Yeah, ever since I got this bread the bitches, they turn to whores
Yeah, I'm with my bitch, I call her my bizzy
When I'm with my twin, I call him my twizzy (Let's go)
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