

Cookies

Yelawolf

Owee, uh, ouh yeah
Haha, ouh yeah, owee, bitch
(In the kitchen and it's Taysty)

Yeah, I ain't a killer, don't push me
Shawty was actin' too boujee
When she see the car that I'm in
And gon' give me that pussy, okay (Owee)
I think I know why they lookin'
You gotta have you a check just to book me
I don't do dessert, but I smoke on the cookies, okay

Too much room in the Maybach
She don't know what to do with herself
Pulled up clean, A-jacks
She on that white red like a patty melt
And her Rolex tell where the date at
In the city where I know all the hate at
Lightweight, but you know where the weight at
The pack touch down, I'ma fuckin' Tom Brady that
Touch down, touch now
Heavy buzz, too much Crown
Heater on my waist and it weigh fo' pounds
Silence on the gun so it make no sounds
Push you on the snow like a old red sled
I turned her down like a hotel bed
She want the red like she's in for a year
What she in for? Infrared

I'm workin' my shit, I'm poppin' my shit
Y'all niggas ain't stoppin' my shit
I'm clutchin' my shit, I'm bussin' my shit
Told y'all, don't fuck with my shit
CookUpBoss, I'm really lit
Got rich off talkin' shit
Fucked around and get ya hit
And fucked your bitch, you lil fuckin' bitch
Look, shit cool till it ain't cool
I told y'all I ain't no rapper, yeah
Puttin' your gun on Instagram
I can tell you ain't no stepper
I be on the PJ in my PJs
And some Gucci slides and my carry-on
That's a hunnid thou'
I'm a lil nigga, money Shaq size, she know the vibe

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Yeah, mushroom, bada-boom-bada-bing
Takin' doors down, I'm a boss, I'm a king
That dope, have your bitch up on the pole

She groom in a row, on the road with the team, that pro
I'm too cold, need a coat
Spill my guts out, scratchy throat
Cough on a coffin, killin' 'em often
Should've been a hit, paid up and go
The pirate arrived in a white '95
I apply what I write to a code
Cocaine on the seats, propane on the beat
I'm a flame to the heat, you cold
Old school like a log in a blue stove
No fools want a problem with you-know
No tools in the box, you can't screw me
No crew got a pocket for loose holes
Lame rappers, fuck outta here

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