

Wobble

YG

Know what I'm sayin?
I just feel like, do what you posed to do, dog
Right?
SOD, Soulja
Tell 'Em
Get at these niggas

Damb, all that ass
Like a missed call, I'm tryna call that back
No waitress, but I might tip her
No T-Pain, but I'm in love with a stripper
She get fried and crisp cut
After I stab her, she get stitched up
Walkin with a wobble, remind me of a model
Gucci what she got on, I'm waisted off the bottle
Then she 2d it up, so then I loosin up
Drunk talk the Goose, then I hit the blunt to boost it up
Do that shit, girl, work that back
Lookin kinda basic, you get ate like a midnight snack
I'm the one that likes them G strings
Booty, ass and thighs, I only believe in three things
She know I'm a baller, got bird banks
Made it rain, and made it look like it's her birthday

She make it shake shake, and she make it jump jump
Now she got me spendin, and I can't stop stop
Now get it, get it
I get it, I get it
Booty so big, lookin like it wobble
Booty so big, lookin like it wobble

Baby girl say meet her in the trap, but I know that is a trap
So I let her suck my dick, with my pistol in my lap
Shauty, I got a question, is you gon smash the clique?
She turned around, and bust it open like a bag of chips
I say "Look, I'm Soulja B, I came from rags to rich"
If I don't know nothin, I know how to bag a bitch
Now pass the splif, and ignite the whip
I'm rich, what I look like fightin a bitch?
SOD, Imma rep that for life, you bitch
You can smell me for a mile, and you just scratch and sniff
These days, I ain't gotta even ask to spit
Wobble down to the ground, all nice and shit

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