

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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