

(Damn, Donny made this?)  
(Thank you, GC)  
Fell hard, but I wiped the—  
Yeah  
Got right back up  
Got right back up

I fell hard, but I wiped the pain off, somebody wake me up  
In a relationship with the money, they tryna break me up  
Count so much money, on my motherfuckin' hands, I got paper cuts  
I be rollin' big Backwoods, you roll paper blunts  
I got twelve-hundred-fifty dollars in a paper cup  
Fiend hit a line of drywall off a plastic plate  
You don't even put your money up, you got a plastic safe  
Thought she only had a plastic body, she got a plastic face  
I just knocked a hole in the floor just to stash the pape'  
Bro drunk as hell drivin' foreigners, he just crashed a Wraith  
I can tell she got a BBL, she got a plastic shape  
I just took my money out to eat, fantastic date  
Came through with a flying rug, a nigga—  
Came through with a flying rug and Aladdin cape  
I can't let these people hit my blunt, that's why I had to face  
I ain't never got the bitch coochie, but I had the face  
In a Maybach driving fast like I had to race  
Nigga tryna catch up to me, you in last place  
Still ain't got the money for the lawyer for your last case  
I just woke up like, "What a fantastic day"  
I don't like to talk 'cause they don't listen to what I have to say  
Bro sold the Glock and PLR, but he stashed the K  
He forgot to eat his ice cream, but he had the cake  
It's my baby brother birthday, let you have your way  
Ayy, I'm a king too  
I had a dream, I know Martin Luther King too  
Bitch suck dick so good, she can sing too  
I know a nigga sell crack, he a fiend too  
Pop a Perc', drink a four of Wock', I'm a fiend too  
Somebody told me Coochie Man their favorite rapper, I agree too  
Every time I bless you, I get blessed, I should sneeze too  
Achoo  
Auntie hit an eight of—  
Auntie hit an eight of— had a heart attack  
Knock a nigga out one punch, it was a hard attack  
James shootin' with the mohawk, they think Harden back  
I just bought a robot gun with the arms attached  
Every morning, wake your ass up like alarms at six  
Hop out, walk a nigga down, just parked my whip  
Yeah, I probably beat your bitch down, you just fought your bitch  
Bitch catch the ball with one hand, Randy Moss that bitch  
I'ma probably kick your bitch out, I'm finna toss that bitch  
Bitch love to blow my socks off, you tryna off that bitch  
Seventeen different kind of weeds, I got different flavors  
Knock your top off, catch a fade, he finna get a taper  
I just smoked a big-ass Backwood, he probably smokin' vapors  
Got a red dot in the scope, he probably brought a laser  
Nigga out here claimin' that's his daughter, probably didn't raise her  
You the type of nigga pay for pussy, but you never paid her  
Hahaha, you done ran off on the pussy

Bitch, I'm the Coochie Man, couldn't keep my hands up off the coochie  
You the type that go broke from— damn  
You the type that go broke from spendin' bands up on the coochie  
Couple thousand dollars, popped a rubber band up in the coochie  
Bitch pussy hot, she need to put a fan up in the coochie  
Ooh, she done caught a tan up in the pussy  
Bitch look so good, so bad she need a whooping  
Have you ever hit a super thick bitch? It was cushioned  
Waiting on him at his crib, I fell asleep in his bushes  
Have you ever hit a bad bitch, then hit her big sister?

Haha, what the fuck? (Damn, Donny made this?)  
What the fuck is—  
Coochie Man, what the fuck is you talkin' 'bout, man?  
What the fuck is you talkin' 'bout, man?  
What the fuck?  
Man, Jay, chill, man, chill, chill  
Chill out, Coochie Man, you trippin', you trippin'  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Keep this shit cordial