

Christmas Cake

YN Jay

(Enrgy made this one)

Hoo

Bitch

Yeah

I woke up drinkin' Tris today
Threw the Cartiers on to get my vision straight
Showed up to my mama house with a Christmas cake
I love my Five-seveN and the way that bitch penetrate
It's been a long time
Bitch, take your shoes off when you at my new crib 'cause I own mine
Nigga pulled up to the warzone with an old 9
Yes, I'ma drive back to the crib, but the 'bows flyin'
I'm charged up like I'm Gohan
I'm ridin' with a chopper, a 40, and a four-five
You gotta know I'm ready for whatever when it's go time
We done blew past a lot of rappers within no time
And that's all facts
Fuck a bitch and block her ass in case she call back
Oh, you ain't tryna suck no dick? Let me fall back
No, I can't listen to your music, it be all cap

Bro stole a bully out his dog- damn
Bro a bully out his yard, he want his dog back
Boyz N The Hood, young nigga want his ball back
Thick bitch with a small front, she got all back
My young nigga mad 'bout a phone, he want his call back
You want me to call you back, my nigga?
You gon' have to wait, my nigga, I'm kinda busy right now
Basketball, I just left Detroit, made a Pistons play
I got sixteen loafs of bread in my kitchen safe
Old bitch wanna suck my dick, she got missing teeth
Mike pulled up to the birthday party with a Christmas cake
Damn, that's what you said, Mike?
Real Beecher nigga, catchin' plays on a red bike
I got so many million-dollar plans in my head, Mike
Old-school finna overheat, I got red pipes
Flint water still fucked up, we got lead pipes
Family Guy, seen Peter daughter, she like Meg height
Yeah, I probably said some wrong shit, I was dead right
Took off on the police, I just fled twice
I just hit two lefts, then I fled right
But I really went left and right, did I live right?
If I said the wrong shit, did I play it right?
Seen a nigga die two times, he was dead twice
He was dead, then he- and then he woke back up, then they- then he died again
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Damn, he got caught in some new beef, he gon' hide again
My young nigga ain't got no brakes, he gon' slide it in

My young dog just caught a murder and he got five to ten
Catch me in the middle of the jungle in a lion's den
I think this nigga scared to tell the truth, well, he lyin' then
Fuckin' in the kitchen, I just nuttled on the frying pan
Grab my Jeep, ridin' through the 6 like I'm iron man
Punch you in your shit, now you can't pass the eye exam
All aboard, ready for takeoff, let the pilot in

In Tennessee trappin' like a bitch, I'm a Titans fan
Bro killin' shit on the Harley, he a biker man
I would fuck the lil' bitch, but I like her friend
In the kitchen beatin' up the pot like Tyson hands
I was never wrong about the past and I'm right again