

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
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 nutted 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