# Coochie Flow

**YN Jay**

(Enrgy made this one)
Ayy
Yeah
Okay
Ah

I get mad as fuck when niggas sip lean and don't appreciate it
It's some niggas I don't even know that wanna see me make it
Put a pit on a pitbull, I wanna see him shake it
I just pulled up in a UFO, you wanna see me race it?
I'll fuck up relationships, you wanna see me break it?
I'll bust this bottle on your head, you wanna see me break it?
I'll switch up the whole play, you wanna see me fake it?
Bro just pulled up in a— ahh
Bro just pulled up in a UFO, it look like a spaceship
Some people just can't understand, bro, you gotta face it
I don't need a scale to eyeball, I don't gotta weigh it
I'll perform "Coochie" acapella, they ain't gotta play it
I'll get to trippin' in this bitch, ahh

I'll get to rippin' in this bitch, fah-fah-fah
I'll get to trickin' in this bitch, I got one-twenty-five
I got a bitch who'll travel for the dick, she drove a hundred miles
Man, her pussy was so wet, I need another towel
Legendary shit, man, that song made a hundred thou'
How the fuck I switch up on my— I'm with my brother now
Lean belly cost me ten racks, I wore my stomach out
Out on bond, I don't carry straps, but it's a gun around
Oh, we was talkin' 'bout some Act'? It's a one around
Catch me walkin' through the Fifth Ward, that's my stomping ground
You can't put me out of Pierson hood, this my cousin house
In Murrow hood sellin' weed out my other house
If you see me on the Westside, I'm at my uncle house

Uh, big crib, I gotta buzz me out
This bitch got some big eyes and it bug me out
Lookin' like I'm drunk off the drank, they done drug me out
This nigga can't get a score, bro, sub him out
They still fightin' dogs behind Punchy house
I came to the booth, but never slept on that crunchy couch
I never met a nigga had a booth for a fuckin' house
How is you mad? You too tough to pout
Niggas out here walkin' 'round stank, need to air him out
What's the fee you think we owe somebody? I'll pay it out
Niggas think that I ain't got a hundred, I'll lay it out
I thought I told you I was independent, we can— yeah
Nigga, don't put your hand out

You can put me in the dark, I bet I stand out
Mean mug a nigga in the club, I think he ran out
You ain't see me march with no parade, I brought some bands out
Bitch wanna get her doonies beat, brought the van out
I'll throw a party full of groupies, brought the fans out
He ain't know I had a heater on me, brought the fan out

Alright
I'm petty, went to middleman a ball and took a gram out

I'm heavy, at the Somerset mall with twenty bands out
I'm ready, twenty shots in the K, X that plan out
Put me in a group of eighty niggas, bet I stand out
'Cause I went to Golden Sun, I wear VVS's
Twenty, thirty racks in my pocket and you can keep the extra
Bitch, I'm a dope fiend, I eat lean for breakfast
If I make it back with this, I'ma buy my whole team a necklace
I'll pop a nigga with the cannon and let PP edit

Every time one of us win, niggas always say "we"
But if one of them niggas win, they always just do them
Now they might make forty and go move out
Alright, fuck it, let me see somethin'
Nigga, if it wasn't for us, they wouldn't be nothin'

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