

Coochie Man, Pt. 2

YN Jay

(Ooooh, Sav killed it)
Ladies and gentlemen
We'd like to welcome Coochie Man to the stage tonight
He's the new ladies man
Yeah
Do you know the Coochie Man?
Okay
Hold on

Walked in with a group of bitches, like I'm pimpin' hoes
Walked in with my suit and tie, these my business clothes
I just had to hit it from the side, this bitch pigeon toed
I ain't never trippin' over bitches, I be trippin' hoes
Everyday I need a different bitch, I be switchin' hoes
I just gave her 40 just to hit her, I be tippin' hoes
I be makin' bitches suck my dick, you be kissin' hoes
You fuck the same bitch every night, I be spinnin' hoes
Bitches at the Merry-Go-Round, I be spinnin' hoes
I ain't put my hands on no bitch, but I be hittin' hoes
Group full of thick booty bitches, look like stripper hoes
I can tell she slide down my woo, that's the strippin' pole
Yeah you probably scored a couple points, but we winnin' though
I just duplicate my bitches, I be printin' hoes
I just put a beam on my Glock, I ain't missin' though
Boom, I just hit him in his head, look like SpaghettiOs
I've been booked up all month, I got 11 shows
Bitch pussy wet, it be drippin' through her pantyhose
I can't trip over no bitch, I got plenty hoes
Let me fuck you good baby
Ride with me, let me show you through the hood baby
I was raised on the block, I'm a hood baby
Knew I was gon make it to the top, since a hood baby
Aye bro don't be surprised if you see me out with Lil Baby
I might stop rap and go rock, feel like Bill Haley
White bitch sniffin' cocaine, look like Jim Bailey
I ain't even know that day I met her, that this bitch crazy
Bitch don't like to clean up, man this bitch lazy
New custo named Tom, look like real Brady
I be pourin' lean on mashed potatoes, look like real gravy
Even when I jump in the back, I be still waiting
I just served a new custo, look like real Shady
I don't trust nobody, niggas real shady
Your mama take care of you, you a real baby
I been had the blueprint, like the real Jay-Z
Nigga throwin' shots but he missed, but he still crazy
How the fuck the sun shinin' hard, but it's still raining?
Even when I'm shootin' in the dark, I be still aiming
Even though you know that ain't your bitch, you be still claiming
Nigga lost his life before he lived, that shit devastating
I'll put your hands 'round my neck, you be suffocating (Yeah)

Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you
Thank you very much
I love you
I love you too

Thank you
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