

Crack Head

YN Jay

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)
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Yeah
Alright
Alright
Alright
Hey

Fiend lives matter, I need a crackhead
Finna bust my bitch pussy open like a blackhead
Dude wanna fight, I hit his neck with a flathead
Tell promotors that I need it now, fuck a backend
I'm upfront with it
Nigga said he want some smoke, got his lungs injured
Lethal weapon, .308 got a drum in it
I be dancin' in the pussy, havin' fun in it
Fat nigga with the moves, watch me hit road
Gold spokes on a Chevy, this a six-four
You gotta see me in this bitch, it came fishbowl
The plug pulled up with some Act' and got his rent poured
This the end zone
Touch down with that shit, we gon' make a ticket
Gucci apron on in the kitchen like I'm makin' biscuits
One shot, man, my aim terrific
My city fucked up, but I'ma aim to fix it
Two-hundred-dollar steak, bitch, my plate exquisite
You like your shit well done, well, I ate it different
The way I rap got labels trippin'
You gotta put your people on, nigga, make a difference
I play roles, but I hate commitment
Shit, your breath stink like you ate some chitterlings
My head fucked up, need to take some Ritalin
Bitch, I live at the bank, you just made a visit

You ain't wanna buy the weed, but still smell it, you an eighty sniffer
Boy, you always watchin' kids, you a babysitter
No, that ain't my granny daughter, that's my auntie sister
Damn, on her other side
I just hit a bad bitch on the other side
And I hit her big sister on her cousin side
How your baby come out with your cousin eyes?
You ain't finna get no pussy, you just rub the thighs
I don't eat at McDonalds, I just love the fries
Old-school got some big-ass jeans on, he just love the size
I hit your great-auntie, that's your granny sister
Bitch wanna cook my lunch, her- ah
Bitch wanna cook me lunch, told her make me dinner
Y'all don't even look alike like y'all can't be sisters
I was mixin' Wock' with the Tris, fuck around and- damn
Spilled all my drank
Your card keep sayin' declined, you gotta call your bank
This might be the most important moment of your life, we gotta call your fai
th
Nigga keep goin' broke, you spent all your pape'
Damn (Yeah, Baby, you did this one)