

HAHAHA

YN Jay

(Yeah, Baby, you did this one)  
Yeah

I got a gun so big, I bet I could stop time if I shoot this bitch  
An eight ball so motherf\*ckin'—  
I got an eight ball, yeah, this shit straight drop  
She gon' drop dead [?] this bitch  
Nigga tried kill his bitch—, damn  
Nigga tried to domestic violence  
Escalade with two [?], I'm finna shoot this bitch  
[?] 'em down, two point conversion, I'ma poont this bitch  
Damn, I mean punt this bitch  
Freak bitch ain't never had sex—, ah  
Freak bitch ain't never had good dick, I'm finna hump this bitch  
Naw, I don't really wanna f\*ck, bitch, suck this dick  
Freak bitch—, damn  
Freak bitch forgot to put on f\*ckin' deodorant and came out on some musty sh  
it  
Bitch walk around with winkled feet on some crusty shit  
[?] you bad on some dusty shit  
Nigga pulled up in an old school, but it was really old school on some rusty  
shit  
Switch my MAC around, it's a double clip  
I done came through with the bundle clip  
WWE, I'm on some rumble shit  
If you don't like me, I'm on some "f\*ck you" shit  
If I pull my gun out, I'ma bust you quick  
Boomin' Westbrook, on my Russell shit  
Damn, I had a whole motherf\*ckin' street slapper  
Baby on the track, got the beat slappin'  
Ready for app—, damn, aight  
Ready for applause, got my heat clappin'  
Ready for the f\*ckin' studio, I keep rappin'  
f\*ck the rap game, I keep trappin'  
Trap house beat out, I keep slappin'  
Bitch suckin' dick all not, got her knees ashy

Hahahaha, hahaha, hahahaha  
(Go)

In the name of the Lord, we need all the M's (Go)  
Can't stripe them blue hundreds, I put [?]  
Hundred twenty thousand dollars, certified gem  
All the ball hard head niggas Crimson Chin (Boom)  
I done took a few L's, but I was born to win (Slatt)  
Really what I rap, ask those who swore me in (Blttt)  
We ain't really seen 'em, all you sure you swore you came  
Must've ate for long, how's gang starvin'?  
f\*ck my ho's [?] skip class (Come on)  
Really should've been at ICU how I sip glass (Boom)  
Bullets get to flyin', bet the biggest one run fast  
I've been talkin' Maybach's and contracts (Go)  
Was 17 usin' big Benz for Door Dash  
Couldn't get a rack, now I'm thankful [?] cash  
My brother smiled when he greet his child, he grew up fowl (Yeah)  
Pray to God he stay up out the streets for a little while (Yes)

Gave mama forty K the other day, I need a new problem  
My sister want a new car, my poppa want a new gun  
I'm bustin' in my shorty every time I want a new son (Yes)  
I'm grippin' this bitch hell again, now she need a new bun  
I used to be the joke that people spoke, I think that we won  
We pull up fifty deep that ain't the way, they like "What he on?"  
A million [?] young niggas still get those P's gone  
I never sip on drank around people when he gone

It's time, put that shit up