

Rey Mysterio

YN Jay

(It's a Wayne beat)
Hold on

I just pulled up with dogshit, look like hogshit
I just shoot my shot from the three, it was all wrist
I just hit her on my tippy-toes, she a tall bitch
I probably got your bitch number on my call list
Make your bitch wait for two hours, on my stall shit
Keep a shotgun behind the counter, on my Paw shit
Cross a nigga up like I'm Chris, on my Paul shit
Hah, why you do that, Jay?
Bitch let me fuck because I'm, yeah, 'cause I'm the Coochie Man
Hah
Walked in with my coochie friends, it's a coochie group
Bitch, I don't wanna get no head, what that coochie do?
Ooh-ah
I'll get to growlin' in this bitch like a lion do
.223s make your car stop like a siren do
Bitch, your eye keep twitchin', who you lyin' to?
You ain't know I had a record label? Who you signin' to?
When I'm in the kitchen, I be cookin', think I'm fryin' food
I don't take pictures, when I shoot, I need a stabilizer
How you hit the road with no money? You can't pay a driver
I'll tie a pussy nigga up with a cable wire

I just got into it with my lil' bitch 'cause I came inside her
I'ma pull up in a long white van like a cable driver
We really bite, we don't bark, you an ankle-biter
Tryna redecorate my new crib, I went table shoppin'
Ain't been on Big Beaver in a minute, I'm on Maple shoppin'
Yeah, you know I had to hit Revive
Drop thirty shots and spin around, see if he still alive
I got tremendous aim with the Glock, I can hit a fly
Hit a lame nigga in the top with the chop, he got his skillet fried
I'll get to poppin' everywhere like when chicken fryin'
The plug just threw me one bird, it's a chicken flyin'
Baby, stop tryna touch my dick, four-nickel by it
Grab the best pot out granny kitchen, drop a zip inside it

Fuckin' this bitch real good, you see my hip providin'
Seventeen in each pocket, you see a brick divided
I ain't prepare to hit the nigga in his head, I had to improvise
This is my 2020 'Lac, this is not Enterprise's
I might drop an AMG truck and let my bitch drive it
Whip my dick out in the dark, let my bitch find it
My bitch cheated, I wasn't trippin', uh-uh, uh-uh
My bitch cheatin', I wasn't, uh
My bitch cheated, I wasn't trippin', but she poured my drank out, I was finna fight her
I done fucked every bitch in Michigan 'cause I trick sometimes
I don't wanna fuck when I'm off lean 'cause I get tired
Light a nigga up, one strike, that's a big lighter
I really like to break down, but I sold a brick one time
Cars just came in the mail from the 619
Shot two hoes fightin' at the club, the big one died
Asked me why I drink a lot of cough syrup, 'cause I be sick sometimes
I ain't never sold no (Ah)

I ain't never sold no (Roof), but I sold a pill one time
I don't know Rey Mysterio, but I'ma 619
I need to buy a Rolex 'cause I forget my time
I can't forget my iron, iron (Hah)
Alright, yeah
I don't got on Rico clothes, I can't forget my iron
I can't leave my people at the bottom, can't forget my tribe
Bitch asked me what's my zodiac? Don't forget my sign
Funny as hell talkin' to my bitch, I forget my lie

Yeah, let me tell you
Alright, multitask when I went in, when I went
Alright, multitask when I, ah
I could roll
I could roll a blunt
Alright, watch this

I could roll a blunt, text my bitch, drive, and shoot the stick
Take the pill, R disturb her peace, no Ludacris
I just took a bougie bitch to Bucharest
You probably hit me up last night, but I ain't see the text
My jeweler said I can't get another chain 'cause he need some rest

Ah, let me up, I need to stretch
Fuck her with my gun in my hand, havin' evil sex
Fuck, her, yeah
Her bad-ass son touched my Palm Angels shirt, now I got Cheeto prints
Yeah
Burn the scene up after I bust, they ain't see no prints, man
And I'll throw a- ball on my Tebow shit, alright
Fuck around and have to- the pizza man, on my T.O. shit, ooh
And I'll drop a nigga every Tuesday, on my P.O. shit, nigga, yeah
And I got my chain from Golden Sun, let me see your shit
Yeah, and thirty racks for the watch, let me see your wrist, yeah
Nigga, and I only drink Wock', you can keep your Tris, yeah
And just sent me ten lines of that, you can keep your six, alright
Y'all niggas don't be on shit, yeah