

Wise Guy

YN Jay

(Pablo, you so raw)
Mmm, mmm (Elijah)
Mmm, shit
Fuck
Shit
Yop

Fell asleep drivin' off of Quagen, I was super blowed
I just picked up a pint of Wock' in some Uber clothes
Middle of the battlefield, uh, where your shooter go?
Bartender at the restaurant, that's my Hooters ho
I got a old bitch, 49, that's my cougar ho
Walk up, blowin' through the jacket, this my shooter coat
Bro Stephen Curry with the thirty, he a shooter, bro
I can't pull up with this bitch 'cause she do the most
I got so many bitches, I'm in my- yeah
I got so many bitches, I'm in my Future mode (Yeah)
I just beat the doonies down, I don't abuse the ho
I'm tryna build a bitch up, help improve the ho
I just left a bad bitch and went and brought a- yeah
I just left a bad bitch and went and got a cuter ho
I got a brand new lightskin bad bitch
I fell asleep at 7 o'clock, it was past 6
I'm finna hit stick the pussy like Madden 6
I'm finna beat this bitch down, I was passionate
I wasn't tryna shoot my shot, I was passin' it
I'm finna pick the coochie up, and then I'm slammin' it (Ayy)
She shakin' ass in the club, that's why I'm grabbin' it
Drac' got the wood on it like a cabinet
Label tried to give me six hundred, I turned it down
This said she got some ass, I said "Turn around"
Bro love liftin' weights, he tryna hold a pound
This bitch love suckin' dick, she tryna blow me down
Bro put a silencer on a phew, it make a different sound
Hundred different 'bows in the trap, I'm tryna pick a pound
Took my socks off while I hit her, I'm tryna grip the ground
Bitch got some super water coochie, I'm tryna slip and slide
Hundred bad bitches in the club, I'm tryna pick 'bout five
Granny in the kitchen makin' cookies, she in here makin' pies
Grim Reaper at your backdoor, he finna take your life
Bad bitch layin' in my bed, she tryna stay the night
Bitch play like a PlayStation, she tryna play the 5
Bitch got some bullshit in her, I sware I hate the vibes
I slap 5 with my Beecher niggas, we at Five Guys
We jumped out bussin' Draco's, it was five guys
This nigga was actin' like he was a killer, he a nice guy
I'm a young nigga with a old soul, I'ma wise guy
Ride by, shot out the window, it's a drive-by
Nigga scared to slide on his opps, he just drive by
You told me you hit that bitch, oh, you lied-lied
This bad bitch said she like me, I said "Likewise"
I get high in designer clothes, I'ma fly guy
Had a nightmare that I went broke, I cried-cried
Smokin' weed while I'm drinkin' lean, shit, I'm fried-fried
They ain't just kill dog, they over killed him, oh, he died-died