

Fix That

YNW Melly

I was like, I was just thinkin' 'bout all that shit
Oh yeah, I fix that shit
Oh yeah, I fix that shit
Oh yeah, I fix that shit
Oh yeah, I fix that shit (Bitch)

Okay, I fix that shit (That shit)
She broke, I'ma fix that bitch (That bitch)
If I don't give her a key (No, no)
Lil' ho gon' throw a fit (Oh yeah)
And I'm coolin' with my rode (My rode)
With racks inside the trenches (The trenches)
And I don't even care 'bout nothin' ('Bout nothin')
Fuck that, I love that riches (These riches)
Okay, gotta get them riches (Them riches)
Lil' Melly be 'bout his business (His business)
And your bitch wanna suck and fuck the crew for frontos and some inches (Some inches)
And, yeah, we got Givenchy (Givenchy)
Got Gucci and Versace (Versace)
Got Louis, Saint Laurent (Laurent)
Her pussy wet, no pun (Splash)

Okay, okay, light on (On)
We eatin' cinnamon ('Mon)
Toast brunch in the motherfuckin' mornin' (Mornin')
Do you wanna have a toast? (In the mornin')
Your ho gon' brag and boast (Oh no)
That's why she cannot hang (Can't hang)
My niggas really slime, they Crip and Blood, they gang bang (They gang bang)
My nuts, yeah, they gon' hang (They hang)
That iron is what I slang (I slang)
Slang dick inside your bitch too (Your thot)
Okay, yeah, this a coupe (A coupe)
And it only could fit two
So you know what I'm sayin' (I'm sayin')
Lil' ho gon' fuck on Melly
That dick gon' get to sprayin' (Sprayin')
Like a Febreze can when it hits ya, hits ya (Pssh, pssh)
These fans keep takin' these pictures, pictures (Pssh, pssh)
She stalkin' all over my Insta', Insta'
But low-key, the bitch is a instigator

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I know that you're a snitch (Snitch)
And I know that you're a bitch (You a bitch)
So don't play, boy, you know what's up (What's up)
Don't get them proper boys fucked up, you know we livin' like that
Who you rob? Who you kill? Please tell me (Please tell me, bitch)
I put faith in you and fuck boy, you failed me (You failed me, bitch)
Uh, but I'm still with the realest niggas that I ever had (On my son)
And we tryna run up them fuckin' racks
Can't take no distraction, my niggas stay 'bout that action (Oh, no)
Lil' Mell', just stay pistol packin', this isn't me, I calmed down
I had to go and face the facts, the truth
My young nigga rich as fuck and he tryna splash inside the pool

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Splash, splash
Splash, splash
Two-forty on the dash, yeah, yeah
My laser on your mans, yeah, yeah
Ridin' 'round with these expired tags
Don't give a fuck, that .40 got extended mag