

Go Bananas

Yung Gravy

I got the drip drop icy hot wrist that's a ice pack (uh)
Think I'm Tim Horton with the Ice Cap

I used to get caught up with all these thots (forgot 'em)
I never second guess I shoot my shot (I got 'em)
It's funny how I never check my watch (still got 'em)
Problems without baby gravy we just (solve 'em)

He ain't got the loud pack tell that boy speak up (speak up)
New side bitch short 'n' stout like a tea cup (tea cup)
I might get myself some fake tits get some D-cups (aye)
Just so I can flex on my ex she got C-cups

Check the patterns
We keep goin' bananas
I see you nanners slippin'
Watch the blue shell do some damage
We in da back (bitch)
We passin 6, 5, 4
3, 2, 1 yeah now we in the front (so I)
Spent a big check on a car
Yeah I would if I could (yeah)
Everything I make is hard
You will like it cause its good (yeah)
Shawty you better be playin'
Sorry you misunderstood (yeah)
Baby what the fuck you sayin'
Nothing good rhymes with good

I could take a piss on a drum and the song would go dumb
Anesthesiolo-wrist make ya shit go numb
Get a freezie with ya bitch, buddy you could be my son
Yo momma lookin' like a fee-fi-fo-fum-head-ass-motherfucker
What's for supper
She must think that I'm a sucker

Ughhhhhh
I stumble when I mumble, I look lazy
Yeah
I'm in the Bay with Baby Gravyi feelin' hazy
Yeah
I'm finna get paid with the Paper gang we going crazy
Yeah
I'm bout to get laid with a bitch that cook that swoup up daily
Yeah
I'm in the Cadillac
Bitches on
Chicken soup the dinner song
Thick as fog
Bitches leg
Lookin like a cricket dogg
Kill em off
Whip it off
Chillin like a
Villain God
Built a bong
Out of aluminum and a Cinnabon

N'ya'll ain't want no smoke with the clique
Nah
Lose your gold rope to my bitch
Yeah
Tape been the name
Been the same
Never fell off
On the way to a boat with them fellas
It's on the gang
SWOUP