

oops!!!

Yung Gravy

Ayy, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious  
Supercalifragilic-, my ex be on some ho shit  
Superman, I get dem bands but ain't gon' buy you roses  
Super-duper get them cougars, took my wrist and froze it  
Super-duper hoes  
Y'all got Oompa Loompa hoes  
I ain't never knew ya hoes  
Prolly still ran through 'em, though

Oh, wait, wait, I, I do know your ho?  
You talkin' 'bout, you talkin' 'bout Tracy?  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, you mean like, like, Tracy with the ass?  
Tracy with the, with the Honda?

Well  
Oops, baby  
Fuck up on your bitch, like oopsy daisy  
Never knew that was your boo, baby  
Hit her five times in the coupe, Mercedes, whoopsie dai-, yeah  
Oops, baby  
Gravy hit my bitch, yeah, whoopsie daisy  
I just tried to hit, it's my duty, baby  
Sippin' on the Goose, like Boosie, baby

Oops, my fault  
I fuck and send her home, I don't let her wipe off  
Fuck and send her home, walk in front and might fall  
I forgot the rubber, oops livin' life raw  
I'm about to nut, oops in her eye ball  
Now she got the number, bitch feeling like bae  
I just said I love her, oops what did I say?  
Now she want kids, want kids in her face, oops

Oops, my b  
Excuse my v  
And you already know I'm finna lose my peace  
Get pool like deep  
Get loose like leaf  
Can't lose my sleep  
Kick up my feet  
Like I blew my knee  
Oops I'm me  
Opps I hit it again and flee  
Oops I did it again Britney  
Oops I did it again Britney

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Weezy Gravy

Oops baby baby mmmm  
It's weezy gravy  
Oops baby baby  
This shit go crazy

Oops baby  
Gravy witcha lady issa doozie baby  
Drippin and I'm sippin yung groovy baby  
Wit your lady we gon make a movie baby (of us fucking)

If I wantcha bitch I'm gon fuck (on sight)  
Try to run up on me good luck (pussy)  
Gravy in the building get buck (and hoes)  
Got bread like Scrooge McDuck

Lil bitch I'm happy and I know it so I clap them fuckin cheeks  
Yeah I'm bustin on yo mama look like frosted mini wheats  
And I'm happy she's a freak bitch  
I been on my tweak shit  
I be clapping cheeks  
She got Pixar mom physique

My neck, my back  
Got yo mama on my sack  
My checks, my racks  
It's the return of the motherfuckin' mack  
And I stay with the pack, though  
Clap, clap, then I'm out the backdoor  
Lil' Pillsbury, I stack dough  
Walkin' with a limp, like a crack ho

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