

# Super Smash Bros.

Yung Gravy

Turn that shit up, c'mon (bbno\$)  
Hello! (Woah)  
Can you turn me up some?  
Let's go

First things first  
I wake up and get pu-na-na-na  
First things first  
Brush my teeth and count my guala-la  
First things first  
I'ma eat this beat, no Ramadan  
First things first  
I'ma super smash like Donkey Kong, woah

We'll need basics  
We be the bestest  
Money extensive  
Baby Gravy always in the house, expenses  
From the ceiling to the floor  
Never be the press bitch  
Cry with my exes  
Beat so fastest  
Baby got cafe lipp  
Japanese girl, she electrics  
On the station, need to go

Give your bitch dome, then I take a lift home (Woah)  
Strapped akimbo, diamonds on my lymph nodes

A, B, C, D, E, F your bitch and keep it G  
Got the H up on my waist to match the Hermes on my feet  
I got my iPhone filled with fine hoes like J Biebs  
And I feel like Kay Dee mixed with Ellen, I stack cheese  
I count my M's until the end  
I'm just like Oprah, pushin' P  
Queueing hoes up in my arms in my estate while sipping tea  
You see me, Louie V, W is every week  
Just so my ex bitch can see, why is this shit so easy (W-Woah)

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We don't need basics  
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Feeling like I'm Gary Vee, I love my affirmation  
She love Baby Gravy 3, we are her inspiration  
If there ain't no compensation, there gon' be a complication  
Looked down at my wrist, I see a shining star, constellation  
Front door open, meet the Jehova  
Red bottom Asics, up like Oprah Winfrey  
She wanna be a witness  
Beggin' for a dick pic  
Merry, merry Christmas

Bored as hell, boy, I might start a restaurant (Vietnamese)  
Holy guacamole, 'bout to nut, yeah, it's my dynamo

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