

WOA!

Zack Fox

CONNIE, are you fucking kidding me?

Woa, woa

Woa, woa

Woa, woa

Woa, woa

(Hot boy)

Dirty mouth bitch, eat a pound of soda
Tryna' hide the pack from him, but you found the coke
Kick you out, butt naked, but you found a coat
Nigga tryna' hang with me, better find the rope
I'm a young nigga, just tryna' float
Rap don't work, I'ma find the folk
Zaza clouds with a Keke Palmer
F-150 look like a boat
Cuddlin' with a fat bitch, I'm kinda' cold
Did what I had to when I was broke
Bitch cheatin' on me 'bout to find the code
Your bitch suck dick with a common cold
Strapped in this bitch, everybody know
.45 [?] domino
Ain't shit written out, time gon' tell
Bend around the corner, but money won't fold
Queen Latifah, get the fuck on the floor
Run down on me like "Geronimo"
Bitch up the snow like abominable
Nasty ass hoe lick the cum off the floor
Slap her in the face with a pile of mold
Hot boy, hot boy, I'm on a roll
Twinkle and glisten, these niggas get startled
TD Jakes, lil' bitch, I need swallow
Pocket verde, avocado
Pocket whiteface, vitiligo
Tell a bitch [?]
Make a bitch sell pussy at the dollar store
Brand new Mercedes same color as Moscato
Hop in that bitch and I'm pushin' the throttle
Why in the fuck would I trick on a model?
I ain't had money, still fucked on a model
She wanna get drunk, put water in a bottle
Listerine kid, make a bitch go gargle
Play with the fam, get hit with a hollow
Bitch hid the head and made me wobble
She wanna come rub on the wood like Apollo
ARP make a nigga do Tae Bo
Bands in my pocket, I can't walk, I hobble
I can read my bank account like a novel
Bitch can't read me, this shit Morse code
I'll eat a 'Pan bitch, say "□□□□□"
This bitch sick, I think she got Parvo
This bitch treat me like Johnny Bravo
This whip start, one button like a vato
Walk in this bitch, do my dance like Alonso
She like my jockin', I came from Atlanta
Badass bitch, but she drive an Elantra
Made this cake off the Dolce-Gabbana
Hot ass hoe, so hot as savanna

Make that bitch my designated driver
Bitch think she Burberry drivin' a Prowler
In love with the money, the money my powder
She throwing mixed signals, I think she a router
I'm pushin' the Bronco, I'm blowin' on sour
Suckin' my dick to the Winans, wowzers

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