

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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