

## Seven One Eight

Fannypack

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BK is you wit me New York City  
Everywhere else you can suck up my titties  
Eat a Big Mac and go to hell  
In an old bucket fuck it yo it ain't hard to tell  
That we got this party on smash  
Now we gonna put you on blast  
Written in my shit list you dead last  
Face look like you did a hundred yard dash

In a 90 yard gym you look busted  
Bootleg tap a keg spread it like mustard  
On my buns always fun  
Got other girls out on the run  
Scared and they lookin' like they saw a gun  
Maybe they did they boyfriend's crib  
That's where I woke up this morning  
'Cause he said that you boring  
Don't like him anyway he was snoring  
You can have his ass back while I'm out touring

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Yo Brooklyn, yo Bronx, Manhattan, yo Queens  
Staten Island, yo Jersey and everywhere in between yo  
Holla if you broke or an English bloke  
And if you know what I mean seen  
Baseball bat in the back seat  
Of Matt's black car and I travel far  
Much further than you witch a Metro Card  
Betcha ass is on welfare

That's okay so am I, psyche  
Still gonna put my thing down tonight  
One time for your mind five of a kind  
Look at all the people look how they lined up  
At the door they want more  
I bring grams to the crackers like s'mores  
Say oh no, say hell yeah, oh no, hell yeah

Now bust shots in the air

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I got a big ass wad of nothing in my pockets  
Still my fans get me high like rockets  
At the show here we go  
Backstage underage and I drink it slow  
Oh my God what's the matter?  
We get hot sex served on a platter  
Nick nack paddy wack givin' Matt a boner  
So much paper but we ain't stoners

Go'n get wild for the night  
Don't act like a child tonight yo  
Fancy got me dancin', you take off your pants and  
You get rude in your underoos  
So so moved by my rap haikus  
Yo what the fuck is wrong with you?  
What the fuck you think we came here to do huh?  
Shake yo shit shake yo shit  
Do it, do it like this, can you handle it?