

Bitch mob, bitch, what it do
I make ya bitch f*ck me
Real street nigga, so I prolly wouldn't trust me
Stay with the Glock with the nine or the musket
I'm the Based God, so your bitch wanna f*ck me
Bad coke deal, so we call this shit husky
Lookin' for a Lassie
Infrared dotted shotgun lookin' classy
Red dots on the boy, like a game
Shoutout to bitch stone, I'm a make Twitter
I got dope and stones, I got business stones
Pretty rich, rockstar I'm Rolling Stones
I got rows of stones
I'm rollin' holmes
Pop somethin' so quick that'll close your dome
Pop somethin' so quick that'll expose your dome
Come out, f*ck this bitch, and raid your home
This is my time, I'm a f*ckin' shine

Niggas out west with the vicious grind
f*ck the boss, nigga, the bitch is mine
Won't break her back, the bitch is mine
Watch your bitch, fine
The bitch won't survive
I'm a f*ckin', like 'em wet and slidin', you feel me?
Credit card and slide 'em
Don't make me pull out the receipts if I'm lyin'
I need a Mexicana Latina mami
I need a gangster bitch with a body
You feel me, that likes to start the party
Pop a couple pills and I see you in the morning

Little B, Little B you are the shit I'm talkin'
Little B, Little B, Little B you are the shit I'm talkin'
Little B, Little B, Little B you are the shit I'm sayin'
Little B, Little B, Little B won't you please come f*ck with me