

Back

Lil Pump

Yeah, yeah
2-17 on the track, man
Lil Pump
Yeah, yeah, ooh
Huh, yeah, huh, ayy
Yeah, yeah, yeah

All I do is count racks, ooh
Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh
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Told that bih throw that shit back, ooh
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Throw it back, yeah
I fuck that bitch in a Cadillac, ooh
After that she didn't know how to act, ooh
Back then I used to be quarterback
Go to the bank and I pull out a hunnid racks
Put the AR in the trunk of my Pontiac
Want me fo' show, bitch I'm chargin' 'bout 40 bands
I'm in the trap and I'm shippin' out hella packs (damn)
Diamonds dance so crazy, ooh
Your diamonds so fugazi, ooh
Been sellin' crack since the eighties, yeah
I just bought a brand new Mercedes, huh
In the kitchen whippin' up babies, ooh
In the kitchen whippin' up baby, yeah
And I got a bitch named Hailey, huh
And I got a bitch named Hailey (brr)

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Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat, Lil Boat

Young rich nigga need a dick rub
Hit it from the back, make her jump like a hiccup
Bang, bang, bang, like ya knockin' on the front door
Bitch brown skin like a muhfuckin' fronto
Used to post at the Citgo, uh
Now I got chips in the Citgo, uh
Now I got a wrist like a igloo, huh
And it glow like a disco ball
Bih, bend it over like your shoe's untied
Side bitch still got a iPhone 5
Main bitch still got a iPhone 7
Still caught a Uzi, pistol, or a MAC-11
Still fuck a nigga main bitch while I got my own bitch
And I better still make it up to Heaven, uh
I'ma have a kid just to dress him up in Gucci
To the seven, goddamn, I'm a reverend
Lil Boat, Lil Pump

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