

Patty Cake

Kodak Black

Sniper Gang
Yeah, I like this lil' beat right here
Yeah, this a nice little beat
I'm sippin' on Belaire
Yeah, I'm finna paint a picture
Finna paint me a lil' picture
What this called? Oh this the new Belaire too
This the white wine, I like the white wine I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
My whip from Germany, I'm cooler than LL
I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
My whip from Germany, I'm cooler than LL
I clap a nigga like patty cake
I clap a nigga like patty cake
I'm swaggin', I got flavor, I got sauce, call me Ragu
I love my baby girl pussy bald, call her Caillou
I clap a nigga like patty cake
Yeah, that a way
I'm 'bout to grab the Wraith, I'm 'bout to grab the key
I'm 'bout to snatch your baby girl and skeet all on her face
I got a feelin' that today gon' be a fantastic day
I'm gettin' tired of the Rollie, I think I want Patek Philippe
It's either I win or you lose, 'cause I won't accept defeat
And everybody wanna have the sauce, well I got the recipe
I'm sippin' on Belaire 'cause it make me feel like I'm on ecstasy
I left my baby, when I come home, I be rubbin' on her feet
And she be always in my chair, she hate when I be in the streets
My rims taller than my son, I'm 'bout to drop another one
You think a nigga in a band the way I hit him with that drum, ayy
I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
My whip from Germany, I'm cooler than LL
I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
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I clap a nigga like patty cake
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I'm swaggin', I got flavor, I got sauce, call me Ragu
I love my baby girl pussy bald, call her Caillou
I clap a nigga like patty cake My chain VVS
I'm booted up, I got more pills than a CVS
I'm the shit, baby girl, so I got stains in my drawers
All this money like a nigga hit the fuckin' Power Ball
Sippin' on champagne, my whip on Dana Dane's
No time for you lames, I'm flyer than a plane

I'm ridin' like a train, she love to give me brain
You shootin' with your eyes closed, you ain't Sniper Gang
She held me down when I was gone, I bought her Audemars Piguet
I love her like I love my brother, so I let her be my connect
I put her thick ass in the vet, ten bracelets on her neck
You know lil' Kodak love to flex, I got my momma out the 'jects I'm sippin' on Belaire, my
chick from Bel-Air
My whip from Germany, I'm cooler than LL
I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>