

# Element

## Pop Smoke

I might just hit it raw, hold on, that's not my element  
I like dark skins, love her melanin  
Huh, Christian Louboutin what I'm steppin' in  
Thirty bottles of Azul, tell 'em send 'em in  
I had the Lambo', switch to the 'Rari  
I'm a gangster, but I like to party  
Pop a Perky, go retarded  
I'm a Brooklyn nigga, I'm cold-hearted  
That's why I like the bad gyal (Woah), like RiRi (Wait)  
Every time she see me, she wanna eat me (Hold on)  
I saw like Justin Bieber, please believe me  
I said, "Wow, I'm on the TV"  
I can't fuck with broke bitches, they be creepy  
She be actin' up, she always tryna leave me  
But she a bad gyal, and she freaky  
I have her hangin' off the rod like she MiMi  
I never hit a bitch more than once 'cause they be leeches  
But her pussy good, it taste like peaches  
But she can have it, I don't need it  
I'd rather have my money green like kiwi  
I don't talk to niggas 'cause they be cappin'  
Disrespect me and see what happen  
I don't make a call for war, I start snappin'  
Grr, them bullets blastin'  
All the opps mad that I lapped them  
He said, "What's stackin'?" Nothin' but my money  
'Member my pockets flat? Now they chunky  
I ain't a pretty boy, but I ain't ugly  
And I'll take your bitch in a second  
If she a real one, then I'll protect it  
Traded the AP, told my jeweler Patek it  
And it's all VVS and flower settings  
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Yoz, what you tellin' me?  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>