

Wetty

Fivio Foreign

I met lil' mama in a deli
She was a wetty
She was horny, ready
I was on it, heavy, woo
She like: "Why you so sexy?"
She fell in love when she met me
Tell ya ex to come check me
All this shit will get messy
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Bagged you
I feel like I had to
She like how you put your words together so perfect?
Bitch Im playing scrabble
I be just playin with them bitches
I dip and I dabble
They dont got beef with you girl
They just need reason to tag you
Im from the bottom like gravel
Rap beef, I don't battle
Fivi, it's natural
Brand new drip
I need a brand new bitch
350, E-Class
She already got a brand new whip
I get to flexin' on em, no inbox
Send the message to 'em, ayy
When I step up on 'em
Got a shooter with me
And he better do 'em like ayy
I put the weapon to him
He be running fast like
And he better zoom like ayy
But you could never get away
They know I'm heavy on the straights
I'm probably movin' with the Treys

Getting boomed if you in the way
I put the shooters in your face (I put the shooters in your face)
Ayy, Fivi, I'm laced
I'm all over the place
Tito, car
Speed Race
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All this shit will get messy I know she love me on the low
She keep on lovin' all my posts
She save me in her phone as Casper 'cause I'm always goin' ghost
She sending everybody blue hearts cuz she always with the Locs
I love the money the most
Got the curry I'm a goat
Hold on wait, dope stepper
Tito and Sosa the salt and pepper
That's black and white 'cause it go together
I'm getting dressed, I didn't know the weather
Hold on wait, with the Henny in my system, it could go wherever
The opps hate me
They know I'm better (they know I'm better)
Hold on, when we met, I knew she would love me to death
Look at the way that I step
All this drip when I dress
Flex, fess
Fivi, I'm next
And I put that on the set
She need me, she told me she need me
She give me whatever I want, she a genie
Got to pay for a feature, no freebies
They like: "I like how you move, Fivi, teach me" I met lil' mama in a deli
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