

New Kicks (feat. DC the Don)

Sad Frosty

[Intro: Sad Frosty]

Huh?

Aye!

What?

A-A-Astro, got it runnin'

pus*y!

Yuh!

Mathiastyner

Okay[Chorus: Sad Frosty]

New kicks, check that

Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that

All you other rappers got?set-back

I?run the game,?b*tch I said that

New kicks, check?that

Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that

All you other rappers got set-back

I run the game, b*tch I said that

[Verse 1: Sad Frosty]

Your b*tch want my di*k, she a dummy

Wrap that boy up with some tape, he a mummy

Pull out my di*k and I nut on her tummy

DC my slime, his nose always runny

pus*y be talkin' that f*ck sh*t

Call up CJ, that boy he gon' dump sh*t

Broke boi be hating, he know that I run sh*t

I got a pregnant b*tch, I'm with that dumb sh*t

Sike b*tch, I'm playin'

Lil Frosty goin' Super Saiyan

Get rich or die trying, thats the plan

If I go back home, that b*tch want a mate

f*ck a handout, b*tch I [?] sh*t

Come get your bae cus she all on my di*k

f*ck with Frosty your b*tch might get hit

I don't sell no crack but my chain cost a brick

Light-skinned b*tch in my DMs tryna f*ck

You can get this di*k, but miss me with the cuff

That b*tch like a blower, she wanna do a suck

Body bag the pus*y, left that in the trunk

[Chorus: Sad Frosty]

New kicks, check that

Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that

All you other rappers got set-back

I run the game, b*tch I said that
New kicks, check that
Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that
All you other rappers got set-back
I run the game, b*tch I said that[Verse 2: DC The Don]
Shout out my n*gga Big Frosty
Tell 'em get off me
No I'm not Jesus, don't cross me
You n*ggas is salty
She wanna gobble my di*k it's impossible
b*tch I don't want you, I swear that I'm positive hoe
My n*ggas slide through to your crib then we pullin' Bruce Wayne cause I swear that we
robbin' it hoe
f*ck b*tch, f*ck, n*ggas finna duck
b*tch we came in with that fye
.223, on the side
Cut that boy neck off, got a machete, I know that his head soft
He deserved it, they callin' it manslaughter
And we poppin' too much, make the lead hotter
And your b*tch got no name, call her head doctor
Tell Lil Frosty to pull up and headshot him
That's my n*gga, on God we ain't playin' bout him
And my mans got his blood on my red bottoms
f*ck![Chorus: Sad Frosty]
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Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that
All you other rappers got set-back
I run the game, b*tch I said that
New kicks, check that
Fake chain, diamonds, baguette that
All you other rappers got set-back
I run the game, b*tch I said that

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