

Tables

Joey Trap

[Intro]

Man you boys can't even sit with us Stupid

You dumb ass niggas

You really thought -

You really thought you could sit with us Stupid

Nigga look at my shoes

These is Louboutin's Nigga

Young rich squad man you boys can't even sit with us

Said he fly as me boy you must be smoking angel dust

New block blower pull up on you phonem paint you up

I get legal money ion fuck with all that shady stuff

Hit 80 bands off the rap like last week

Pullin out the burner now he runnin like an athlete

Ion wanna squabble get the burner on your ass cheeks

Stupid ass nigga thought he finna get a pass B

Never let a nigga act rowdy that's a bitch move

Niggas really stalking on my gram like my bitch do

I won't never sell another gram I make rich moves

If I go broke ima get it out my bitch shoes

Walk to imperial and back lil baby

You ain't even wild bro stop acting crazy

Fuck your pussy give me dome first

Brodie at your crib with that led call that home work

Find out when u sleep then we run up with that chrome burst

16 bars in this chop like a long verse

Been on the block finna ball like it's cancer

Said that I'm broke shake my head get your bands up

She wanna fuck lol , that's my answer

If bro hit the lick then we both got that hammer

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You ain't even wild bro stop acting crazy
I remember I was broke I ain't have none
Now my fit is all designer in this Aston
Martin in this bitch Ima kick her out like Pam son
All these niggas want my sauce nigga y'all like plankton
Broke where bitch this ice on my neck
He ain't got no bullets in that gun why he flex
Feel like I'm Nike cus I got these checks
She give head with no hands bitch look like a T-rex
I'm gone

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DUMMY

You a stupid ass nigga ion wanna hear it

Over

Over

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>