

A.D.H.D., Pt. 2

Sad Frosty

[Intro]

You have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service

Mike G, you can't do this to 'em, man!

A-A-Astro, god damn

[Verse]

Bitch, I'm a boss, I don't need no co-sign

I took his main bitch, I hit that hoe two times

You don't know Frosty, you need to get new lines

Yeah, you swag jackin', boy, get you some new rhymes

Pass her off she, only good for my dick

Ty roll up with thirty's, got that in the clip

I'm not a gangster, still roll with the stick

10,000 for a show, then I dip

She left her name, number, I might give her a call

Soon as I need her, got dick in her jaws

No cuffin' baby, thought I told you that's law

Country thotties, like my name Tim McGraw

I got no label, do numbers myself

You signing for 30, put up on the shelf
Don't call my phone, you ain't getting no help
Frost Gang, we winnin', we movin' in stealth
Fuck it, Aye!

I hit that hoe from the side
He talkin' that tough shit but he ain't gon' slide
You say that you down but you not gon' ride
You say you get money, I know that you lie
Fuck that hoe twice, on god I'ma ditch her
Bitch I'm the shit, ten bands for a picture
I told her I love her, she know I won't kiss her
Bitch I'm big homie, stop calling me mister
Yeah, aye, still push that big body benz
That kinda hoe called then fucked all her friends

This vitamin D, fuck nothing but tens
You wanna be me but can't take no wins
Rappers they only be thugs on the net
Before I got verified, I had a check
Might fuck on Teanna, her pussy so wet
I copped me some Bape, said fuck a patek
Yeezy buster cannot bust me

[?], I got it, just trust me
Play with me wrong, DC gon' get ugly
Can't keep hoes at round, cause they get too fussy
Came from the south, move west to LA

Still at your necks, do this shit all day

He did a verse, that boy still gon pay

Said, “Frosty, I'm blowing, I ain't come to play”

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