

PUNCH ME IN 5

Stunna 4 Vegas

Yes, sir (Yes, sir)

Uh, stupid (Coast 41)

It's coast 41 (Billion Dollar Baby Entertainment)

It's Big Stunna (Rich)

Ha, uh, uh

Firzt back like he left or somethin'

She throw that ass back like a flea flicker (Thot, thot)

Young rich nigga, ho, I ain't no ass kisser (Uh)

You know I'm havin' that bag (You know I'm havin' that bag)

Havin' my shorties come get on your ass (Come here)

We strapped, and ready to clash

What's beef? We get in, go fast, nigga (Uh)

She keep ass in my mouth, pass

I told that bitch, "I'ma end like your last nigga," (Move)

She a big ole freak like Megan Thee Stallion (Wow), I'm tryna beat her down (Beat her down),
uh

Lil' bitch said she diggin' my style, she ain't been wit' a G like me in a while

I know you hear me 'cause I'm smokin' loud (Gas), my neighbors beggin' me to turn it down
(Uh)

It's smoke, let's go, don't give me a run around

Lil' nigga, I ride wit' a hunnid rounds (Brr)
Big speaker like Bagg, big stepper like Gates
If I said the word, he get put on a plate (Uh-huh)
Got beef with me, nigga walkin' with fate
They might think I'm white 'cause I rock out with Drake
All bark, no bite, boy, you just in the way
Where opps? On site, boy I ain't finna play with no nigga
I suggest you to play with your bae (On gang), shoot 'em in, I'm swingin' the K (Grrah)
Like I play in the Major League, I done had every gun, from A to Z
Bitch boy, don't play with me
Killers to my left and right, they stay with me
This G-L-O-C-K with me (Yeah), say he gon' rob me, that make believe (Huh?)
My lil' nigga up that bitch faithfully
Nut in your bitch face and fuck up her Maybelline
We, rock out, shows, I got 'em sold out (Yes sir)
I got the city sold up, we hit your block then skate like woah, bounce
We pop out, I go where I want, it's never unannounced
He movin' wrong, we gun 'em down (Bop)
Plato, do that from the underground
She blushin', she say she crushin' (Thot, thot)
She love it when I come around, uh, ooh, uh
I'm hittin' this ho from the back
What you hear? A punchin' sound (Uh, uh)
She runnin' out there, she can't handle me, uh
Ho, you know I feel like an animal

Ho, you know I could smoke your nigga like he cannabis
This bitch fold over (Get 'em outta here), on my waist right now
So I can't do no dancin' (I can't)
The stick my ho, we romantic, uh
Put a scope on that bitch, it look fancy (Bop, bop)
I'm blue like a bomb, landin' (Yeah)
Lil' freak like you eye candy (Okay)
My boy sniffs the iCarly (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm a villain like Charles Manson (I swear), on fire
Y'all panic (Ha), you niggas ain't steppin', they jaw rammin'
Ain't no cappin', this shit is too authentic (No cap)
Knew I would win 'cause I put my heart in it (Yeah), uh
And that's a Fendi fact (Yeah), I go broke, I run up on you like give me that (Yeah, yeah)
Got a stick with a stick attached to it, nigga play and I'm givin' that to him

She throw that ass back like a flea flicker
Rich nigga, ho, I ain't no ass kisser
She like, "You having that bag, nigga" (Okay)
"Why you ain't buy me no bag, nigga?"
I'm too player, a pimp, a street nigga (Yeah)
I'll tell you what, bring a friend with ya
I'll have a meet and greet with you
Y'all better eat dick, like y'all eat dinner, uh-huh (Uh, uh, uh)

It's Four Times (Yeah), but this Punch Me In Five (This Punch Me In Five)

I can't pay attention to you hatin' from the sideline

I take his bitch then pop a Perc' and kill that pussy nine times (Uh, uh, uh)

It's "Bang, bang," and, "Grrah, grrah," we ain't go for the ra-ra (On gang)

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