

Park

Isaiah Rashad

Mama I knew I was 'bout it
Way before venue was crowded
Way before Kevin pulled up with that Reverend
I told him to level, go fuck on the feelings
Don't nut on her face
Trust me I feel like the man
Trust me I feel like the Wop, rock
You can depend on the stock, watch
Bitch I got ten in the pot, drop
All of my limits could die
All of y'all niggas
All of my limits could die
Look at you timid as fuck
And you holding me up
And I'm trying to be Nicki Minaj
Rich as a bitch in the drop
Rich as a bitch, rich as my bitch on the side
Hoe I got more than you know, hoe I got
Look, watch, spill out your soul in the closet
Don't question your passion
We flipped that reefer we couldn't be ashing
They got me so high that I look like I'm passive
Bitch, don't you know who you asking?
Bitch have you tutored the pastor
I know the root and the master
I know the coupe was a casket
I had that bitch looking like all the shit that I'm writing
That shit was so good that I passed it
Bust that shit straight out the plastic
Bitch I ain't good bitch I'm crafty
I want to piss on a rapper
I just got hookers and pampers
Niggas line up when I practice
I'm not a savage, I don't do shit just to do it
This going precise as we planned it
I'm just a bandit, plus I'm as sharp as a tack or a guillotine right at your family
Keep it so candid, knock ya like she said some candy
You down for this shit? Are you Brandy?
Find a mechanic, tell 'em I pay 'em in fabric
3500 in traffic
Nigga I'm savvy
I look more Cuban than Maverick, the metal, the tube of the handle

Nigga I'm savvy, wait (hey)
Wait, look, nigga I'm savvy
I look more Cuban than Maverick, the metal, the tube of the handle
Nigga I'm savvy
I look more Cuban than Maverick, the metal, the tube of the handle
Nigga I'm swagging
Bitch I might shoot at your Camry
Bitch I might shoot at your camera
Nigga what's happening?
Niggas won't piss on your grave
Bitch I might piss on your family
Nigga what's happening?
Bitch I might shoot at your camera
Bitch I might shoot at your
Nigga what's happening?
I look more Cuban than Maverick, the metal, the tube of the handle
Nigga I'm savvy
Back-back, to the back-back, to the frozens and the BB's
Way before ya, way before ya thought I told ya
It's alot on the line
These hoes wanna ride on the line
These hoes ain't no bible of mine
Back-back, to the back-back, to the frozens and the BB's
If sixteen ain't enough
I could swing it twenty-five
I could tell ya how to go
I could tell you where to ride
I could tell you where the

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