

Zombamafoo

HoodRich Pablo Juan & Danny Wolf

[Verse 1: Lil Uzi Vert]

Chopper on me and you know that bitch folded
Pistol on me and you know that bitch loaded
Living my life just like everything golden
When I say that, I'm talking 'bout the Rollie
Nigga talk shit, put a hole in him slowly
Then I bag his bitch, fuck on that bitch slowly
Said you getting money, then you gotta show me
Know I'm a VLONE thug, bitch, I'm so lonely
Check it out, diamonds shine in the dark
Water ring look like VOSS
Fuck her once, break her heart
Skate on that girl like my name Tony Hawk
Had the swag from the start, had the shit in my car
Duck, I aim with the Moss-
Berg, so cold that my watch made me cough
I ain't never took a loss, keep it a hundred, of course
I pulled out that Lamb, no Honda Accord
I'll fuck your bitch and then I'll hit record
I took the Xan and then I'll hit the snore
Walk on the dead, bitch, I trip on the corpse
Counting the bands, but y'all mentioning Forbes
It felt like just yesterday, I was poor
Wake up, I'm swagging in Christian Dior
[Chorus: Hoodrich Pablo Juan]
I'm dressing like I was Zoboomafoo
Got lions and snakes on my Gucci shoes
Poured up a deuce, I rolled up a blunt or two
Your bitch wanna fuck when she come through
Sensei busting up bricks, I do kung-fu
Good aim when shooting, I'm hunting you
Caught a cold from my ice, ah-choo
All black Ghost pull up, peek-a-boo
I'm smoking that platinum cookies, that's the best
I got the juice, I pour up that Hitech
Four pockets full, looking like thigh pads
Talking that gangsta shit, no, you ain't 'bout that Hoodrich
I keep the strap in my Louie bag
Fuck on your bitch, give her back, I'm through with that
Filthy rich like the sewer, don't hang with no rats
Designer my fashion, I'm still sipping Act
[Verse 2: Hoodrich Pablo Juan]

I got them cookies, they fresh out the oven
Juuging and packing, I'm making shit double
Four in the 20, I like my shit muddy
Fuck on that hoe, then I call up her buddy
Rich nigga status, I keep the strap on me
My red bottoms made from the hair of a pony
My young niggas murking, they scared to be opponents
Talking that fuck shit, we pulling right up on it
That pint don't come sealed, nigga, I don't want it
I trap out the bando, nigga, like it's haunted
HoodWolf, leave me with the dragon in the dungeon
I still serve a nigga a bale of the onions
Better go ask your bitch, I've been getting money
Real Candler Road nigga, you can serve [?]
I gotta meet the plug way out in Conyers
I got the paper like folder dividers
Buy the work, no cosigners
Real street nigga, I ain't taking no dummies
Can't get it the way we trying, nigga, you'll die
I can seen a nigga acting like me, stop lying
I'm Pablo the Plug, you ain't sold a dime
I'm in the concrete jungle with the lions
I need the pints, nigga, I don't buy lines
When I get bricks, yeah, I'm paying for mine
360 ring, why the fuck would I sign? [Chorus: Hoodrich Pablo Juan]
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