

# Bitch I Operate

Mbest11x

We might be crazy  
We might be drunk  
We're sipping on whisky  
And now here we come  
And we're riding dirty  
This (unintelligible)  
Three words are for your face  
Bitch I Operate  
Wake up in the morning and I'm feeling kinda fresh  
Five pounds of bacon on my motherfucking chest  
Carbon stained pillows, hands smell like lead  
Under my mattress, gun safe is my bed  
Loaded up mags just ready to blast  
ISIS flag wanna wipe my ass  
Blow-out kit with my speed ball bag  
Dressed up in my tactical swag  
Looked in my pocks and found zero fucks  
Until I pulled out my custom Glocks  
Even wore Multicams to my first date  
Wait, what?  
Bitch I Operate  
We might be crazy  
We might be drunk  
We're sipping on whisky  
And now here we come  
And we're riding dirty  
This (unintelligible)  
Three words are for your face  
Bitch I Operate  
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Chilling at the range, fire rate sustained  
Lead showers, wanna make it rain  
C-clamp like a motherfucking boss  
Got my patches, didn't you, on my damn dog  
Two in the morning doing CQB  
Tip-toeing down the hallway  
Shh, my wife might hear me  
Got my Instagram game on locks  
Especially gun bunnies be drooling on my cock  
Got the whole crew like  
(unintelligible)

When I drop loads, they're always suppressed  
People say haters gonna hate  
I'm just like  
Bitch I Operate  
We might be crazy  
We might be drunk  
We're sipping on whisky  
And now here we come  
And we're riding dirty  
This (unintelligible)  
Three words are for your face  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>