

Bubblin

Anderson .Paak

[Intro]

Look at you go, okay, you bubblin'
Look, go, go, Look at you go
Okay you bubblin', look[Verse 1]
Yeah, one in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin'
Look at the cash, look at the cash comin' in
Come get your man, this lil nigga buggin' me
Did you see the bag? Quit all that jaw-jackery
Don't need to pass me that, I don't want none of it (yeah)
These niggas mad about it, had enough of it
Woah, watch what you're sayin', how they're poppin' and shakin'
Got me hot as a laser, my posse deep and iratin'
And we act a fool for the paper, had a dream and I made it
El Camino on Dayton's, Vintage Guess over Bape
Put the bread on me bitch, bitch, you bet I'ma bake it
Piggy flat in a blanket, I might just roll out today
I might just roll out to Vegas, head back to my old ways
Cop a room full of Asian hoes and do blow all day
Look at me, baby, look at me, baby
Don't I look like a million? I'm 'bout to clean out the safe
D-don't I look like somebody that just be bodyin' everything
All that talkin is great but I don't be talkin' I air it out
All the problems have gotten easy to bury
I'd rather drown in them Hendrick's, I'd rather kiss on my Mary
I been broker way longer than I been rich so until it levels out
Imma take your mama to the Marriott and wear it out
Took me so long to get it, gonna spread it out
Let 'em know all about it when I'm dead and gone

[Hook]

One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
Look at the cash, look at the cash bubblin' (okay you bubblin')
Look at the cash (look)
Bubblin' (go)
One in the hand (look)
One in the hand (go)
One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
Look at the cash, look at the cash, bubblin' (okay you bubblin')
Look at the cash (look)
Bubblin'

[Verse 2]

I'ma need all the fries you can give me

All the hot sauce, all the pie you can give me
Better be all or nothin', don't have me in the middle
You better be all you can, get higher than the limit
Simplify for the Dumbos, plenty slides, I could shuffle
Hit the cadence with my young bitch, Isaac Hayes, Billy Ocean
But the old hoe with the cane stick
Left my slippers at the function, it's hard to run in Gucci slides
Chick I thought you said you didn't have a husband
I'ma stud, no cuckold, Jackie Chan, no trouble
Can't kill up with the beat, blood drippin' from the cutthroats
No Lord, not me, I can never be the one you wanna stunt for
Money, money, the machine, guns, freak the Ferragamo store
R.I.P. to times that I was broke, hopped in like the 911 Porsche
Matte black, lookin' clean, dead prezis in an envelope
Cookin up kanat, waitin' for the antidote, runnin' outta town
Patience thinner than her pantyhose[Sample]
Get over here and empty your pockets
I don't do that
You're my prisoner, you do what I tell you to do, get over here
Haha, he's gonna get nasty about it!
Fuckin' [?]
Frank! Cool it, huh?
Stay the fuck outta this![Hook]
One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
Look at the cash, look at the cash bubblin' (okay you bubblin')
Look at the cash (look)
Bubblin' (go)
One in the hand (look)
One in the hand (go)
One in the hand, one in the bag, bubblin' (look at you go)
Look at the cash, look at the cash bubblin' (okay you bubblin')
Look at the cash (look)
Bubblin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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