

Element

Pop Smoke

I might just hit it raw, hold on, that's not my element
I like dark skins, love her melanin
Huh, Christian Louboutin what I'm steppin' in
Thirty bottles of Azul, tell 'em send 'em in
I had the Lambo', switch to the 'Rari
I'm a gangster, but I like to party
Pop a Perky, go retarded
I'm a Brooklyn nigga, I'm cold-hearted
That's why I like the bad gyal (Woah), like RiRi (Wait)
Every time she see me, she wanna eat me (Hold on)
I saw like Justin Bieber, please believe me
I said, "Wow, I'm on the TV"
I can't fuck with broke bitches, they be creepy
She be actin' up, she always tryna leave me
But she a bad gyal, and she freaky
I have her hangin' off the rod like she MiMi
I never hit a bitch more than once 'cause they be leeches
But her pussy good, it taste like peaches
But she can have it, I don't need it
I'd rather have my money green like kiwi
I don't talk to niggas 'cause they be cappin'
Disrespect me and see what happen
I don't make a call for war, I start snappin'
Grr, them bullets blastin'
All the opps mad that I lapped them
He said, "What's stackin'?"
Nothin' but my money
'Member my pockets flat?
Now they chunky
I ain't a pretty boy, but I ain't ugly
And I'll take your bitch in a second
If she a real one, then I'll protect it
Traded the AP, told my jeweler Patek it
And it's all VVS and flower settings
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Yoz, what you tellin' me?
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