

# Walked In (Remix)

## Bankroll Fresh

(Street)  
(Yeah I'm back!)  
(Yeah, Yeah)[Hook : Bankroll Fresh]Know my frames, they're killin'Dirt bike, four wheeling  
(woo)  
Come up in the street I'm peeling (skurr)  
Come up in the street I'm peeling[Verse 1 : Street Money Boochie]  
And I might just lose the ceiling  
And I might kill it if feel it  
Hell yeah!  
Ya damn right I kill it if she give itTake it and we flip it  
Take it and remix it  
Bring it back  
Sixteen Curry on them hoes  
Bank too big  
Need pockets like Girbaud  
Hold up, wait!  
Know exactly how it goes  
It's Boochie![Verse 2 : Strap]  
No, bet you can't do it like this  
Fully loaded diamond on both of my wrists  
Me and Joblow gon' scheme on your bitch  
Street Money Nino  
Got a hundred in the six  
I ain't no gas  
I'ma juug this mid  
Pint coming in, I'm a lean like this  
I ain't hit hard, like shawty you lit  
Fuck all you rappersCame in like this  
Turning up on you bastards  
After I smash  
Lil nigga can have her  
Fuck from the front  
Then I'm turning her backwards  
Ask all those strippers, I stay with that cash  
I'm in a dipper I'm moving them bags  
Play with that money  
We put on a mask  
New no limit, we bustin' your ass[Hook : Bankroll Fresh]  
Looking like a trapper when I walked in the building  
That mean I got something expensive  
Know my frames, they're killin'  
All these hoes I'm killin'

Nigga came from dope dealing  
 Dirt bike, four wheeling (woo)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling (skurr)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling [Verse 3 : Bankroll Fresh]  
 I walked in  
 Throwing to the ceiling  
 Looking like a muthafucking milli Stop flexing bitch, you ain't really poppin'  
 These bottle wars, all these bottles what we poppin' Rosé poppin'  
 Bitch we poppin'  
 You ain't really jockin'  
 Y'all niggas flexing  
 Y'all ain't got it  
 I got 2 bitches  
 They're getting' wild I got one Black and I got one Chinese  
 She be talking to me she say, "kung pow!"  
 I fucked it up, I just made a pound Just fucked it up at the after hour  
 4:42, yeah, it can't wait to growl  
 Bitch yo ass ugly  
 And  
 So free bitch, here go a  
 Stinking ass breath, smell like  
 I'm fresh as hell, Bitch wipe me down [Hook : Bankroll Fresh]  
 Looking like a trapper when I walked in the building  
 That mean I got something expensive  
 Know my frames, they're killin'  
 All these hoes I'm killin'  
 Nigga came from dope dealing  
 Dirt bike, four wheeling (woo)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling (skurr)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling All of these hoes be staring She wants me, because I'm cooler  
 Looking like a god damn jeweler  
 Might fly to Bermuda  
 Thank God, a nigga rich, hallelujah  
 I flew her out, and I barely even knew her  
 I fucked her, now that bitch Luda [Verse 5 : Quez] Me and my god damn shooters  
 Carbon got a god damn cooler These bitches faded, be acting funny  
 All that she wants is a bag of money  
 Get her on molly she be actin' slutty  
 Hit from the back, and she ate her buddy [Hook : Bankroll Fresh]  
 Looking like a trapper when I walked in the building  
 That mean I got something expensive All these hoes I'm killin'  
 Nigga came from dope dealing  
 Dirt bike, four wheeling (woo)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling (skurr)  
 Come up in the street I'm peeling MORE ON GENIUS  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

