

# No Velcro

## BlocBoy JB

[Intro]

Told that nigga he can eat the taco with motherfuckin' ayy (huh?)  
I told that nigga he can eat the taco with one hand, not fuckin' two hands (yeah, yeah yeah yeah)

And I, okay, hold up, yeah (word word word)

Hold up, hey, hold up, hey (wicka-wicka-wicka-word word word)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah[Verse]

East side cripin' (crip), 700 livin' (hundred)

Pull up on a nigga, pop him like a penicillin (word, word, word)

Shoot him while he chillin' (huh?), take a nigga children (that's on my mama)

I don't give a fuck, bitch I'm tryna get a million (yeah yeah yeah)

Bitch I need them commas, bitch I'm on the comeup (come up)

Your bitch on her knees, she put her tongue up (tongue up)

Dick up in her tonsils (she slurpin')

I be kicking shit like a punter (punter)

It's eleven thirty, she's a luncher (luncher), I'm a stunner (stunner)

I got your bitch wet like my jewelry (wet wet)

Everywhere I go, don't need security (no security)

A nigga grew a beard, that's maturity (that's maturity)

Now everywhere I go, all these bitch niggas fearin' me (hoes)

Bitch it ain't no ho in me, ayy it's on go with me (word)

I just sold a bow of weed in Memphis, Tennessee (yeah)

No janitor I got the keys, no ocean I'm the C (yeah yeah yeah)

And I be ballin', ain't no coaching me (word)

You stylin', you ain't close to me (close)

Musical chairs, sit your ass down (sit your ass down)

I felt like I retired when I gave that boy the last round (rrah rrah)

Say you wanna jack, well I'm finna beat your ass now (what's up?)

Treat you like a blunt, watch how quick I get him passed down (gas gas)

Walked in the room, I got your bitch with her pants down (with her ass out)

I shot that nigga, now he six feet in some sand now (nigga he dead)

I keep a fan, guess I'm somewhere in the stands now (in the stands now)

I don't think these pussy niggas stand a chance now (stand a chance now)

Really eatin', thirty in my car, make 'em pop a wheelie

Bitch I keep that chocolate like I'm Wonka, really

Bananas in my pocket, it's a jungle (it's a jungle), illy

He tried to rob me but I had a chopper, silly

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah, he's silly

Nigga tried to pop me, nigga ate a wheelie

Tabo in this bitch and he acting real silly

CB in this bitch and you know it's grippy

Grippy, grippy, don't say trippy

Forty on my hippy, nigga you'll get drippy  
Ayy, you can get it bitch, I don't give a fuck, ho  
Pull up with that thirty, smoke your ass like some like some crack though  
We don't smoke none of, none of that though  
Get your, get your bitch ass smacked though, ayy  
And I always keep a fucking stack ho  
And my pockets big big, yeah that's a fat ho, ugh  
Yeah, that's a fat ho  
And I'm in this bitch leaning like I'm Fat Joe  
Yeah, yeah, and my heart slow  
I can't love a bitch 'cause you know my heart cold, bitch  
Jeepers creepers, scarecrow  
And a nigga get stomped in some shell toes  
Yeah, yeah, I don't rock no velcro  
Yeah, yeah, I don't rock no velcro, bitch

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>