

# Ordinary (feat. Pop Smoke)

## PnB Rock

Rico's going crazy again  
PnB, Pop Smoke, don't give no fucks  
Nigga, check the scoreboard Bitch, 'cause we up I threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren  
(Woo)  
I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
I'm dripped in VLONE  
That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
Chain cost a kilo  
Ain't ordinary (Woo) I threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren (Woo)  
I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
I'm dripped in VLONE  
That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
Chain cost a kilo, ain't ordinary, look (Woo)  
Life is short  
I don't wanna go to court (Woo)  
Hop in my Porsche  
Dripped in VLONE (Woo)  
Teddy Brukshot, give that boy a one-shot (Woo)  
Laser, ain't no dot  
Tag him with a square (Woo) Tell that boy he Crip, uh  
One in the head (Woo)  
Send shots at his head  
Bet that boy won't live (Woo)  
I don't give a fuck  
'Cause all my friends is dead (Woo) So I just stack my paper  
Glock 9 hold a laser (Woo)  
She came from Alabama  
And hit like nine-eleven (Woo)  
Treesh at my crib 8:45 a.m., she out by 9:11 a.m. (Woo)  
She got like hella bodies  
I'm always percolated (Woo)  
And I won't miss a payment  
I'm so sophisticated (Woo) In black like I'm an Oakland Raider  
Tell her work, Rihanna  
Call Batman, I'm robbin'  
40K to do a show up in Ali Baba  
If I call Ace, he gon' throw you off the stage  
In his Cartiers (Woo) I threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren (Woo)  
I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
I'm dripped in VLONE  
That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
Chain cost a kilo

Ain't ordinary (Woo) I threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren (Woo)  
 I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
 I'm dripped in VLONE  
 That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
 Chain cost a kilo  
 Ain't ordinary (Woo) Oh, yeah  
 We just upped the score today, yeah  
 We just dropped two more today  
 We do this shit like it's ordinary  
 I swear I can't wait 'til some more get buried Hold on, what's that? BD, rush that!  
 Opps tried to score but that shit was a touchback  
 Spin the block, turn that nigga into a dust pack  
 Heard he had the glizzy but ain't get to bust that Oh, goddamn, that's tragic  
 We makin' shit disappear like magic (Poof)  
 Just hit a lick with a bad bitch  
 She threw the oop on one of these rappers She said they in the hotel lacking  
 One thing about her, she don't do no cappin'  
 So I send Seal and Bron  
 They run in your shit and I don't know what happened  
 (Give me that shit, nigga) Brtt, VLONE on me  
 Drip  
 She all on my  
 Dick She wanna fuck 'cause I'm lit (I'm lit)  
 I know some bitches that play with them pieces  
 They came in this bitch with they own bodies (They got it) We throwing money in the air  
 This ain't even the strip club  
 But we all wildin' (We wildin') BI threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren (Woo)  
 I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
 I'm dripped in VLONE  
 That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
 Chain cost a kilo  
 Ain't ordinary (Woo) I threw an opp pack in the air in my McLaren (Woo)  
 I put eight racks of baguettes up in my earrings (Woo)  
 I'm dripped in VLONE  
 That's what I'm wearin' (Woo)  
 Chain cost a kilo  
 Ain't ordinary (Woo)

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