

have you itching man
Talking like you, what's up, fool? Vocal chords sounding lame
In my days all we did was chief out on a quarter pound
Gone on coke, eyes are bucked, this here shit will knock you down
Knock you out, make you
fall asleep when you're on them wheels
Ain't no doubt, hit me when I beep for this refill
Once again, on my wicked high, gotta have that drank
Heard my name, Gino, I feel like I'm gonna fucking faint
Nigga tell me what you know 'bout
Frank, Nito and Young Guido
Paul and Vito, we play a tune it sweeter than Pedito
With my Three 6 nigga pouring up in my southern credo
Quick fast, we'll put it on your ass like John Vito
'Cause you fronting rap sanger, be creamy like
a Zanger
You ain't from the manger boy but you get the middle finger
Come bang her, rum dranker, occasionally take
Your bitch to the Telly and be a dick and cum slanger
When Big Bun come danger, nigga ring your alarm
Sexy thang on my arm, cup of drank in my
palm
And that crazy shit, I'm tripping on some skinny bitches
Something that's wholesome, Florida to Folsom
And for the most I'm steady sippin' on some sizzerp
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on
some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip
Sippin' on some siz-erp, sip, sippin' on some, sip

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