

My Momma (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Future

Talking 'bout you popping tags, nigga you ain't bought shit
Talking bout a hunned bottles, nigga you ain't popped shit
All you talk nana clips, nigga you ain't shot shit
Spending money on these hoes, nigga you ain't fuck shitShit
ShitBought the ho a hunned pair of red bottoms
Thats a quarter milly on a hand job my nigga
Blillll stick'em fuck you and every nigga came witcha
Gone put a nigga on a picture
Gone put a nigga on a t-shirt
Back in the day when a nigga sell dope
I'mma slap your daddy allofdem put'em in a hole
Glock 40 whooo
My ambitions as a rider
Sipping on lean getting higher
Nigga I'm a codein buyer
No you not a foreign whip driver
Shoutout to the shooters and the shooters only
You never walk around with alot of money
Bundles falling all out your pocket
When you hit'em in the head can you keep a solid
Bulletproof whip we'll blow it up
Like some raw uncut don't blow it up
Represent your gang nigga throw it up
I don't give a fuck where you at nigga throw it up
Catch a nigga slipping at the red light
With ya AK, let me see you shoot it
You're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon, you're a goon
Nigga let me see you prove it
Presidential rollie and its glidin'
Love a nigga wrist when its shinin'
Hate a nigga wrist when its blingin'
So I went and added more diamonds
Hot boy nigga, BG
Thats the way these young niggas eat
Drinking on syrup can't sleep
Keep a couple standing with ya partner
Blockbuster niggas running around with real choppers
Nigga what's the color of them bottles, they ain't gold
Now you moving round with ya ho
You ain't even sticking to the code
Pimps up, pimps up, hoes down, hoes down
A pool full of money and I'm 'bout to drown

I'mma fool on the corner with that Bobby Brown
Button up suits at the Grammy's
Had to turn it up for the family
Yes I'm a freebandz bandit

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