## **Gold Teeth**

## **Blood Orange**

Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga I got gold teeth, nigga I'm from the street, nigga You got some beef, nigga Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga We keep the dope cookin' And where I'm from Grown men don't take no ass whoopin'

Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga I got gold teeth, nigga I'm from the street, nigga You got some beef, nigga Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga We keep the dope cookin' And where I'm from Grown men don't take no ass whoopin' Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga I got gold teeth, nigga I'm from the street, nigga You got some beef, nigga Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga We keep the dope cookin' And where I'm from Grown men don't take no ass whoopin'

Feeling right (Feeling right) Feeling nice (Feeling nice) Feeling nice (Feeling nice) Check the price (Check the price) I'm on at night (I'm on at night) Cold at night (Cold at night) Ignore my phone (Ignore my phone) No reply (No reply) Prism got (Prism got) Me feeling old (Me feeling old) Sweat it out (Sweat it out) Watch it go (Watch it go)

Real bad bitches, get your ass on the pole (Yeah, ho) We gon' rumble in this ho (Yeah, ho) We gon' rumble in this ho (Yeah, ho)

Feeling great, feeling great Bitch, I'm 'bout to take a flight Not commercial, bae, I'm flying private Where you wanna go tonight? I'm thinkin' Venus, you be thinkin' Mars Let me secure this bag, bitch, I'ma hit you up tomorrow 'Cause I ain't got time for the bullshit Man, I'm tryna get rich Pussy power Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga, that's the biz That's what you ain't I don't be smoking the dank Feeling so high at the bank Candy the paint Used to be matching the gas Used to me getting the cash

Feeling right (Feel alright)
Feeling nice (Feeling nice, yeah ho)
Feeling nice (Feeling nice)
Check the price (Bitch, check the price)
I'm on at night (Ho, I'm on tonight)
Cold at night (Man, it's cold at night)
Ignore my phone (Bitch, ignore my phone)
No reply (No reply, yeah, ho)

Real bad bitches, get your ass on the pole (Patta) We gon' rumble in this ho We gon' rumble in this ho (Ooh)

Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga I know they scared, nigga Choppers popping, leg hitters Coming for head Get 'em up, get 'em gone I stay in my lane, man Diamonds in my chain, man Your bitch got that brain game I'ma let this dick slang All in her esophagus Tickle in her tonsils My pockets are monstrous I'm just having fun with her But you got a problem, huh? She told me about this Say your flow gon' make me rob 'em, huh? 452 is Northern, huh? Don't you make this a problem, huh? (We gon' rumble in this ho We gon' rumble in this ho)

Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga I got gold teeth, nigga I'm from the street, nigga You got some beef, nigga Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga We keep the dope cookin' And where I'm from Grown men don't take no ass whoopin'

Feeling right Feeling nice Feeling nice Check the price I'm on at night Cold at night Ignore phone No reply

Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga Go get your boys, nigga I bring the noise, nigga So bring your toys, nigga Yeah, nigga, yeah, nigga You got your drama, boy Tištěno z WWWIIPDCZ I'll shoot your mama, boy