

Seven One Eight

Fannypack

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BK is you wit me New York City
Everywhere else you can suck up my titties
Eat a Big Mac and go to hell
In an old bucket fuck it yo it ain't hard to tell
That we got this party on smash
Now we gonna put you on blast
Written in my shit list you dead last
Face look like you did a hundred yard dash

In a 90 yard gym you look busted
Bootleg tap a keg spread it like mustard
On my buns always fun
Got other girls out on the run
Scared and they lookin' like they saw a gun
Maybe they did they boyfriend's crib
That's where I woke up this morning
'Cause he said that you boring
Don't like him anyway he was snoring
You can have his ass back while I'm out touring

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Yo Brooklyn, yo Bronx, Manhattan, yo Queens
Staten Island, yo Jersey and everywhere in between yo
Holla if you broke or an English bloke
And if you know what I mean seen
Baseball bat in the back seat
Of Matt's black car and I travel far
Much further than you witcha Metro Card
Betcha ass is on welfare

That's okay so am I, psyche
Still gonna put my thing down tonight
One time for your mind five of a kind
Look at all the people look how they lined up
At the door they want more
I bring grams to the crackers like s'mores
Say oh no, say hell yeah, oh no, hell yeah

Now bust shots in the air

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I got a big ass wad of nothing in my pockets
Still my fans get me high like rockets
At the show here we go
Backstage underage and I drink it slow
Oh my God what's the matter?
We get hot sex served on a platter
Nick nack paddy wack givin' Matt a boner
So much paper but we ain't stoners

Go'n get wild for the night
Don't act like a child tonight yo
Fancy got me dancin', you take off your pants and
You get rude in your underoos
So so moved by my rap haikus
Yo what the fuck is wrong with you?
What the fuck you think we came here to do huh?
Shake yo shit shake yo shit
Do it, do it like this, can you handle it?