

I'm footloose you be like damn maintain with the right brain
Y'all ain't do it like strange find burn you when the light change
I'm ski skirting getting small and I'm in a straight line on my jack shift
Trying to shake haters I'm a playmaker blacking out in oncoming traffic
Just imagine if, the frame was a little bit lighter considering drag lift
I could probably clear a row of buses on you motherfuckers for trying to nab with
Don't get mad bitch, better jet son, want a bad bitch go and get one
I'm that quick suck a fat dick wanna rap up need to get done
Suck it I enter I might rip burning this rubber I might slip
Struggling try get my grip, doing 80 right over the spike strips
With the pedaling motoring going so when I run it I'mma just fly with
If you ain't numero uno you ass and probably don't do it like I do it
Yo if you can't hang all that's peace see I
I bang y'all on beats, and I bet your backyard obese bitch
Better believe I'm bombastic, bro know that my ball that big
Y'all fabric fabricated in a Faberge egg sack shit
In a nutshell y'all corn balls, that's corn nuts y'all done warmed up
Snatching out on this bad traffic, I'm an asshole and my horn's stuck
I switched lanes, like Ritz came in the backseat with this thick mane
I'm an athlete, y'all are Mitch Bade and your bitch came
Let me explain got a sick brain I was born nuts
Now who's the master?
You don't have to answer, the fact is you can't survive the standard
Don't act as if, I ain't had your bitch holding me close like I'm a tiny dancer
Now back on the highway, counting these headlights, get ya head right
I stand by, y'all out the car on the side of the street getting red lights
I see y'all stuck going round and around and around the back
I secure the trophy, count 'em out Beverly Hills down and out