

I got my cup, I got my plastic cup  
I got my cup, I got my plastic cup  
I got my cup, I got my plastic cup  
You got your cup (I got my cup)

One of these playas is doing they own thang  
And some of these playas is kinda the same  
One of these playas is unlike the others  
Now it's time to spit my game  
I'm leaning, I got that purple colors brightness  
Ms. Buttersworth up in my white cup, white cup  
Codeine'ing, dropping that Swishahouse groove music  
And I'm fucked up, and I'm fucked up  
A playa's sweating, shoot dice up under the staircase  
Talking hell-a-loud grabbing his balls and side betting like a veteran  
All my weeples just come hard, reach into my pockets  
Pulled out a wad of money and I threw my dogs up on it  
It's expected, cause way back when I couldn't afford  
When a playa like me was leaking, had my back like a ? board  
Now that I'm eating, the game done blessed me mayn  
Everyday is my birthday, I'm about that ice cream and cake  
Looking for a batch with no pan and  
I'm a guerilla meals must like Brandy  
Like the R&B singer, Christian brother twist  
Getting gone, plastic cup in the traffic bumping this

Hickory dickory dock  
I dick the boost down with my dock  
I was on stuck, she was on top  
Pour me some more in my cup

We working with a lot, can't let em catch us slipping  
Can't sit the cup down, can't let em know we tripping  
I'ma keep a cup, full of Check-A-Hater juice  
Eyes behind my head, can't let em catch me loose  
He's a fool, usually wanting to put it on me  
Got a low attention span, and the average can't afford me  
I'm a boss chick, like that-that-that-that-that-that  
And you are bossy uh, I got your back

Head, shoulders, knees and toes  
Pimps, playas, hustlas, hoes  
Simps, haters, bustas, marks  
Saps, suckas, haters, sars  
Well I'm at a park, at a club after dark  
At a football game, your date in the parking lot  
Them hoochies know my name, I'm not a popsicle  
But a fool, can you do the other side of the pimp  
Stick and move, all about my uh paper route  
When I'm drunk, that's when my true feelings come out  
I ain't no punk, you got your easmic stuff  
Plus some funk, in real life I'll fuck you up

[Chorus - 2x]