

Bitch
through my precisions
I'm killing, lyrical villain
I'm higher, touchin' the ceilin'
I'm willing to fucking win this
I'm in this to finish niggas for dinner
look out below to your temple (boom)
I call back, september, october, november, december
You faggots put on your jackets before it snow in the winter
Rookies and ginger cookies, going to school, playing hookey
to overlook me
No contest, I arm wres, monster on his loch ness
penis, hoochies hop up on my crotches
Spotless, fucking a conscious goddess
In the darkness, is all set, I got this
Heartless, congress, condoms
Working on a topless The compass is directing, secting
I get carried away with the sexting, complexing
She's yours, I'm annexing

I got a gun (I cock it back)
I got a gun (betta wear your strap)
I got a gun (nigga, don't get clapped)
You better run (see it in my lap)
I got a gun (nigga, got my gun)
I got a gun (nigga, this shit fun)
I got a gun (I'm a kill that bitch)
You better run

Left brain is my lex luger, bitch I'm waka flocka
Over the stove, mixing music pasta
Swag me the fuck out, I stash my dirty money at casey's house
Put my gold teeth in a vulture's mouth
120 degrees pistol holster's pouch
Radness of warriors, jewlery store, glory whores
Bloody and lovely, wolf gang coyote ugly
I'm a wild animal, bitch, I can't be tamed
Or identified, or better, even named
And ho, that's a shame
Shoulda applied more effort in this game
Yeah, call me acronym jim, keep my beretta and my burgundy tim

Shoot that nigga, make sure he dead
Shoot that nigga, aim for his head
Kill that bitch and steal her purse
Call everybody here her phone
If that motherfucka works
Take that, bitch
\$40 a month