

# Insane

Rockie Fresh

[Intro]

[Hook: Rockie Fresh]

Whip game is insane, chain game is insane  
Got a new chick and she too thick and her head game is  
insane  
Everything is insane, everything is insane  
Everything is insane, this so fucking insane

[Verse 1: YP]

Black diamonds on my G-Shock, I get paid as it tic-toc  
Two dice on my big jock now watch them as they lip lock  
Stunting on the haters, bitch I'm getting paper  
I'm hearing from the majors I'm like Tebow with the  
Gators  
If they say I ain't doing numbers you can tell them  
check the data  
Got a pack full of wolves but Tyler not The Creator  
Just don't get me the urge to give them the work  
Have your face looking like Martin fighting Hitman  
Hearns  
Tell them that I run this shit like Usain, Addicted to  
them nice things  
Get it I'll be rocking probably way out your price  
range  
Rockie bet you know the name, from the home of that  
gang bang  
My 'nects be on the same thing, fuck hoes and stain  
lames  
Padded room I'm insane, straight jacket flow  
How everything you do a movie but you can't back the  
show  
Taking over, thought I told you and if not then I'm a  
show you  
While sitting V.I.P. popping corks like Sammy Sosa

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[Verse 2: Rockie Fresh]

I got that gold all on my wrist watch, get paid as it  
tic-toc  
I'm Trying to make a bitch bop before we hit the pit  
stop  
Don't show them where I live (Why?) Cause I don't trust  
these hoes  
Money coming fast (But?) But I'm sipping slow  
And niggas hate but they can't harm me, buy new shit I  
don't do laundry  
This Bape shit what your Boo got me, she treat me like  
I got a Bugatti  
Which match the price of my offers, chilling getting my  
balls licked

To you that might be nasty but to me that's simply just  
boss shit

I'm heading to the future, nigga ain't no looking back  
Turn a dollar to a hundred turn a hundred to a stack  
Now we going for the mills a lot of them to be exact  
All started with a dream take a look at where we at  
We put on for the city and the victims of the hate  
All this killing make a nigga wanna move to a different  
state

But I'm a stay right here I'm a grind and get my cake  
Hop up in that whip's and dip while I'm drivin' 88

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