

Finale

Shanell

I'm in that cotton pink bent,
Putin mass on the guts,
White on white whips,
Kunta Kinte on the clutch,
You at the bottom of the pole, Totem,
Like Lamar Odom, I ball, scrotom,
Flyer than a cricket so they call me Nicki Jim-any,
And it's going down like Santa in the chimney,
You don't ball break ya baby back ribs,

You need more assist than the handicap kids

Young money we rockstars,
So f-ck wit ya magnum on,
And hold on we go long,
You feel that, We get that,
We in that, we run that, we bus back,
We hit em when we see em coming back for more,
Back for more...