

## FDB

Young Dro

West Side, bang here, where you from?  
Everything y'all did been done  
My true game and my shoe game  
Can't touch this shit

Bitch that hola 'bout fuck me  
And I fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch  
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Three, what you wanna do here?  
Eat you on the floor like root beer  
Still working on getting in the cool club  
You ain't got nigga my shoe gear  
Bread on the bottom like dairy  
Sound chill  
Eat you ugly and beat you ugly  
Move you hoe, you scary  
Don't wanna get married  
Chip you a bird, perry  
I'm in so good be whole like boys near fatty's celly  
All round and round and no give to me and no bugging  
Got your main business my dick shit, she ain't messing  
Our heals fast, she want piss, it's like shit  
She seeing my automobile she try to push that, I said bitch  
I bang hoes, riding in a drop top Range Rover  
I train hoes, I'm a pimp, try that j clothes

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Three, FDB man, fly like L train  
Me and Melou's got trucker boys on  
You ain't got that paramedics  
With my LDB clear, better 3D shit  
You tell that bitch, man, fuck that hoe  
Ain't still no cheap treat  
Sip your bitch where's your skirt at?  
All I like you blowing me kush on me like burn paper  
Y'all niggas so weak and bitch you so green

I pull up on the scene in the green Celine  
Yeah nigga, I'm too clean  
West side was upper, yeah I'm making my supper  
Fuck that bitch 'fore I do that shit  
I'm like need me a rubber  
Barely on road turn, one whip, four guns  
If the seat bait mamma, fuck that bitch then head to nowhere

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