

Blueface, Famous Cryp

Blueface, baby
Yeah, aight
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
LowTheGreat

Fuck a Squarebob, bitch, I'm a famous Cryp (Shcoop!)
It get tricky, I turn a concert to a Chippendales (To a Chippendales)
Niggas want beef so I had to bring the taco shells
(Where's the beef?)
Pop the trunk, bet it's more shots than ticket sales
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P-P-Pop the trunk and pull out something with a kickstand
I'll give 'em a drumroll like I'm playing in a marching band
I get on stage and start orchestrating a choir (On the dead locs)
40k followers, eighty likes, you's a liar
Pay me in checks, like Nike, baby, I "Just Do It"
I'm a famous Cryp, If I pull up then she blew it
Keep a harpoon for a hater 'cause he can't stand it
Up the .40, bet his ass get to dancin'
Shoot first, ask second, can't take no chances
.223 leave him where I meet him in pieces
These niggas been rappin' they whole life
I just do this on the weekend
Fuckin' and suckin', my status got her freakin'
She keep tellin' me I'm, "The next big thing" (Shut the fuck up)
Bitch, shut the fuck up and take this big thing
Call me Curry wit' the .30, bet I won't miss him
Crossover, had to pull up off my dribble
Three piece her, now he eatin' wit' the Colonel
It's been regular, baby, but it's not normal
She want a famous crip, she don't want no worker
She love a nigga aggressive and disrespectful
I tell her when to shut the fuck up and lick testicles (Yeah, aight)
Yeah, aight, bitch, don't forget the vegetables
It's only time for sexual in my schedule
Stop playin', yeah, aight

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