

Lil Pump, Boss

Yeah, I came in with the sauce, ooh
Yeah, I came in with the sauce, yeah
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, yeah
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, yeah
Yeah, I came in with the sauce, ooh
Yeah, I came in with the sauce, ooh
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, yeah
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, yeah
Walk in the trap like a boss
Walk in the trap like a boss
Walk in the trap like a boss
Walk in the trap like a boss
Yeah, I came in with the sauce
Yeah, I came in with the sauce
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, ooh
Bitch, I flex Rick Ross, ooh

Walk in the trap, Ric Flair, ooh
Fuck a nigga bitch, don't care, damn
Throwing up racks in the air, damn
Told that bitch Lil Pump yeah, ooh
Damn, I just broke my wrist
100 on my wrist, can't tell me shit
Pop 4 xans then I fucked a nigga's bitch
Never went to school cause I was always flippin' bricks
Aye, yeah I came up with the sauce
Damn, yeah I sold crack in the halls
Damn, Lil Pump, bands on top
Damn, gave my mom 2 Glocks
Damn, everybody do wanna be me
Lookin' at my neck and it's Fiji, ooh
Damn, everybody do wanna be me
Lookin' at my neck and its Fiji, ooh

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