

Quavo, Honey Bun

What the fuck they thought, nigga? (What the fuck they thought?)
I just jumped up out the fuckin' vault, nigga (Go), huh
Niggas singing like Diana Ross, nigga (Soo)
I don't wanna hear no sorry for my loss, nigga
Fuck it, do some, I just put my roof on it (Put that house on it)
I don't give a fuck about no big homie (Fuck 'em)
No Huncho, no, fuck it, I'm back on it (Chill out)
Everybody know just how we act on it (Go)

What's up? What's up? What's up? What's up? What's up?
Ain't gon' run, I got that strap on me (Grah)
What's up? (Yeah) What's up? (Yeah) What's up? (Yeah)
What's up? (Yeah) What's up? (Yeah) What's up? (Yeah)
What's up? (Yeah)
What's up?

Honey bun, can you do somethin' for me? (Do somethin')
Can you go automatic just for me?
Tommy gun, can you do somethin' for me?
Can you call Al Capone for me? (Brrt, yeah)

I got a reason to slide, I got a reason to ride (Say what?)
I got a, I got a reason to slide, I got a reason to ride (Uh, get out)
How can I come outside, without no mask on? (How?)
They wanna see my emotions, I ain't smilin' at all (Fuck 'em)
I bought a bulletproof Humvee, it could take down a wall (Skrrt)
Tactical mechanics end up paying off (Brrt)
They don't want me talkin' like this gangster, at all (Uh, uh)
They'd rather see me on TV playin' basketball (Fuck that), huh
Hell nah (Hell nah), huh, fuck all that (Fuck it), huh, I'm back
No more Hollywood, just bring me back (Hi), huh, huh
I just got a hundred bricks like hack a shack (Bando), huh
2014 Huncho is back

Honeybun, huh, huh, huh, huh (Honeybun, Al Capone, yeah)
Tommy gun, huh, huh, huh, huh (What, can you call? Al Ca-Al Capone, brrt)
Huh, huh, huh, Huncho