

Kay Flock, Shake It (feat. Cardi B, Dougie B & Bo

Hey ladies, drop it down (Grrah)
Just wanna see you touch the ground (Grrah, grrah-grrah)
Don't be shy girl, go Bananza (Grrah-grrah)
Shake ya body like a belly dancer (Like, grrah)

Oh, we tryna bend on the oppas
Bitch, I'm with 300 jects and some Flockas
Like, who hotter? Top shottas
Hoodie'd up, dread down like a Rasta
I'm Mr. Hang-Out-The-V
Tryna flock 'em, pop 'em, drop 'em (That boy—, touch the ground)
If we don't got the—, we gon' hop 'em
Bory hop out wit' the—, tryna chop 'em

Grrah-grrah, boom
Talk on brodie, we spin for a week
Slide with Kay, only spin four V's (Word to my mother)
Got a lil' thottie that holdin' my beam
Fuck that lil' boy who got left in a V (Rah, Rah)
Slide with two chop's, it's like thirty in each
I been fiendin' and itchin' to catch a YG
And if he bunny hop, he get left in the scene (Grrah-grrah)
Nesty a bitch, nigga begged on his knees (Grrah)

Bitch, it's 300, DOA, blow for the guys
I'm on go for the guys, smoke a O with the guys
Bitch, I hang out the V with the pole, let it fly
They keep dissin' like I ain't get back, don't know why
Bitch, I'm GBG, word to your dead, word to mines
Talk on Nazy and Berry, you must wanna die
Talk on JayRipk and 'jects but what happened to—?
We don't mention that boy who got turned into Za'

Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it
I'm with the Flockas, I bet she get naked
Walk with the 'Migos and Henny, no chasin', like
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it
I'm with the Flockas, I bet she get naked
Shorty, she buggin', she want me to spank it, like

You on hots? Bitch, I'm on hots too
I pull up to your window like drive-thru
Come with shower, bullets, no bridal
Put a tag in your head like a bayou (Bah)
Like, huh? (Like, huh?), like, what? (What?)
None of these bitches is tough
I'm with the shits and it give me a rush
Shorty be lookin', think she got a crush
I'm not a step up, bitch, I'm a stomper
All of my opps get mixed with the grabba
Broke bitch said she was gon' touch me (Like, what?)
She lyin', hakuna matata
All the bros know that I'm uppinn' that, full-form (Boom)
All the opps up in heaven, got room for 'em (Grrah)
Everything dead, nothing is friendly
Up in my Prada, up in Balenci' (Grrah-grrah, grrah)
Fuck is she thinkin'? Know that I'm sanctioned
You crazy? Bitch, I'm retarded ('Tarded)
You okay? Something is wrong (Wrong)
Try to play me, you know I perform (Grrah-grrah, boom)

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