

Lil Pump, What U Sayin'

Hm, what you gotta say?
Ooh, damn, ooh
Ooh, what you gotta say?
Ooh, Lil Pump
Damn, ooh, yeah

What you gotta say? What you gotta say?
What you gotta say? What you gotta say?
Pull up in a Wraith, flexin' every day
Gucci everything, Louis everything
What you gotta say? What you gotta say?
What you gotta say? What you gotta say?
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What you gotta say? Bitch you gettin' paid
Bitch you gettin' laid, spend it in a day
Spend a hunnid thousand on m'fuckin' maid
Swear to God, put in on my 'Gram for a grade
I go and park two months, hit her face
Hop out, like you won a fuckin' race
Niggas gettin' 'cause I went and took they place
Come to the trap where you know it ain't safe
Hunnids on hunnids on hunnids, ooh
Pull up on a teacher, I'm stuntin' (damn)
Countin' up racks, it ain't nothin'
Sold you rerock and Robitussin
Purp all up in the coup, everybody know I flex like ouu
Bitch I don't know who the fuck is you
Pour a four tec in my Mountain Dew

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Spend a hunnid thousand every day
And my young Macarena every day
Turn 'em down, I'mma stick 'em like some tape
Call my thirty, got his own fuckin' brain
Lil Purp, I be thuggin' every day
If I get him, I'mma pop him like a safe
Pop a Xan, catch a body, skip a date
GTA, got a star on my face
And I keep a pistol on me, lil' dawg
Lil Pump, he a smacker, lil' dawg
And I only hit designer in the mall
All these diamonds on me, Paul Wall
Lookin' at my body, all this Louis
Gun 'em down in the trap, then we move 'em
Now they lookin' for his body in the sewer
Lil Pump do the work like a student

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