

6IX9INE, ZAZA

Boom

Boom

Uh

Hear that hot shit we really pop shit
When we shopped shit you copped it
We really drop shit
Who got the keys to the locks
We gon' bring the fuck shit
Y'all be all upon my dick
Like its gonna make y'all profit
Look, hit his ma-ta-ta
That shit go bananas
Nana-nana-na
I don't beef with Gerbers
He a baby Gugu-gagaga
Ratata
40. hit him make him do the ch-ch-cha
Na-na-na
I don't want the block
I want the ZAZA

Are you dumb?

You ain't spin the block

You a damn lie

Suck a dick

You ain't kill a shit

You let your mans die

Tell me you not feelin' shit

Cuz we was killin' shit

Remember days we was hitting shit

Don't want to reminisce

Look!

Look, lil' shawty got the body-ody, ody-ody
Slimy mouth, she gave me sloppy-toppy in the Maserati
Are you dumb?
Where couldn't I come
Are you dumb?
When you see me you better run
You got your gun?
They caught that nigga lackin' like a bitch
They killed your cousin and your man
And you still ain't do shit

And we still screaming out

Gang /3x

Look

Free the guys in the chain

Gang /2x

Finna go insane let it

Bang /3x

Imma up this choppa get out my way

Get out my way

I am coming through

Boom

Go get your fans up

He in the dirt go pick your mans up

Dummy

Like fuck a booth got get a strap

Look

It's funny your mans is never comin' back

Boy, you dumb enough

Dumb or what?

Ain't no fightin'
Boy that gun is up
Go try runnin' up
She keep sendin' me emoji hearts
She tryna fuck or what?
Girl, I'm good, already fucked enough
But you can suck me up

And we still screaming out
Gang /3x
Look
Free the guys in the chain
Gang /2x
Finna go insane let it
Bang /3x
Imma up this choppa get out my way