

Fdb (remix)

Young Dro

[Intro: Young Dro]

West Side Bankhead is where I'm from

Everything y'all did has been done

My Trew game and my shoe game

You can't touch that shit[Hook: Young Dro]

Bitch that hollerin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Nah, fuck that bitch

Fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch

Bitch that hollerin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Nah, fuck that bitch

Fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch

Bitch that hollerin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Nah, fuck that bitch[Verse 1: French Montana]

Biatch... bitch - fuck that bitch like Too \$hort

My whole crew hit, fuck you thought?

Bum bitch smokin' that Newport

Hoe keep talkin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Man, fuck that bitch

Hoe told you she ain't fuck me?

Man, I fucked that bitch

Why you mad I ain't give you stacks?

Why you mad I ain't call you back?

I ain't buy you that, I ain't fly you back

Hoe aspects, that ain't how you act

Now that bitch keep talkin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Fuck that, fuck that bitch

Hoe keep tellin' you "trust me"

Man, I don't trust that bitch

Coke Boys, South Bronx, that's where I'm from

That fly shit my niggas talk has never been done

My shoe game is on Hammertime - can't touch that shit

Hoe keep talkin' 'bout "fuck me?"

Man, fuck that bitch[Hook: Young Dro][Verse 2: Young Dro]

I'mma go three... stupid on the remix

I'mma show you how to raise up out the fire like a phoenix

I'm a Bankhead nigga, so I'm straighter than a penis

If you try to West Side, I'mma let off like semen

Ice got me anemic, walkin' up in Nieman's

And every time I get a new broad, I get subpoenaed

My baby mama mad my girl look like a genie
I've got racks like Venus, 20 stacks in...
Bread like panini, eat steaks and zucchini
With your broad in Tahiti, spaghetti string bikini
I don't spit on tracks, I throw up on 'em like bulimic
Pardon, my "High Tymes" album a problem[Hook: Young Dro][Verse 3: T.I.]
...and the yacht match the Rollie, ice like a hockey player
Kick it like a soccer player, niggas hatin' like a goalie
Long neck, group sex all your bitch got for me
We've been walkin' under stars since midnight, homie
Had a shorty, pussy, hit it like a fistfight, homie
My dick only know what she kiss like, homie
See the molly got her goin', you be callin', she ignorin'
I went balls-deep in her, nigga, you ain't even know it
Blowin' Headband, strongest in the land
Say you hit it, so you ain't the only nigga can
She wanna be a freak, you wanna be a man
Get head in a Coupe, sex in a Sprinter van
Runnin' full-court game, no one-on-one
Take that doll, hit her one-on-one
Ain't nothin' else to do, she wanna cum for fun
I'm by myself, hop, run, no one
Nigga she want me like Givenchy
In a presidential suite, nigga, me on three
Why they call me "Pussy Pumper", nigga, she gon' see
Like she gon' see, like she gon' see...
Okay, Hustle Gang, nigga, only thing I wear
Oh yeah, and...
And... you know me, hoe

Know where I'm from, know where I rep[Hook: Young Dro][Verse 4: Trinidad James]
Southside Clay. Co., that's where I'm from
I'm on these red bottoms, Rick Owens...
I've been rockin' them Jordans
I said now AG, compound - give me money, I'll throw it
My hair's luxurious - your shit ain't growin' (lame)
I've got a smile on my face like Dro's old cover
Fuck you bitch on the couch, no cover
Nigga fuck your couch, I'm Rick James, brother
She a super freak, she don't like no rubbers
Fuck you, nigga, then fuck your cousin
For some shoes and a couple hundreds
I thought you knew, let me teach you somethin'
She'll suck me and kiss you like it ain't nothin'
...that bitch cold - nigga, now you know
You hold onto pussy (lame) I've pussy on hold (pimp)

I get a whole lot of pussy, nigga, after my show
Red, black and white girls... yeah, them Trinidad's hoes[Hook: Young Dro]

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