

# That's Wassup

Demrick

Where that champagne at?  
Yeah, we trying to get faded  
Tell the DJ put us in rotation  
Motherfuck that playlist  
These 808s knock, shit's ignorant, the hoes flock  
Getting paper just don't stop  
So we're never watching that clock  
She back it up and then drop  
It's nasty, and I like it  
She down to ditch her side kick  
Just to be my side chick  
I'm addicted to all that fly shit  
You know chains, watches, cars, houses  
I ain't get it off of these ounces  
I got it all from clubs bouncing  
And bein' crazy enough to need counseling  
We standing up on these couches  
Our whole section is clownin'  
We made it off of our talents  
And it wasn't even a challenge  
All this liquor I'm downing  
Got me bout to lose my balance  
Said we ok, just mix a little bit of vodka with that OJ  
Throwing shots of patron, we on man they was foreplay  
Cause we about to turn it up  
Tell the dj turn it up  
Cause we don't give a fuck  
And that's wassup, wassup, yeah that's wassup  
That's wassup, wassup, yeah that's wassup  
That's wassup, wassup, yeah that's wassup  
You getting paid, well go and do your thang  
All about that life, found out tonight how you really roll  
Man that ain't your wife, just gotta let that go  
These hoes choosin', who are you to try to stop  
Chase down the profit then you ain't got to worry bout it  
They like Prada, Louie, Gucci, Fendi  
Niggas ridin' in them Bentleys, they got bitches, oh so many  
That's why I'm doin' me, livin' cool  
I don't like to make shit difficult

But we wild out, act a fool, party startin' in the afternoon  
We twistin' up, hittin high, she like to roll, got her own supply  
Put that away, we smokin' mine  
In this club I pay the fine  
Take a drink this ain't no wine  
This is red cups with lean inside  
We have a good time so be advised  
When you rollin' out with me and mines  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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