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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