Konichiwa

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Konichiwa Bitches from Beijing to Saigon
Beijing to Saigon, Beijing to Saigon
Konichiwa Bitches from Beijing to Saigon
Beijing to Saigon, Beijing to Saigon
[Verse 1]Say Konichiwa umm, all you niggas know who I am
I rock diamond wooden ? threw some pieces on my timing
I'm in everything that's fresh and fantastic, yes it gets spastic
and all my measures is drastic like rocking leather in Afri- ca
ha, I'm laughing at you dumbass niggas
bitch, hiking ass gotta give you thumb ass niggas
I aint throw it away, I'm no bum-ass nigga
Give me Jordans and J's, just a young ass nigga
I wear Levis that be hot as the streets out in Hialeah
I'm watching Eli in the hummer, I'm screaming "Andele E.I"
It's funny I got your honey, told her welcome to the beehive
I can see why, I can be why the reason you niggas hate
I'm a grinder, that's just a reminder
You can look around for your girl, you won't find her
Telling me to chill, I don't really have the time to
Ohhh where your girl from? Uh, Japan or China
And I'm Just
[Hook]Konichiwa Bitches, bitches, bitches, bitches
Konichiwa Bitches, bitches, bitches, bitches
(We don't talk no more, we make statements)
Konichiwa Bitches
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Konichiwa Bitches from Beijing to Saigon
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[Verse 2]Say Konichiwale, uchi wale, uzzi bang bang
Mami from Japan, and probably on your rang-a-lang
And you niggas won't bang-a-thing
I'm wally? wipe your gang-and-them
So if you haters hate me you can lollipop my gang-i-lang
I'm banging like the motherflucking bass up on the treble
I swear I eat these beats and I can taste the instrumental
Your girl says I'm running through the mazes of her mental

She give me brain she don't wanna keep the taste up in her dental

Man I know chicks, I got more chicks
I got fast chicks, I got slow chicks
I know flexible chicks that can do gymnastics and aerobics
I know that chick, I know your chick
And I do my singing for chicks
I know more tricks than a magician who know tricks
She say 'oh shit', cuz I better get her wetter than the ocean
If you say no to Lanez then p-ssy nigga you don't know shit
I'm so dope that you can smoke this out in alleyways and porches
I be balling like I'm bowling, but hit strike like it's a protest in the poaches
Swavey
[Hook][Verse 3]Uh, last verse but the nigga back first
With a billi and a milli and I'm really back for firmly rappers, or silly actors
And I'm going for a bong and I'm on a ladder
And I got a couple women that be living in my city and they can't talk with me unless they really looking pretty
And the niggas call their phone cuz they really is pity cuz they really give me dome in a tele in a tele
And I'm getting in their belly, really getting ready
Hot like a chilli pepper sitting in the middle of a dessert
I'ma give ya'll what ya bitches de-nali?
And I be getting blown out when I'm sipping Cavalli
I keep it dirty like bad black chick in an alley
but I be clean like a wiped white chick in a valley
I got a girl in Miami, a chick up in Cali
I do bitch hoes I should be rowdy
Wait, Hold the phone, I'm on the phone
The young soldier, the boy known to hold his own
I make an Atlanta bitch give me Georgia dome
And if I ever am rich I am more than known
The type of balling you gotta put Jordan on
And no, this alcohol got me more than gone
And if you aint heard I'm balling then your source is wrong
And I've been looking for a grill like a scorching own
Escort your own to the Porsche owned
And I run this shit like a course baton
My bag is Louis and of course Vuitton
In the air nigga and I aint got my Forces on
I eat rappers and get a full coursing on
Lame, yall niggas get a full torching on
And if you aint doing right then of course it's wrong
But ima kill them Dr. Kevorkian
Konichiwa Bitches
Swavey

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