

# Over It

## Fat Nick

[Hook: Fat Nick]

Syrup got me slumped everyday

Dope what I smoke everyday

Rick Owens, bitch, I do this everyday

Ten toes down, straight out the gate

(x2)[Verse 1: Fat Nick]

I see these pussies talk about me

Took his bitch, plus I'm rich, he won't forget about me

I know you see the dick on my pistol hang

I know you wanna be me, but you ain't with gang

See me skirting foreigners, shorty hoeing but she boring

Bust it down and bet she blowing

Thot keep going, I stay gloing

Bet I just run through a bag and stack money on money, my bank never lack

AR-15, it be spitting, all of these shots of course all of them hitting

Designer from head to my waist

Don't need no damn bitch, put my dick in her face

Air out this place, busting out dicks

A pint, gonna let all of it spray

Yeah she wanna fuck on me, my VVSes blinking

I just took three oxys, brain shut down and I stop thinking

[Hook: Fat Nick]

Syrup got me slumped everyday

Dope what I smoke everyday

Rick Owens, bitch, I do this everyday

Ten toes down, straight out the gate

(x2)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>