

Bitch I Operate (Acoustic)

[Mbest11x](#)

We might be crazy
We might be drunk
We're sipping on whisky And now here we come
And we're riding dirty
This might be fate
Three words are for your face
Bitch I Operate
Wake up in the morning and I'm feeling kinda fresh
Five pounds of bacon on my motherfucking chest
Carbon stained pillows, hands smell like lead
Under my mattress, gun safe is my bed
Loaded up mags just ready to blast
ISIS flag wanna wipe my ass
Blow-out kit with my speed ball bag
Dressed up in my tactical swag
Looked in my pocks and found zero fucks
Until I pulled out my custom Glocks
Even wore Multicams to my first date Wait, what?
Bitch I Operate
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We might be drunk
We're sipping on whisky
And now here we come
And we're riding dirty
This might be fate
Three words are for your face Bitch I Operate
Bitch I Operate
Bitch I Operate Chilling at the range, fire rate sustained
Lead showers, wanna make it rain
C-clamp like a motherfucking boss hog
Got my patches, didn't you, on my damn dog
Two in the morning doing CQB
Tip-toeing down the hallway
Shh, my wife might hear me
Got my Instagram game on locks
Especially gun bunnies be drooling on my cock
Got the whole crew like (unintelligible)
When I drop loads, they're always suppressed
People say haters gonna hate

I'm just like
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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