

Konichiwa

Chequerboard

Konichiwa Bitches from Beijing to Saigon

Beijing to Saigon, Beijing to Saigon

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[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)

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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 motherfucking 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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