Dry

18+

brrrrr snap brrrrr ahh ha snap
brrrr snap
my m' m' style i was washing it into
warm water gonna flap you up too
I stick a fag on your back it's blue
I say down down honey we'll be coming through
hot shot waiting for his time to show
(proof) hey I'm an arab getting fooled for you
how you gonna make a juice from a pulp?
gonna mash it up and shove it in my mouth
brrrr snap brrr-faggot oh wait you want me to stay?
where's your cheque when I deposit, hey?
where we going? when you'll be stormin'?
(brrrr snap) x3
running from a gun or something that weigh a tonne
i could tell that you'd be fun
ten sipping kahlÃºa
throw my keys up in your palm baby
i could be the one
we could fertilise your lawn
maybe put it in the song, bitch
I'm the type to choose
lay you face down be the game to bruise
too true I'm something new
cold blood love got shit to prove
brrrr(bitch bitch bitch)
brrrr as you shock me down
brrrr as he falls to the ground
brrrrr and the system is snowing
brrrr oh baby, are we growing?
i can kick it, nip
anti safer chick
play you and then quit
love her fitchet frisk
call it risky buis'
wait i'll pimp this shit
brrrr snap
it's my time on front line
on the stage i sip wine

theres no truth except mine
some palm trees and sunshine
'how'd he do that?'
ha speaker gonn' crack
i'm the reason she's in season
bring change back
woof now she pound the floor
tie her too tight
they'll be back for more
love your under tone
tight grip features and she love the flow
locked her downtown
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/