

# Indigo

## Bobby Brackins

I'm finna pop like a pistol  
Shoot like a missile  
She don't touch meth but my broad got crystals  
I'ma get the Henn and [?] like a nigga  
I'ma lick it up and latch on like a pitbull  
Been riding here 'til see the dawn  
That's why they give me dawn  
I can make a [?] girl you never seen before  
Baby bring the tree to roll  
I'm breaded like a pita roll  
Must have false started  
Cause I thought they told me to go  
She gon' be home [?], she's fucking with me  
Ride or die chick, let me ride with a piece  
Next 12 months, girl I pay you out your lease  
If you keep fucking me for the rest of the week  
They shooting  
Every time I come around they lose it  
I'ma have to fuck around, go stupid  
Where the roof go? I removed it  
They shooting  
Every time I come around they lose it  
I'ma have to fuck around, go stupid  
Where the roof go? I removed it  
I'm not the type of nigga to die from old age  
Live fast, die young, RIP to Cobain  
Cruisin' in the slow lane  
[?] show my peaceful  
Pass around the Uber  
It'll Kill Bill, so lethal  
So up with my people  
She naked under [?]  
Born in 96 so baby girl is legal  
Take the bra off  
Top off the [?]  
Must have false started  
Cause I thought they told me to go  
A lot of bitches playing, never been to the east  
She might steal a key 'cause she won't wanna leave  
Trip to Palm Springs for the rest of the week  
I got places to go and people to see

They shooting  
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They shooting  
Every time I come around they lose it  
I'ma have to fuck around, go stupid  
Where the roof go? I removed it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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