## **Seven One Eight**

## **Fannypack**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Brooklyn, from the seven one eight it goes Brooklyn, from the seven one eight it goesBrooklyn, from the seven one eight it goes Brooklyn, from the seven one eight it goesBK is you wit me New York City Everywhere else you can suck up my titties Eat a Big Mac and go to hell In an old bucket fuck it yo it ain't hard to tell That we got this party on smash Now we gonna put you on blast Written in my shit list you dead last Face look like you did a hundred yard dashIn a 90 yard gym you look busted Bootleg tap a keg spread it like mustard On my buns always fun Got other girls out on the run Scared and they lookin' like they saw a gun Maybe they did they boyfriend's crib That's where I woke up this morning 'Cause he said that you boring Don't like him anyway he was snoring You can have his ass back while I'm out touringBrooklyn, from the seven one eight it goes Brooklyn, from the seven one eight it goesYo Brooklyn, yo Bronx, Manhattan, yo Queens

Staten Island, yo Jersey and everywhere in between yo Holla if you broke or an English bloke And if you know what I mean seen Baseball bat in the back seat Of Matt's black car and I travel far Much further than you witcha Metro Card Betcho ass is on welfareThat's okay so am I, psyche Still gonna put my thing down tonight One time for your mind five of a kind Look at all the people look how they lined up At the door they want more I bring grams to the crackers like s'mores Say oh no, say hell yeah, oh no, hell yeah Now bust shots in the airBrooklyn, from the seven one eight it goes Brooklyn, from the seven one eight it goes got a big ass wad of nothing in my pockets Still my fans get me high like rockets At the show here we go Backstage underage and I drink it slow Oh my God what's the matter? We get hot sex served on a platter Nick nack paddy wack givin' Matt a boner So much paper but we ain't stonersGo'n get wild for the night Don't act like a child tonight yo Fancy got me dancin', you take off your pants and You get rude in your underoos So so moved by my rap haikus Yo what the fuck is wrong with you? What the fuck you think we came here to do huh? Shake yo shit shake yo shit Do it, do it like this, can you handle it?

Lyrics provided by <u>https://damnlyrics.com/</u>