Vamonos

YT Triz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro]
Pull up and drop a nigga like a domino, vÃ¡monos
I'mma tell a nigga bye like adiÃ³s, vÃ¡monos[Verse 1: YT Triz]
Which one of these pussy ass niggas wanna
Make a nigga smoke 'em like some marijuana
See the chopper, we can pull around the corner
Feel 'em your back and got the monkey on 'em
'Fore they turn your baby momma to a loner
I stopped sellin' rocks but I keep a stoner
Never leave without it, I'mma keep it on me
Throw back (?) and leave you lonely
Bitch pussy super wet it's Aquifina
I'mma beat the pussy, Ike and Tina
All I know is racks like Sabrina
Leave for the white bitch, French and Trina
Niggas say that we we're beefin', so I'm eatin' dinner
Pretty pussy poppin' paint a perfect picture
I pull and puff it, pass it fly as caterpillar
Nigga you ain't gettin' money, you ain't (?) witcha
I've been tryna get a rollin' Rova like a rollie polly
Down to my last (?) jugg don't smoke type
Put a bad bitch on the molly, holy mollie
Put a chopper in the trunk, drive a truck while we loaded
Workin' like a Mexican, I'm gettin' cash for it
Finna pull a robbery, just bought a mask for it
Talk street nigga sense, take a class for it
And I'll get to a nigga if he ask for it[Hook]
Pull up and drop a nigga like a domino, vÃ¡monos
I'mma tell a nigga bye like adiÃ³s, vÃ¡monos
Why you talkin' on the phone, bitch?
Ain't no talkin' on the phone, bitch
Ain't no talkin' on the phone, bitch

Ain't no talkin' on the phone, bitch
Pull up and drop a nigga like a domino, vÃ¡monos
I'mma tell a nigga bye like adiÃ³s, vÃ¡monos[Verse 2: Rick Ross]
Four carbonators in the dome
Pull up sideways, two six in the trunk
That's how my little woe ride
Hit finger licking, got a ho on the north side
Black bottles in the bando
Nigga ready to ride, runnin' out like Rambo
Red light in the Lambo
Gettin' money so you know they heard I keep heavy ammo
RIP out the (?)
No shirt, blowin' dope, they consider me a hassle
If ya got it, I'mma snatch you
Talkin' check fuckboy, so I think it's time to cash you
Haters thought it was a costume
Til I blow thirty racks 30 minutes up at (?)
Broke nigga better check mine
Ice on, even put Rose Gold on a Tec 9[Hook]
[Verse 3: Lil Wayne]
Get the cash out the envelope, count it on the ironin' board
That's a body blow, he comatose
Stand over him, blaow, now he ghost
Get the drank in the double cup, tryna drink it while it's cold
Ballin' since 94, feelin' like a pot of gold
Neighborhood jump like Geronimo
My bitch pussy taste like HÃ¤agen-Dazs
Ride and die, you get buried like Manilo
Time to go, you got to go when it's your time to go
I catch you later like a common cold, down the road
I got a ho, that got a ho, that got a lot of hoes
I rob a store, a stop n' go, I even rob the poor
My stomach hurtin', palms itchin' with a snotty nose
Comin' through your curtains, guns spittin' aimin' high and low
That's how it go, I need a fix, a nigga diagnose
I need to fix this fuckin' sickness before I explode
My momma said the streets wicked, I said ma I know
And only thing pops said was how much I owe
And cops givin' niggas tickets just for drivin' slow
They tell its the codeine, I say "how you know?"
A giant with the green, I ain't jolly though
It's YM , that's my team, nigga, vÃ¡monos
[Hook]

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