

Dresser - Lil Boy

2 Chainz

.454, I pull up on niggas, I tell 'em lets get it
Benjamin Franklin, niggas know that I keep it 100
Got me a new clip for my .223 and that bitch hold a hundred
I'm still in the hood, I got me a check and I don't want no Nike's Bitches, they suckin', and fuckin', they do
everything except bite it
I can go slow like an old man, I can go fast like I got nitrous
Spent 20 racks for my brother's appeal and I ain't talkin' no Vicodin
Over 1 mil in this room, bitch, I kinda sound like a Pisces
Lil bitch you know I'm the bomb and 2 Chainz the light, no lightnin'
Wow, these bitches excited, me and Thugger, we 'bout to start up a riot
I ain't got no pussy all week, I'm on that "bitch, suck my dick" diet
Monica, come home to me, yea come home to me my dear
Make a little money, leave a little on the dresser
Make a little money, leave a little on the dresser
Teresea, I'm tired of lookin' bae, I'm into you, your rear
Make a little money, leave a little on the dresser
Make a little money, leave a little on the dresser
Ain't nothin' special man, I sold it all yester'
Pull in Phipps Plaza in a motherfuckin' Tesla
Ain't no pressure when you got a little extra
Put them beams on your face, have 'em lookin' like freckles Dammit man, I do not know Tar but I'm having
Zans My bitch pussy wet like it's wetting
rain
This bitch clap on me while I clap at mans, woah
Got Balenciaga's I ain't even wore yet
Half a pound of gas I ain't smoke yet
Traphouse filled up with Ziploc
Used to give my living room super big lots
In a strip club with some flip-flops
Thought it's the time, baby it's not
Got a lotta windows on my crib, nigga
Bout to put that motherfucker in a tint shop
PART 2: Lil Boy
Who killed little boy, who killed little boy?
Rat infested hallways, no escape, no escape
From misery, no way out from that hell I'm bout to give these niggas what they ask for
I used to have to argue with my land lord
Yea, my nickname is Tity Boi Bitch gotta have at least a handful
All my cribs came with a damn pool

Used to stash work in my camel
Young 6'5" with the handle
If you don't watch Atlanta then you need to turn the channel
See I pull up in this bitch in a Phantom
Front grill looking like it's dancin' (it is)
Put some stacks on your head little boy (lil boy)
Yeah they 'bout to call you the grandson (lil boy)
Pussy nigga gonna need a tampon (lil boy)
Put rifle bullets in a handgun (lil boy)
Keep a bankroll on me, nigga
By the time I eat some bacon I got bands on
All my cars I done put rims on 'em
I done touched down, no end zone
All that bitch do is run her mouth, nigga
On the right but that bitch got a Sprint phone
Man she got about 100 acres
Enough yard for me to put a couple Benz's on
And I just pop me a perc
I might fuck that bitch with my Timbs on
(Truuuuuu)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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