

Patty Cake

Kodak Black

Sniper Gang

Eh, I like this lil' beat right here

Yeah, this a nice little beat

I'm sippin' on Belaire

Yeah, I'm finna paint a picture

Finna paint me a lil' picture

What this called? Oh this the new Belaire too

This the white wine, I like the white wine I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air

My whip from Germany, I'm cooler that LL

I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air

My whip from Germany, I'm cooler that LL

I clap a nigga like patty cake

I clap a nigga like patty cake

I'm swaggin', I got flavor, I got sauce, call me Ragu

I love my baby girl pussy bald, call her Caillou

I clap a nigga like patty cake Yeah, that a way

I'm 'bout to grab the Wraith, I'm 'bout to grab the key

I'm 'bout to snatch your baby girl and skeet all on her face

I got a feelin' that today gon' be a fantastic day

I'm gettin' tired of the Rollie, I think I want Patek Philippe

It's either I win or you lose, 'cause I won't accept defeat

And everybody wanna have the sauce, well I got the recipe

I'm sippin' on Belaire 'cause it make me feel like I'm on ecstasy

I love my baby, when I come home, I be rubbin' on her feet

And she be always in my chair, she hate when I be in the streets

My rims taller than my son, I'm 'bout to drop another one

You think a nigga in a band the way I hit 'em with that drum, ayy I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air

My whip from Germany, I'm cooler that LL

I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air

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I clap a nigga like patty cake My chain VVS

I'm booted up, I got more pills than a CVS

I'm the shit, baby girl, so I got stains in my drawers

All this money like a nigga hit the fuckin' Power Ball

Sippin' on champagne, my whip on Dana Dane

No time for you lames, I'm flyer than a plane
I'm ridin' like a train, she love to give me brain
You shootin' with your eyes closed, you ain't Sniper Gang
She held me down when I was gone, I bought her Audemars Piguet
I love her like I love my brother, so I let her meet my connect
I put her thick ass in the 'Vette, ten bracelets on her neck
You know lil' Kodak love to flex, I got my momma out the 'jects I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
My whip from Germany, I'm cooler than LL
I'm sippin' on Belaire, my chick from Bel-Air
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Songwriters

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