

I Can't Help It

Adam Wade

Hey you know me bitch nigga, I'm all of that
Hit your broad with a big dick, didn't call her back
Relax lil' cat, let the big dog attack
Thought it was over for me homie, did you fall for that?
You turn rigor red, no cardiac
Get your hand out of my pocket, what with all of that?
Tell the sheriff if he can get these fuckin' charges back
Eleven months, still gotta thank God for that
Regardless, Big Bang can't fold it up
Ain't another nigga flowin' who as cold as bruh
Quarter mill for the show, really though, wassup?
Louis duffel bag stay loaded up
Get her to the hotel, betta know what's up
With the niggas out there get the holdin' up
We ain't never had a problem getting ho's to fuck
Suck dick, lick, spit from the shoulders up
I let this nut get all over her
Another thick bitch kissing all over her
Bust the pussy wide open, can't close it up
Make her bounce that shit, when you found that bitch
She was layin' on the ground, panties down
Six chicks with a trash bag of money, tryna count that shit
Never will find me around that bitch
Unless she got them lips wrapped around that dick
Other niggas wanna make love, fuck that
I bing, bang, pound, beat down that clit
Sit with it like E-40 then
Fill up every ho in Georgia, show with 'em
This K.I.N.G. a.k.a. Big Bang a.k.a. Shawty Pimp
A.k.a. Shawty Pimp
Big Bank, a.k.a. Shawty Pimp
I get money, I can't help it
You can't stop it, you gotta accept it
You can't knock it, you gotta respect it
This is who I am nigga, I can't help it, I can't help it
In the ghetto with a drop Rolls Royce
They say keep at one hundred, I ain't got no choice
(I can't help it)
Always Big Bang, I'm so trill and you ain't

Cut it down, bitch I can't
(I can't help it)
See how I do it, I'm so hood
Cut it off, go Hollywood, bitch I would if I could
(I can't help it)
The city wouldn't be shit without me
15 million dollar houses, still can't get this trap up out me
(I can't help it)
I'm a hustla all the way down to the bone
Terrorist everyday, out with that bomb
Stay on a date from the night to the morn'
Ain't gon' serve you nothin' under a zone
No fuckin' favors, don't ask for no loan
Shop with ya dog if ya tryna get on
Come on my spot, lemme call on my phone
You ain't tryna suck, leave me alone
Grindin' for days, I haven't been home
Don't plan on goin' until it's all gone
Playin' it strong on whatever you want
Gotta get right, give a fuck if it's wrong
Shots of Patron, whole lotta strong
800's on, boy ya know what I'm on
Yo bitch wanna fuck, let she know that I'm on
I don't wanna fuck her, I just want some dome
Kill me nigga, I got that tone
Need no help, I can handle my own
I terror yo squad, but I ain't from the Bronx
One in the bag, still play with that horn
Just know I don't play no radio homes
No radio play every song that I'm on
Case ya ain't know, I'm Rocko the Don
Zone 4 Camp'll tell you where I'm from
Gucci my hat, Gucci my drawers
Gucci my ass cheeks, Gs cover my balls
Gucci my pants, Gucci my shirt
Gucci duffel bag where I keep all that twerk
Gucci bandanna on top my shirt
Gucci boots on, I trap in the dirt
Get money everywhere I go
G code, G code, that's all I know
I get money, I can't help it
You can't stop it, you gotta accept it
You can't knock it, you gotta respect it
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