Bowser (feat. Ski Mask the Slump God)

XXXTENTACION

Aye Ski, they not expectin' this one

Anything, is possible

Anything is possible I'm on a drug, binge, aye!

Rules, I bend, aye!

Like Constantine, devil want my soul

Drug, binge, aye aye

Rules, I bend

Like Constantine, devil want my soul

Okay like oh no, look at wrist

You bitches whippin' up the bowl

Yo' not talkin' bricks, you been getting wet like egg yolk

She not from Dimmsdale

But she gon' give me Dimmadome

Oh no look at your aunt

Her feet black just like a crow

Okay like, Doctor Doofenshmirtz

Coat bought my girl work so it's her collection

I don't pistol pack in Red Dead Redemption

Cowboy boots with the spur

Been lost with the jugg walk

With the sauce with the saber tooth fur

How do I explain the way she grip on my dick just like butter that churn

Krispie Kreme but my sauce

Never empty, humpty dumpty, how I crack her

Like a nut cracker all the best crispy, wish list

Creep, creep

Crawling like I'm just from centipede

Bulletproof vest like I'm 50

Feeling like a Public toilet

Full of bear hibernation pee pee

I'm on a drug, binge

Rules, I bend

Like Constantine, devil want my soul

Drug, binge, ave

Rules, I bend aye aye

Like Constantine, devil want my soul

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Her feet black just like a crowOkay like guillotine, our team

In that pussy

Why your bitch look like Ming

With a pussy

I can't swim

Just like I'm raving no dice

I'm so raven idea

I had a dream, like I am Martin Luther

When she suck my dick she make me feel it in my toes

She look like she need some dick she suck me

Don't wanna go

She gon' fuck my nigga for a place to stay fo' sho

You are irrelevant

I'm going celibate

Don't want your bitch you can keep her amorI'm on a drug, binge

Rules, I bend

Like Constantine, devil want my soul

Drug, binge

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

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