Freakin 'N' Geekin

Kap G

Got her geekin' for the weekend
Got her geekin' for the weekend
I got her freakin' for the weekend
Throw a pool party, throw her off the deep end
Got her geekin', I got that lil' bitch geekin'
I got her freakin', I got that lil; bitch freakin'
Got her geekin' for the weekend
Got her geekin' for the weekendI got 'em kissin', two video vixens
She want attention, she touchin' on my dick print
I got a mixed bitch, she pulled up with her best friend
Her daddy king pin, he can get the bricks in
I throw a party at the mansion like it's Run's house
When I'm in Benihana's, gotta get that Yum Sauce
She got that dome sauce, now take your Uggs off
Now take your bun off, now get me unsoft
Got her geekin' for the weekend
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I got her freakin' for the weekend
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Got her geekin', I got that lil' bitch geekin'
I got her freakin', I got that lil; bitch freakin'
Got her geekin' for the weekend
Got her geekin' for the weekendHola, nice to meet you
Yeah, you know they call me, "Take Your Bitch"
And I been bout cappin' and it's R.I.P. to Bankroll Fresh
Ain't no wastin' time with anythin' I do, I make a check
Ain't no wastin' time, I think she wanna pop the Percocet
I think she geekin', yeah, she liked my recent
Yeah, I send a DM, maybe we can be friends
She from Cleveland, her cousin from Four Seasons
I think she cheatin', TLC, she creepin'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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