

Oops

Larry League

[Chorus: Larry](x2)

Pass my bro the oop, ayy

He know just what to do

Going crazy when I come through so they think I'm on the loose[Verse 1: SenseiATL]

Got me two bitches, and I got two phones

From the 32 but I stay in and out of zones

Catch me posted on the block like the street lights

Off the fucking bean and I'm rolling like some dice

Checkmate, checkmate, how I get that check

Keep a shooter in the cut that's nothing but net

Balling out, I got hops, drop the top in the drop

I got keys, Sensei got this shit on lock[Verse 2: Larry]

And this lil bitty bitch can't get no rendezvous

I'm bloated off that dirty and I cannot see my shoes

All my bros run at you cause they don't got shit to lose

Bout 650 on my sneakers, man I ain't got shit to prove

Let's go, flex hoe, [?] your pockets and your feelings, think I'm rotten to the core

I'm so damn throwed that there ain't no one to catch me

They so sad, can't be surprised even when they disrespect me[Chorus: Larry](x2)[Verse 3: Randy]

Randy's models looking kinda horny

My bitch came in straight from Harlem

Randy Harden balling, boy you done and it ain't no war

Pull up make your bitch faint, yellow Chevy piss paint

Your bitch want to get acquainted, I only want consummation

Hit my line, expect taxation, y'all boys ain't in the equation

Professor Randy fucking double check my calculations

Sip Hi-Tech, yeah they call me redneck

Randy make that bitch sing like a damn quartet[Chorus: Larry](x2)

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