

# First Winter

## D-Sisive

C4 Beep Beep!!Yo bitch she callin (oh nooooo)  
She stalkin (oh nooooo)Blowin loud swisha like whistle  
    Got hoes bustin like my pistol  
    This that real nigga shit im superficial  
    You a fuck nigga, bitch you artificial  
    These hoes roll with me cause its beneficial  
Your girl with me so it ain't officialLike a brick I break yall up  
    Caution boy don't slip up  
    Got that 50 in the cut  
    Wet you up and mop you up  
    All my hoes be bad as fuck  
    All my hoes be down to fuck  
    Roll it up and light it up  
Im finna roll the windows upTakin off Houston Rocket  
    Big Glock on me ain't no pocket rocket  
    Run up on me then im gone pop it  
    If not mute your self boy cause fuck all that talkin  
Bout my bank gettin money as easy as im walkinGot your bitch all on the line  
    Money callin im like bye  
    Got that drug look in my eyes  
Off that kush blunt be so highTake your bitch she like bye bye  
    No cuff pistol by my side  
    Can't got broke and I know why  
    Choosin money all the time  
    Ain't getting no doe (BYE BYE)  
    Ain't talkin no cash (BITCH BYE BYE)  
    Can't cuff no ho (BYE BYE)  
That got no ass (BITCH BYE BYE)Finna jump in the foreign (RIDE BY)  
    In my own lane (BITCH BYE BYE)  
    Finna hop on a plane (FLY BY)  
Last place got borin (BYE BYE)That money callin, money callin got me fallin for it  
    Your bitch she callin, bitch she callin I just press ignore it  
    And why talk about it if you can't afford it  
Foreign whip, so dope, all white cocaine make you wanna snort itSwarm of girls tryna suck me up like  
    mosquitos  
Bitches goin crazy for my cheddar like some Cheetos  
    Im conceited bitch that's my alter ego  
Pockets Paid In Full feelin like im RicoRunnin money up  
    Like an athlete

Fuckin bad hoes  
On my balconyIm off that purple lean  
And that good Irene

In and out of foreign hoes like im in Rari'sRepeatAs much as I burn money I would never burn out  
I think the speakers on fire, all I burn loud  
Bitch im turnt up I cannot be turnt down

And if you wanna fuck meet me at the jugghouseIm a young trapstar that's how I turned out  
Bitch too short to drive the whip she sittin on a pound  
She pull up to the crib we fuck and smoke that bangin loud  
Everywhere I go im pourin up like its H-TownBye bye, bye bye  
Bye bye, bye  
Ride by, fly by  
Bye bye, bye bye

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

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