

# 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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