

Follies (Feat. Cap 1) [Prod. By Will A Fool]

Travis Porter

Featuring Cap 1

Prod By Will A Fool()

Aye Self

Ill Will

We bout to do what we do best, right?

Take it to the motherfuckin booty club

Mr. Porter

Turn up!

Party up in follies on the molly on the Sunday
Stack them hoes up in the pile like dirty laundry
All this ice on, you would think it was for Jeezy
Throwin up the money got the bitches going crazy()
I like bitches in my near but I want a bitch feel the cree
I been blowin this money just like it was going on a tree
I done been to the bank, every day of this week
And I've stuntin so hard they start invest game me
I was smashin but she told me take it deeper
All this ice, fuck around and caught the fever
Molly bad ass bitch, she a diva
Had to kick her to the curb 'cus I don't need her
All the hunnids got a nigga goin crazy
I was spending it crazy
Go for that, spending one night, one night
On the molly

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Follies on the molly but the party went to team
I let er sip the bottom now she tryna sip my lean
Throwin up the money got the bitches going nuts
Get me try the phone, tell the ho to stay in touch
Layin with cake, flippin throwin cracks
Honey I own you and think it was the guys
Had em up against me and look at how I glisten
Nigga this a movie, tell yo ho to pay attention
Soon it's fallin off on my new Balenciagas
Swimming in the cash but I brought my Louie bucks
I threw up cardinal plus a pair of red bottles

Turn up with my wall like it ain't no tomorrow (go cray) Party up in follies on the molly on the Sunday
Stack them hoes up in the pile like dirty laundry
All this ice on, you would think it was for Jeezy

Throwin up the money got the bitches going crazy()
Probably up in follies, off that molly going crazy
All these bitches wanna fuck a fly nigga so I hope that ain't yo lady
All this ice on, you would think it was for Jeezy
Pulled up in a hot tub, stuntin in a brand new blue Mercedes
I drop molly in the bottle with a champagne
All these hoes fuckin with the campaign
Got hoes round the world, every city I'm at
I could pull a nigga bitch like a hamstring
My nigga getting money they choosin
Girls start shakin they booty
Niggas start throwin that money
Now everybody up in here losin
Got black girl, white girl, chinese girl, Spanish girl
Everybody up in my section
And the bottle just came, I'm about the Rick James
All a nigga really need is a blessing
Cutting up that one stone,
Pants saggy, my belt's on
Let the stu, it's 1 in the morning
It's Sunday night, I know where I'm goin to mack()
I got them VVS's in, baby you mad losin
Probably up in parties with Jeezy and Cam Newton
Shorty up the pole but you know she on the way down
Man this bitch a club, we bout to turn into a playground
Money in my section, flyin every direction
We throwin hella ones while you niggas sit and textin
I call my nigga Kurt Cobain, he's from Houston, Texas
Might call my nigga Dough, this how we do it in professions
I get real cash, yall get pennies
Yall get no dough, I get plenty
I spend 10 bands, all in 35 minutes
They ask me why I did it, hell nah with a Atlantics bitch
Party up in follies on the molly on the Sunday
Stack them hoes up in the pile like dirty laundry
All this ice on, you would think it was for Jeezy
Throwin up the money got the bitches going crazy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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