We Don't Luv Em

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Ooh, yeah
MONY POWR RSPT, nigga
It's a money set, you know what I'm saying?
Everybody getting money, nigga
Yeah, Pablo JuanThe money go where I go
Smoking on gelato
Foreign car swerving, potholes
Bad bitch, she from Chicago
She freaky, she gon' bust it
She thick as fuck, I'm lusting
I got her from my cousin
So what? 'Cause we don't love 'em
Fuck that, I wanna hit from the back
Backwoods smoking, it's fat
Dressing like I got a sack
I pull up, jumped out the back
Bad bitch and her ass fat
Four-door Coupe, it got a hatch
On the Xans, I might crash that
Car got gadgets, my bitches got asses
Expensive glasses like I'm teaching class
Too fresh to take out the trash
Fresh to death, where is my casket?
I always stay with assassins
I'm always late with the fashion
Teacher gave me an L, that's fantastic
VS diamonds on me, look how they flashing
Rocking Saint Laurent, I guess I be dabbing
I got the Louis V, Supreme collabbing
Bought a mansion way away like a cabin
Taking off my swag, I feel like your daddy
You a beggar, I'm a hustler
I'm the dealer, you the customer
Catch up, little nigga, I'm mustard
Smoking the Backwoods, they coming from Russia
I ain't never really trust you
Knew I should've never trust you
You ain't real, you a busta
These niggas was always sus
These niggas start snitching for nothing
These niggas wanna live by the gun
Guess what? You gon' get what you want

El Patrón, nigga, I want a ton
The money go where I go
Smoking on gelato
Foreign car swerving, potholes
Bad bitch, she from Chicago
She freaky, she gon' bust it
She thick as fuck, I'm lusting
I got her from my cousin
So what? 'Cause we don't love 'em
Fuck that, I wanna hit from the back
Backwoods smoking, it's fat
Dressing like I got a sack
I pull up, jumped out the back
Bad bitch and her ass fat
Four-door Coupe, it got a hatch
On the Xans, I might crash thatPull up on you, just send me the Addy
Bad bitch call me daddy
Xan, Perc, and a Addy
I really wanna fuck a Kardashian
I like a freaky bitch that's gon' suck it
I just be kicking shit like it was rugby
Hell no, baby, don't call me hubby
Fuck you thought, baby? We was just fucking
Ooh, I'm back to the trap and I'm serving that
I done got me a sack like a running back
Two pints of Hi-Tech and a eighth of Act
I'ma fuck on your bitch, I'ma break her back
I'ma fuck on your bitch, I'ma give her back
I got two bitches playing Pitty Pat
I just do it like the Nike check
My neck froze, got a ice attackThe money go where I go
Smoking on gelato
Foreign car swerving, potholes
Bad bitch, she from Chicago
She freaky, she gon' bust it
She thick as fuck, I'm lusting
I got her from my cousin
So what? 'Cause we don't love 'em
Fuck that, I wanna hit from the back
Backwoods smoking, it's fat
Dressing like I got a sack
I pull up, jumped out the back
Bad bitch and her ass fat
Four-door Coupe, it got a hatch
On the Xans, I might crash that

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/