

Fat Amy

"Yellow Tape"

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Attention please, attention please
This feels like the whole entire world collapse

[Hook]

This that yellow tape shit, they keep running out of it
We just sold like 8 bricks, we ain't running out of it
This our fucking hood bitch, plain your ass right out of
it

This gun come with 8 clips, shoot till I run out of it
Work, work, work, I got it,
Work, work, work, I got it,
Work, work, work, I got it,
I got it, I got it

This that yellow tape shit, me I'm bout to go ape shit
Got 8 chicks on 8 mollies and they about to take 8 trips
Dice game, 8 tricks, got a use to rocking from jay
prince
She get it popping, I'ma send her shopping
And that ain't even my main bitch
Homovation, live action, smoking joing, I'm
highjacking
Working dough, have my dough, I be there
Fly jackson, sin city, cod, hunned thousand all in once
Versace jacket, versace shoes, versace shades, I got a
thousand suns
Mama you the shit I bet your ?know
Why you fucking with him, even his car broke
We rocking bout mains down to the cargos
You bitch sucked her ?she a lago

[Hook]

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Call me yowy, I'm a bad ass, all around the world like
baghdad
Come through with a black flag, and some fiends, to
have cat
Bitches on that payday, fuck her with her fat ass
I get gits, my dick licked, my friends tip, that's trap
trap
What the fuck you mean, I be sitting clean, sipping lean
Alexander wayne, that's the fucking gene,
Triple bean, when I serve the fiends, hit you with the
fiend
Chopper scream, leave a nigga dead, fucking with the
team
That goes mean, shoot you, that train go
Drink slow, my chain gold, su hu well you true blue
Don't get your block you take off
8 bricks get it shaved off, mean hoe, he know
Range rover with a bank broke, I shoot you then change
clothes

[Hook]

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You know we loaded with them chopper by the hunned,
boy
When you talk about that work you niggas unemployed
White work, I got it, grind work, I got you
2 chainz show you titty hoe, damn right I got it
Just copped about 8 bricks, just copped about 8 whips
Cop work from saint nick, your whole stash like 8 nicks
Smoke that loud and keep it quiet, let that money talk
Get that brown bag and I skate off like I'm tony hawk
Bitch drop my top back, your bitch look I slopped that
To the south bronx now pop that, she call you fet out
ride back
South bronx we got it, joe crack we got it
Black card, no limit hoe, damn right we bout it

[Hook]

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I got it, I got it

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