

Tyga "Heisman Pt2"

Visit "[Heisman Pt2](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Tyga:]

Bitch, it's T-Raww, blood on my paws
Big booty chick back a nigga to the wall
Never get involved, murder every bar
Shit so illegal, get a green card
Different cause, different from y'all
I work hard, you work at the mall
Pass a bitch off like my nigga John Wall
Fuck in the dark, gimme the light, Sean Paul
Yeahhhhh, bitch I do this shit
Cooler than a motherfucking penguin lip
And my bitch pussy fire gotta extinguish shit, lebron
james & shit
Got heat super freak Rick James ya bitch, leave a stain
& shit
On ya couch in ya house like brotherman
Hanging like Mr. Cooper hand

[Chorus: x3]

Posing, Heisman

[Honey Cocaine:]

Yo, got a Asian bitch on my left side
Another Asian bitch, right, right side
They might send your ass off to the next side
Bitch hold your damn breath cause you might die
Gotta group of bad bitches and I feel good
Oh your hungry? Too bad cause my meals good
And I shouldn't beat a broad, but I still would
But I don't try and be bad cause the deals good
Yeah, now look I got that urge to feed them off some
gold and shit
Type of stuff to make them feel like alcohol and gold
and shit
Hold the bitch, just sold the bitch, fuck you pay me is
what I told the bitch
Can't walk or talk cause I own you bitch
Please don't make me hot, I'm the coldest bitch (agh)

[Chorus: x3]

Posing, Heisman

[Tyga:]

Well, running from the cop, boy born to kill
Hand me the lock, bring it to your front door, doorbell
Knock knock, who there? Houdini dissappear
Got green, John Deere. More green, Paul Pierce
(Agh) amazin with the shot, you my son, now your a
dop, dot dot
Pacman, that's for opening your mouth
Bust a nut, kick her out, lit a cigarette now
Put the cigarette down, I'm the shit, loose bowels
Wow, Laughing, did I say that out loud?
Nigga getting busy like I work downtown
On to the next if she don't fuck right now (right now)
Harder than a pipe, can't pipe down
What you niggas talking about?
Man I'm what your bitch is talking about
Two months then the album out
Carelessworld drop, pewm, then I'm out.

[Chorus: x3]

Posing, Heisman

[Honey Cocaine:]

If a bitch fuck around, I might go off
My advice is you better get dawn to go
You cannot shop at the mall, but I buy out the stores
I got a box of jewels, I call it pot of gold
Call the cops to go, as my pockets grow
Get the chains and the rings and the watches, bro
And I boxed a slut, I just boxed a hoe
You tried to pass me bitch, it ain't possible, nah
I'm cool as fuck, I suggest you dress for the weather
bitch
Is forever shit, one never bitch
What's a whore to a queen? Whatever bitch!
I crop a kid, it's a hot to shit
It's some gucci, Louis, fendi, Prada shit
Tell them eat a dick, you ain't not a bitch
Find me in the club where my partners is
(Schwagg, BITCH!)

Visit [Tyga](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.