

Tyga "Who Dat"

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Gettin' that money I've been waiting fo'
Ray Allen number, nothin' less than 20k a show
Used to wanna be a B-baller, now I ball without a coach
Heard she ain't fuckin...
Gettin' that money I've been waiting fo'
Ray Allen number, nothin' less than 20k a show
Used to wanna be a B-baller, now I ball without a coach
Heard she ain't fuckin, then she gotta go
I turn beast, Billy badass Geronimo
Call me young heart attack, you just give her minor
strokes
Patty cake dick her down, then she row row her boat
Penetrated in her throat
Now she in a comatose
Been waitin' ages my nigga, kicked in the f-cken door
Had me in a Bullshit
Manifest I never did
Ever since bull color bruises shit
Send a killer kid, kill the stage on some thriller shit
Say she don't swallow on her knees
She goin' spit it out like a pile of seeds

I'm so nasty, fuck her in the back seat
Doggystyle lastly Mr. boombox sick
Fuck the law
I pop all ya'll
For my family, my dawgs to my mother, bless her heart
I am her only son, and her son ain't far
Shinnin' I'm a star, nigga
Luminous charms
Just blew up, but I been a bomb
Boys tryna show up, get shitted on
I'm at the game courtside with my camos on
With a redbone, snap back
Gettin' lap dance while you gettin' laughed at
I swear that nigga dig a whole
Get ya barred track
And you've awoken the dead, the anti-christ is back

I know you don't give a fuck about me
I swear I don't give a fuck about you
So I'm a get this money

And count it all day, while you muthaf-ckas say who
dat!

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