

I-Dub

"Oh My God Ft. Fred The Godson"

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Lights, camera, lights grammar
Club night with your type, hammer
Still move the white girl, hanna
My armor getting mixtape all over the banner
I'm from the Bronx but well known in Atlanta
I'm on the cellphone just arguing with my planner
He , I told him coconut
They want Fred to rock 45 to open up
, but when the 45 open up
Listen when I say move knife out
Poke them out
The cops lights out, loose the gun, don't come up
,choke them out
I , every couple bars, hit the streets 20deep couple cars
If I , we all good, work harder
Big Bronx, still in the hood, why bother

This that crack, this that hard,
Stacks of cash and track man broads
Saxy,and fast ass cars
Makes you say, oh my god
Oh, oh oh, oh my god
Oh, oh oh, oh my god
Makes you say, oh my god

It's , you want it, then come and get it
My niggas is dumping led
We pumping, we busting heads
We getting bread, ain't none of us under feds
We just, she fucking she give me head
Damn shame how I bake one tracks
Double clean this niggas up and it ain't Ajax
, it's like my talent got a mask on, they can't face that
Still I'ma move how I wanna move
Hard g's, with a lot of dudes
, not even the , know what I'ma do
Y'all don't get it now, rest in peace,
Squeeze, toast,

This that crack, this that hard,
Stacks of cash and track man broads

Saxy, and fast ass cars
Makes you say, oh my god
Oh, oh oh, oh my god
Oh, oh oh, oh my god
Makes you say, oh my god

I don't claim to be nothing that I ain't be
Y'all appear to be things that I can't see
I got a face for the camera, say cheese
My watch got a blue face like it ain't breathe
See your broad at the club I'ma push upon her
Now she in my bed, look like I'm doing push ups on her
She in my head like,
You know me , leave, over the night, yes
I wanna blow, y'all niggers need directions, right left
Fuck don't you understand, I'm the damn man
, we in the spot, got it moving like a,
About to turn it upside down, hand stand

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