

Bowser (feat. Ski Mask the Slump God)

XXXTENTACION

Aye Ski, they not expectin' this one
Anything, is possible
Anything is possible I'm on a drug, binge, aye!
Rules, I bend, aye!
Like Constantine, devil want my soul
Drug, binge, aye aye
Rules, I bend
Like Constantine, devil want my soul
Okay like oh no, look at wrist
You bitches whippin' up the bowl
Yo' not talkin' bricks, you been getting wet like egg yolk
She not from Dimmsdale
But she gon' give me Dimmadome
Oh no look at your aunt
Her feet black just like a crow
Okay like, Doctor Doofenshmirtz
Coat bought my girl work so it's her collection
I don't pistol pack in Red Dead Redemption
Cowboy boots with the spur
Been lost with the jugg walk
With the sauce with the saber tooth fur
How do I explain the way she grip on my dick just like butter that churn
Krispie Kreme but my sauce
Never empty, humpty dumpty, how I crack her
Like a nut cracker all the best crispy, wish list
Creep, creep
Crawling like I'm just from centipede
Bulletproof vest like I'm 50
Feeling like a Public toilet
Full of bear hibernation pee pee
I'm on a drug, binge
Rules, I bend
Like Constantine, devil want my soul
Drug, binge, aye
Rules, I bend aye aye
Like Constantine, devil want my soul
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Her feet black just like a crow
Okay like guillotine, our team
In that pussy
Why your bitch look like Ming
With a pussy
I can't swim
Just like I'm raving no dice
I'm so raven idea
I had a dream, like I am Martin Luther
When she suck my dick she make me feel it in my toes
She look like she need some dick she suck me
Don't wanna go
She gon' fuck my nigga for a place to stay fo' sho
You are irrelevant
I'm going celibate
Don't want your bitch you can keep her amor
I'm on a drug, binge
Rules, I bend
Like Constantine, devil want my soul
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>