

Olympics

The Doppelgangaz

[Verse 1: EP]Cyn Santana with the dog filter's everything honey
That's food for the sharks, shit, 'cus everything's chummy
You big dummy, Scoobavelli we tricked her
Copped the Crab Louie, andouille and Celery Victor
Catch my good side in the flicks by Richter
We out in Woodside, smacked off the elixir
Picture a Ganga in some Dennis Busenitz
Own the building and we got tenants
Shit he copped a fleet of homes
Right next to Rashida Jones
To each is own, Kraft mac or Velveeta prone
We eat alone and make a toast to sobriety
Slurping bivalves of the east coast variety
The diet be, whatever we might be keen to bake
Himalayan rock salt topped with Tajima steak
Waiting 'til its daybreak

You a day late, shit, protect the namesake[Chorus]And it boils, and it really takes not only a lot
of people

Who have uh confidence in their area but
Genuine teamwork[Verse 2: Matter ov Fact]
A-yo I roll up, Nissan Juke color of puke
Niggas that your mother rebuke, smothered in Duke
A fake alumni, shorty baking apple crumb pie
A big momma known to lap it up and leave a numb thigh
Push the Hyundai, high yella, she buys Stella's
And recently got her prescription filled for the Kybella
Nah, just Leave your jowl the way it is
Your wattles ain't hanging half as low as they say it is
Ok it is, couldn't tell you what day it is or year it is
But If Dopp Hopp was a beer it'd be an IPA
Got a wipey and tray for the ABDL fetish
Is you changing my diapy bae?
Aye, It's like the words to a certain song
We steady mobbing 'til the day that the curtains drawn
My Word is born shorty bobbing and flirting strong
Four in the morn when my nigga Robin Lundberg is on
We gone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>