

10 Freaky Girls (feat. 21 Savage)

Metro Boomin

Ooh
No, no, no
No, no In peace (In peace)
May you rest (May you rest)
Never ever shoot below the neck (Never ever)
You a rookie (You a rookie)
I'm a vet (I'm a vet)
That's why I got a Glock
You got a TEC (Got a TEC)
Not checkers (Not checkers)
This chess (It is chess)
I flooded out my Patek with baguettes
I curve Tiffany, yeah
For Jess (For who?)
Need to get myself together
I'm a mess (Straight up)
In Bikini Bottom, I'm with Sandy (Sandy)
Moesha keep on drinkin' all the brandy (Brandy)
Keisha eat the molly like it's candy (Yah, yah)
Bodyslam a nigga like I'm Randy (Yah, yah)
Yeah, I'm a hot hitter (Straight up)
I'm a guap getter (Straight up)
Leave a thot bitter (Straight up)
Get your block hit up
Oh, you think you in a group?
Get that shit split up (On God)
Tryna suck me layin' down
I make that bitch sit up (Straight up)
Yeah, hot box, dirty stick
Case closed (Case closed)
We grill beef, nigga, charcoal (Uh oh)
Sellin' pussy, her vajay-jay got a barcode (Uh oh)
These broke ass niggas need Jobco (21)
Used to use EBT to get seafood (What?)
Now I Uber Eats when I want Kiku (Straight up)
She wanna hang out and let the gang G you (Facts)
Metro worth a lot of M's, nigga, me too (Racks)
Hangin' off my earlobes is a rock (A rock)
Hangin' off my waistline is a Glock (Pop, pop)
The body in that casket was a opp (21)
I don't throw no bottles, I throw shots (21)
All this drip on me, I need a mop (21)

Balenciaga boxers and the socks (On God)
I got 10 freaky girls on a yacht (Yacht)
Finna drown in 'em, dawg, finna drown in 'em (21) Last altercation
Got a hundred rounds in him (On my mama)
All my spots got a lot of bloodhounds in 'em
(On your mama)
Ain't no furniture
It's just a lot of pounds in 'em (Straight up)
Percs, soft, hard, and I got the brown in 'em (On God)
Word to bombaclaaf, shotta
We don't ramp in 'em (21)
Edgewood, Glenwood
Bouldercrest and the Hamp with 'em (Six)
Got a lot of sticks
You can get stamped with 'em (On God)
Tryna mediate the beef
You get found with 'em (Straight up)
All these chains, rest in peace to
Harriet Tubman (Harriet Tubman)
Niggas broke 'cause they doin' too much clubbin'
(Too much clubbin')
Cashed out on all my cards 'cause I'm stubborn
('Cause I'm stubborn)
Zone 6 against the world, that's how I'm comin'
(How I'm comin')
I came out the womb, I was thuggin' (Straight up)
Ain't no fistfights, niggas upp'in' (Straight up)
Rappers say they want smoke
But they bluffin' (On God)
When you see 'em face-to-face
It ain't nothin' (Straight up)
Hangin' off my earlobes is a rock (A rock)
Hangin' off my waistline is a Glock (Pop, pop)
The body in that casket was a opp (21)
I don't throw no bottles, I throw shots (21)
All this drip on me, I need a mop (21)
Balenciaga boxers and the socks (On God)
I got 10 freaky girls on a yacht (Yacht)
I got 10 freaky girls on a yacht You know, I was racin' down the highway earlier today
Ridin' down 20
I happened to see a nigga I robbed back in the day
You know what? He was happy to see me

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