

Feel the Breeze

Joey Fatts

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

Drop the top just to feel the breeze
I'm getting money so I know these niggas hating me
I keep it on me so they know better than to play with me
I ain't know dummy, boy you know that nina stay with me
If it ain't money then you ain't got shit to say to me
Only concerned with that dough

[Verse 1: Joey Fatts]

I'm fucking, you're wifing that bitch
I ain't concerned with these hoes
Grinding all night to get rich
So I can stunt on my foes
Spend like one band on these kicks
Spend like two bands on these clothes
Flexing you already know
Booming you already know
She choosing I already know
Know that she fucking for sho'
Jump, jump, top in the beemer
Plotting on getting a Rolls
And I ride round with that nina
I gotta' stay on my toes

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

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[Verse 2: Joey Fatts]

On the edge, don't tip me
Drunk and driving, I'm pissy
My old bitch text me, she miss me
Only ten West don't want fifty
Old bitch with some new cheese
And my whip worth three keys
Niggas came from a tenspeed
Now I'm flexing in a sixspeed
Balenci we don't do that Prada
Now trick on these hoes they get nada
Spent five on these clothes on my momma
That's thousands nigga, not dollars
We do it all for the commas
Block hot like hotel with Wanda
We got the sticks for the drama
[?] with them lamas
I swear to God I'm
All about the dollars, even fifty cent
I'm getting rich or die trying
Lil' nigga I'm the plug and the middle man
Cutthroat yeah we did it again
Niggas thought that I lost it
How was that when my bank account got six O's like a nigga off salsa?

[Hook: Joey Fatts]

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[Outro]

Hey nigga I think you gotta start acting serious nigga
Gonna come round and slash these tires if you don't pull up on me, I know them motherfuckers
cost a rack each. Pull up Fatts, come on, pull up

It's not that hard to answer the phone. It's not going straight to voicemail so I know my
number's not blocked
I'm out here my nigga, [?]

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