

Easter Fit - Yung Booke Feat. Future

Lyrics

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"Easter Fit"

Yeah, Back To The Cash (Atl Jacob, Atl Jacob)

Died In The Easter Fit Before You Can Wear It Out, Yeah, Yeah

I Just Bought A Brand-new Ratchet At My Grandma House, Uh, Uh

I Been Wavin' That Gat' Since A Juvenile, Uh, Uh

I Be Dressed Like A Martian, Takeoff, Rockets Now, Uh, Uh

Ooh, I'm Dressin' Tacky, None Of My Designers Match, Uh, Uh

Not My Main B!tch But She Got My Name Tatted, Uh, Uh

You Gotta Front Me A Mill' Or I'm Not Comin' Back, Uh, Uh

When It Come To Poppin' My Sh!t, B!tch, I Was Made For That, Uh, Uh

Two Hunnid On The Coupe, I'ma Come Through Like A Maniac (Yeah, Yeah)

Lil' N!gga Stole My Style And Had To Bring It Back (Uh, Uh)

Bad Lil' B!tch In College, She Give Me Brainiac (Yeah, Yeah)

Any Kids Woofin They Could've Do It Gimme Their Candies Pack (Uh, Uh)

Blueface Wanted The Same Colors As Them Hunnids Is (Eh, Eh)

Heard Your Shooter Was Strapped But He Gon' Run With Heels (Uh, Uh)

He Just Spent New Bands Inside Of Barnesville (Eh, Eh)
I'm So Money Savage Just Like Uncle Phil (Naw, For Real)
They Know I Run My City Just Like Big U (Big U)
His Thottie Hold The Choppa Had Me Switchin Shoes (Tah)
No Kid In The Back, Can't Yell,
They Better Not Play With You (Not Play With You, Yeah)
Hustlin' In My Veins, Do What My Daddy Do (I Ball)
Died In The Easter Fit Before You Can Wear It Out, Yeah, Yeah
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Not My Main B!tch But She Got My Name Tatted, Uh, Uh
You Gotta Front Me A Mill' Or I'm Not Comin' Back, Uh, Uh
When It Come To Poppin' My Sh!t, B!tch, I Was Made For That, Uh, Uh
I'm 'bout To Catch A Private And I'ma Be Late For That, Uh, Uh
I Just Splashed A Model, Mediterranean, Uh, Uh
Zoom, Zoom, Zoom In A Urus Like A Maniac, Uh, Uh
F*cked Your B!tch On Sight, That's My Lil' New-new, Yeah, Yeah
Mixin' Lean And Sprite, It Got My Screws Loose, Yeah, Yeah
Topped Me And Beggin' Me: "Please Give Me Choo-choo", Yeah, Yeah
Shawty Got Down On Her Knees, Slurped Me Like Noodles, Uh, Uh
Choppin' A Brick In The Trap Like I Know Kung Fu, Uh, Uh

Pablo Escobar With The Work, Do Numbers, Yeah, Yeah

Pop Me One, I, Whoo, Turn To A Monster, Uh, Uh

Forty Pointers On Her Wrist, I'm Her Sponsor, Yeah, Yeah

That's The One, Put That Dick Past Her Tonsils, Uh, Uh (Yeah)

Died In The Easter Fit Before You Can Wear It Out, Yeah, Yeah

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For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
