

SKAT- Tory Lanez Feat DaBaby Lyrics

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"SKAT"

Okay

Okay

Okay

Yeah, yeah, okay

Wrist so wet I might drown

Bitch, don't talk, you goin' downtown (okay)

I done made six half for the whole week

Plug want a player then I'm goin' O.T (okay)

I just made four-five-seven on Wok

I'll hop in that Scat and I'm bendin' your block (okay)

Nigga wanna scrap, well, let it go rock

My lil' nigga got it, I bet he gon' pop (okay)

I can make ten on face no fillin', six dot like Krillin

I'm smoking gorilla (okay)

Couple of my niggas just caught that nigga that was runnin' off

Dawg, I know they gon' kill him (okay)

Smokin' on killer and takin' your bitch on a trip

And then fucked on the floor of my villa (okay)

I ain't got time for two things, what?

These stupid ass hoes and they feelings, ayy (okay)

All independent, my bitches just call and they get it

They know that this ballin' authentic (okay)

Chocolate vanilla, can't hide so I hopped out the dealer

I copped a new car and I tint it (okay)

Won't lie, lil' bitch had a nigga down

But now that I'm out of my feelings (okay)

I'ma stack the money so tall in the crib

It be lookin' like the roof came out of my ceiling (okay)

Soon as I hop in I zoom

Scoopin' that bih like a spoon (okay)

I got this FN, it sing like that bitch is in tune (okay)

Look at his face when we walked in the room (okay)

Ayy, thirty-five MAC 10s

Ayy, I'll kill him he play with my back end (okay)

Fuckin' that shorty and I'm makin' her back bend

After my niggas walk in, we tagged in, ayy (okay)

Ayy, right off the bat

Shorty, she know that I'm black but I'll Doja that Cat (okay)

She wear that thong I like

Them tights keep pullin' that pussy to show that it's fat (okay)
Maybach to back with the double R
Copped the new Duffle, it came with the double star (okay)
Then I put the trunk inside the front so when I'm backin' up
I still front on every one of y'all niggas (okay), it's Tory
Hopped in the Scat, bitch, I'm back, where have you been? (Okay)
Fifty thousand dollars on my jack, goin' stupid (okay)
Back outside, every time, it's a new fit (okay)
Niggas love to lie, gotta tell 'em what the truth is (okay)
Hopped in the Scat, bitch, I'm back, where have you been? (Okay)
Fifty thousand dollars on my jack, goin' stupid (okay)
Back outside, every time, it's a new fit (okay)
Niggas love to lie, gotta tell 'em what the truth is (okay)
I went wrapped the Scat the same color the Lambo (wrap it)
I pull up orange and brown, they both look like Reese's (okay)
I get in that mode where I fuck niggas hoes (mode)
And I break 'em off and send 'em back home in pieces (okay)
Got a bitch from the 6ix, cut her off, don't know how to suck dick (6ix)
Had to smack her head, like, "Watch the teeth" (okay)
I be givin' the Holy Ghost to hoes, they see me (ah! Oh my God!)
They get to passin' out and screamin' out, "Jesus!" (Okay)
I'ma keep it real, I don't really fuck with polices (woop)
I don't know shit, when I see 'em, I'm speechless (shh)

I don't really wanna fuck with rap niggas, they bitches
I'd would rather chill with my daughter and my nieces
Actin' like he love me, I don't need no new brothers (nope)

I don't want advice, nigga, keep it

Let a nigga touch me, I'ma have to show you somethin'

I'ma have your family talkin' to the preacher

I'm not affiliated with no gang

But my Rollie face blue, look like it's out the freezer

I'm makin' niggas' bitches say my name

She ain't know how to fuck so Baby had to teach her

Oops, I ain't mean it (oops), I put it on her face

And gave her an all white towel so she could clean it (ew)

I'm Baby Jesus, sometimes I wear it once and give it away

Sometimes I hit the cleaners (go!)

Who wanna get knocked off?

I'ma come burn a nigga, hot sauce

I'ma woo, knock a nigga socks off

'Bout to cop a new drop, take the top off

Should I go get the 'Vette or the double R?

My mama gon' say, "Goddamn, that's another car" (damn)

I got so many square feet inside of my mansion

There room in the bed for every one of y'all

Like fuck it, let's have a sleep over

Got your bitch suckin' dick, got her deep throatin'

No, we ain't doin' shows 'til Corona over

'Bout to take the trap back over, we open

I can make fifty songs 'fore the week over

Keep your bitch ass asleep if you sleep on me

Tryna figure which car I'ma drive today

Hit the gas 'til they call the police on me

Yeah, bitch, I

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