

679 - Fetty Wap Feat. Remy Boyz

Lyrics

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"679"

Yeah, baby, 17

(RemyBoy Lifestyle)

Ayy, ayy, look

Baby girl, you so damn fine, though (yeah, baby)

I'm tryin' know if I could hit it from behind, though

I'm sippin' on you like some fine wine, though (Remy Boyz)

And when it's over, I press rewind, though, ayy (yeah)

You talkin' bands, girl, I got it

Benjamins all in my pocket

I traded in my Trues for some Robins

He playyin' Batman, Fetty's gon' rob him, ayy

I got a Glock in my 'Rari, ayy, 17 shots, no .38, ayy

I got a Glock in my 'Rari, 17 shots, no .38

I'm like, yeah, she's fine

Wonder when she'll be mine (yeah, baby)

She walk past, I press rewind (yeah, baby)

To see that ass one more time

And I got this sewed up

Remy Boyz, they know us (they know us)

All fast money, no slow bucks (yeah, baby)

No one can control us

Ayy, Yeah, baby (uh, yeah, Monty)

Tell me what you see

Is it money or it's me?

I smoke 20, smell the...

I got hunnies in my V (yeah, baby)

They like, "Monty, can you be my baby daddy?" I'm like "Yeah" (yeah)

I got Robins on my jeans, you see the wings on every pair (ayy, ayy)

All you see is Remy Boyz, you know my niggas everywhere (Remy Boyz)

And if somebody got a problem, we could meet up anywhere (Monty, let's go)

Now go sayy some' (ayy)

Don't you niggas playy dumb (yeah)

You know where we came from

You 'on't want sauce, no A1

I'm like, yeah, she's fine (fine)

Wonder when she'll be mine (woo)

She walk past, I press rewind

To see that ass one more time

And I got this sewed up

Remy Boyz, they know us

All fast money, no slow bucks

No one can control us

Ayy, yeah, baby

Ayy, she a cutie and she fine, make me wanna make her mine

She ain't nothin' like 'em bimbos

If you like it, we can swerve, we can light and stain up herre

Blowin', pluck it out the window

DJ playyin', press rewind, got her singin' every time

Take a high note for me, girlfriend

Got my city lookin' rude, I ain't Diddy, I ain't Loon

But I think I need a girlfriend

She feelin' great as I'm talkin' to her

She a RemyGirl so I'm gon' pursue her

I brought a lot of loud, lot of Remy to sip on

Thousand dollars when I get my tip on

I'm off her, asked her if her fatty real

She said that's all her, got her with the happy feel

I'm 'bout to spoil her, got her with the happy feel

I'm 'bout to spoil her, oh my

I'm like, yeah, she's fine (fine)

Wonder when she'll be mine
She walk past, I press rewind
To see that ass one more time
And I got this sewed up
Remy Boyz, they know us (Remy Boyz, yeah)
All fast money, no slow bucks (all fast money)
No one can control us (no one can control us)
Ayy, yeah, baby
ZooWap, Monty
ZooWap, Dicey
Yeah, baby, Remy Boyz
Yeah, yeah

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