

GEEKALEEK - BIA, OhGeesy, and sped up nightcore Lyrics

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"GEEKALEEK"

Yeah (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Tezzer, T-Tezzer (Ayy, ayy, ayy, yeah, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Yeah, we got beans (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Yeah, ayy, ayy

You ain't never had the feds investigate you ('Gate you)

You ain't never had the bad hoes wanna date you (Date you)

You a bad bitch, daddy gotta spank you (I'ma spank you)

My nigga fresh out the pen, he might shank you

Extendo, I don't rock with no stock clips (Grr)

If you chillin' with the opps you gettin' shot with (Ayy)

Bad hoes love a nigga out in Stockton

They let my shorty in the party with a Glock .10

Poppin', yeah, bitch, I'm so poppin' (Baow)

I got pounds, I got keys, is you shoppin'?

I sip lean, not no green, ain't no Watson
I'ma fuck your life up 'cause I'm toxic (Ayy)
Want her, fuck her, hit her, duck her (Ayy)
Catch up lil' nigga with mustard (Skrrt, skrrt)
What up, bitch? Geesy fuckin' up the summer (Woah)
Sad hoes looking like what a bummer
She wanna suck my dick 'cause I'm funner
Niggas lame, all he wanna do is love her
Buster, we be fuckin' under covers (Under cover)
But we ain't never fuck with an undercover
Feds watch, lil' nigga, yeah, the feds listenin'
I just popped a Perc' 20, now my head spinnin' (Woah)
You ain't never touched no money, you ain't bread winnin' (No)
I don't even wanna fuck, I'm just head gettin', ayy

What up my nigga, Geesy?
Yee

Okay, it's money on the line
Yeah, I'm slidin' in that Spyder when I'm thuggin' with my slime (Skrr)
Too short, baby, one convo at the time
I'm the G-lock, baby, but he runnin' with the nine (Grrah)
Don't touch me, squeezin', people bleedin' (Uh)

You got issues, I got reasons (Uh)

Hundred up front, you could take it, leave it (Cash)

You say, I'm lucky then bitch, Van Cleef it (Van Cleef it)

He make money off the glitch in the Tre lines (Frirt)

He wanna bang on me and throw up gang signs (Gangsta)

Rich bitch behavior

You wanna fuck on me? Come be a savior (Yeah)

Don't ask me 'bout my chain, I wouldn't do that (I wouldn't do that)

My lil' daddy, he'll shoot you out your durag (Grrah)

I be sorry when he wouldn't buy a new bag

Got a richer nigga, I can make my boo mad (Yee)

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