

# Honey Bun - Quavo Lyrics

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## "Honey Bun"

Al Geno on the track

Yeah, yeah, huh

What the fuck they thought, nigga? (What the fuck they thought?)

I just jumped up out the fucking vault, nigga (Go)

Niggas singing like Diana Ross, nigga

I don't wanna hear no sorry for my loss, nigga

Fuck it, do some, I just put my roof on it (Put that house on it)

I don't give a fuck about no big homie (Fuck 'em)

No Huncho, no, fuck it, I'm back on it (Chill out)

Everybody know just how we act on it (Go)

Wassup? Wassup? Wassup? Wassup? Wassup?

Ain't gon' run, I got that strap on me (Grah)

Wassup? (Yeah) Wassup? (Yeah) Wassup? (Yeah)

Wassup? (Yeah) Wassup? (Yeah) Wassup? (Yeah)

Wassup? (Yeah)

Wassup?

Honey bun, can you do sum' for me? (Do sum')

Can you go automatic, just for me?

Tommy gun, can you do sum' for me?

Can you call Al Capone for me? (Brrt, yeah)

I got a reason to slide, I got a reason to ride (Say what?)

I got a- I got a reason to slide, I got a reason to ride (Uh, get out)

How can I come outside, without no mask on?

They wanna see my emotions, I ain't smiling at all (Fuck 'em)

I bought a bulletproof Humvee, it could take down a wall (Skkr)

Tactical mechanics end up paying off (Brrt)

They don't want me talking like this gangster, at all (Uh, uh)

They rather see me on TV playing basketball (Fuck that)

Hell nah, fuck all that, I'm back (Hell nah, fuck it)

No more Hollywood, just bring me back

I just got a hundred bricks like hack a shack (Bando)

Two thousand and fourteen, Huncho is back

Honeybun, huh, huh, huh, huh (Honeybun)

Tommy gun, huh, huh, huh, huh (What, can you call? Brrt)

Huncho

This year, I can't play with y'all niggas, I'm just saying (Nah)

I just had my heart froze and now I close my hand (Close)

I ain't got nun' to give, niggas out here playing (Playing)

I know it's been some years, but now I'm taking Xans (Pop it)

All tears for my man (Tears)

Wipe my eyes, and staying layin' (Wipe)

Don't be talking, somebody watching (Shh)

Get off the phone, somebody clocking

What we doing? Somebody hop in the whip, let's slide

Ain't no demon, we disciples ('Ciples)

Malcolm had a rifle

Had to roll up in some bible paper (Yeah, brrt)

That's my bitch, I told her suck it later

We got some shit we got to handle, baby

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