

I'm Geekin - DDG Lyrics

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"I'm Geekin"

I'm on a whole 'nother level, I'm geekin'
You think you fuckin' with me? Boy, you tweakin'
Ready for war, I just need me a reason
I'm gettin' buckets in regular season
Honestly wonderin' when I'ma lose it
Come get your wifey, she with it, she choosin'
Maybach be drivin' itself, I be cruisin'

I got the game in my muhfuckin' pocket
All of this rappin' and shit just a option
I'm finna cook in the stu', Betty Crock' it
I'm finna take off and rap like a rocket
Hop on a yacht in Miami, and surf it
With hella bitches, they drinkin' and twerkin'
Don't post no stories, my shorty be lurkin'
Can't stop the grind for no bitch, it ain't worth it
Go to Milan for the weekend, the fashion

Addicted to dressin', I drip with a passion
Yo' nigga know I'm that nigga, just ask him
Look at the diamonds, they hittin', they dancin'
I'm from the trenches, I learned how to hustle
I get the cabbage, the lettuce, the brussel
I make a million, then triple, then double
Upgrade the Glock with a laser and muzzle

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All of the women that's quotin' my tweets
I don't know if they want a piece of my meat
I'm a muhfuckin' boss, bitch, you know I'm elite
I can not take a loss, 'cause I'm playin' for keeps
When I step out the house, watch the money increase
I be robbin' the net, nigga, call the police
Feelin' immortal, I feel like Lil Reese

You get turned paranormal, if I see you reach

Ghost

"DDG childish, that nigga be tweetin' too much, on my mama, he doin' the most"

"I really hate him, but lowkey I really fuck with him, I check for whatever he post"

"That nigga doin' too much, I want Halle to drop him, let's make a petition and vote"

How 'bout y'all niggas quit bitchin' and go get some motion and take my dick outta yo' throat

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