

# FDB

## Young Dro

West Side, Bankhead, is where I'm from  
Everything y'all did has been done  
My Trew game and my shoe game  
You can't touch that shit  
A bitch that holler 'bout "fuck me?"  
Nah, fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch  
A bitch that holler 'bout "fuck me?"  
Nah, fuck that bitch  
Fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch  
A bitch that holler 'bout "fuck me?"  
Nah, fuck that bitch  
Three - what you wanna do here?  
Bitch, I'mma float like root beer  
Still workin' on gettin' the Coupe cleared  
You ain't got none of my shoe gear  
Red on the bottom, right, that's red  
Shorty, she a mother? She hairy  
Bitch you ugly and bitch you ugly  
And both y'all hoes look scary  
I don't wanna get married  
Chick, you a bird - Perry  
All eatin' so good, these hoes like  
"Boys, you're gettin' fat, eat salad"  
I'm ridin' round and I'm gettin' it in with no blanket  
Got your main bitch on my dick shit, she, ain't messin'  
Her hips fat, I seen her walk past, I'm like "shit"  
She seeing my automobile, she tried to push that, I said "bitch" I bang hoes, ridin' in a drop top  
Range Rove  
I train hoes, I'm a pimp, Trinidad James clothes  
West Side, Bankhead, is where i'm from  
Everything y'all did has been done  
My Trew game and my shoe game  
You can't touch that shit  
A bitch that holler bout fuck me  
nah fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch fuck that bitch  
bitch that holler bout fuck me, nah fuck that bitch, fuck that bitch fuck that bitch  
bitch that holler bout fuck me, fuck that bitch  
Three - FDB man - fly like L-train  
Me and E-Louie's got Checkerboards on  
You ain't got that pair, man  
With my FDB clique - 33 deep shit  
You tell that bitch, man, fuck that hoe  
I ain't startin' that shit, trick  
Six for a birdbath - bitch, where's your skirt at?

Ah, I like it, blowin' that kush on you like purp packs  
Y'all niggas so wack... and bitch you so green  
I pull up on the scene in the green Celine  
Yeah nigga, I'm too clean  
Westside, what's upper? Y'all niggas my supper  
Fuck that bitch 'fore I do that shit  
I might need me a rubber  
Belly on rotund - one whip, four guns  
If you see the baby mamma, holler:  
"Fuck that bitch, that hoe aint no one"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>