

+bless+ - SHUFFLE

{chorus}

**Y'ain't gon' find no mess if you put my shit on shuffle
I got more than ten sittin' in this duffel
I'ma scrape the rims on this red eye bundle
If you talkin' 'bout money, i got me an abundance
We gon' sell them chickens, we gon' sell them onions
I'on sip no gin, i don't use no funnel
I just wanna fuck, i do not wan' cuddle
We ain't have no plan, we ain't did no huddle**

{bridge}

**I ain't never had no handouts
Used to do this shit for fun, but i got a plan now
All you bitches shit, all you boys be fanned out
Used to be yo' bro, but i got them bands now
Used to call me shock {?}, but you a fan now, bitch
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah**

{verse 1}

**When i blow up, just know that i planned it
We arĐµ not from the same planet
YĐµs, i like them with the xanax
Told him that he need to can it
He up in a body bag, get that zipped up
Yes, i'm slicin' shit like jack the ripper
Got yo' ho to come over and clean my tip up
Yes, i am a big motherfuckin' money flipper**

{interlude}

(woah-oh)

(woah-oh)

(woah-oh)

{chorus}

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{verse 2}

**Everything i'm doin' big, i do not settle for subtle
I got some diamonds, my bezel is wet like a puddle
I'm reachin' a whole new level, i hop in the muh'fuckin' shuttle
Yo' bitch 'bout to bounce, she gon' dribble
I don't play games, i don't riddle
Always on top and ain't havin' the middle
I know he gon' tattle, i know he gon' tittle
I'm way out in cali, i'm servin' the skittles
Bitch, i'm a robot, so call me a {?}
Burn {?} on me, they lookin' like fendi (woah)
{instrumental outro}**