

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Bobby Boucher feat. Benji.

Par EarthGang

Album : RIP Human Art

Yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah

I'm reunited with, uh, all of my, uh, yeah-yeah

I'm reunited with, uh, all of my

I'm reunited with, uh

I'm reunited with, uh

Okay, okay

I'm reunited with, uh, all of my vices, I can't

I can't deny it, I still got fuckin' problems, I try

I try to fight it, it don't, ain't try to hide it, go 'head

Loc be my lady, I'm up a couple thousand

Playin' roulette like Bobby Boucher

Wa-Wa-Wa-Water on a Tuesday for all this D'Ussé

I surely feel like I'm drunk

I probably drink the Kool-Aid, that shit be packin' a punch

It's like a jab to the face, I'm probably not gettin' up

Fuck what you heard, nigga shit, gon' spin it

Been independent, still with my twin, he can finish my s?ntence

I don't know her nam?, but she one of my bitches, number exchange

And I'm runnin' up in it, no funny business, I ain't on no weird shit, might probably spill this

I ain't t-boz, and I sure ain't chilli', is it just me or the energy shiftin'?

Nigga growin' up, might live to be the villain

When a nigga die, hope they put me on buildings

I'm out the space, you can never come near this

I heard your tape, but I really ain't feel it

Fresh out the woods, where they follow my footprints

Credit store fucked up, know I got good dick

Swervin' through the hood, brake screechin' like woodwinds

I don't think about much, I really just do shit

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I surely feel like I'm drunk (Yeah)

I probably drink the Kool-Aid, that shit be packin' a punch (Yeah)

It's like a jab to the face, I'm probably not gettin' up

I'm fuckin' Lady Luck inside my spaceship truck with the ankles up (Ooh-oo)

She like it long, she like it wide, and she sure love it rough

I can't get a break, and she can't get enough

After this, I'ma need-

Scotty come beam me up, come clean me up

Somebody come clean me up, on the scene I strut

I ease like water on leaves, I glide on beats, I fly, I swim, I ski

In eighty degrees, make these hoes freeze

My nigga, please, my bank account got angel numbers

Can't nobody save you but yourself

I listened to God and talked to the Devil

He'd do wonders for my health

I died on Friday, came back Sunday

Turned up Monday, man, what else?

She said I taste like mango, dress like Django

Still wanna eat me up

You the weakest link, no we can't link up

Keep things untouched, don't speak on such, I'm so in love

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