

Nocturnal Eclipse (feat. Robb Bank\$)

Fijimacintosh

(Chorus: Fijimacintosh)

Swear that bitch wanna fuck for my network
I can't trust these niggas so they cancer
Pull a dutch out the roof of the tesla
Man down man down get a stretcher
Big money on my schedule, yea
Flexing and im flexing like a wrestler, ayy
Counting big paper like an extra, yea
You don't want no want no pressure, yea

(Verse 1: Fijimacintosh)

Big racks stuffed in my Ksubi jeans
Big clips gotta make a movie scene
Real diamonds sweating in my jewlery
Bih talk down but don't even know me
Bitches wanna fuck we gon keep it lowkey
Bitch I hot as fuck man I feel like Smokey
She gon hit that blunt put that pussy on me
I just raised my neck and wrist and flood my whole team
Yea my whole team

That ain't right by any means

All these niggas fake I swear they gotta envy me
But I'm balling on these niggas I feel like a MVP

(Chorus: Fijimacintosh)

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You don't want no want no pressure, yea(Verse 2: Rob Bank\$)

Big body swerving me
Put a bitch on my team
Then put a bitch on the street
Put a 30 k on my teeth
Sk when non of yall g
I can't get a mother on g
Now cap snap back
When i'm in the cut no charge
They say black hat wrist jack long live BTY
Fiji my necklace no tap but I heard all your calls
And I take percs xans still stand I don't think I never fall

And I meant what I say I meant balling with no roof
We above the rim every time that we shoot
And I don't ever miss but it's still a brick on the shoes
Main bitch rock a diamond hoop
Wish for the day I'm tryna fuse(Chorus: Fijimacintosh)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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