

# Oomps Revenge

Trippie Redd

Somehow, my songs always apply to my real life right now  
I be predicting the future  
I think I'm good at that shit  
Yeah, uh  
This is a beat pusher production

Everyday I keep it real and get that bag, hoe  
'Cause that shit up for grabs hoe, put that on my tab hoe  
Jimmy Neutron, I told that bitch to have a blast, hoe  
Yes I'm a asshole, bitch why you mad for?  
They say that I'm mad dope  
Ballin' on a budget with my cousins moving mad dope  
To eat and see that cash flow  
Niggas always hating but ain't got no fucking bag bro  
I just keep it pushing I ain't worried 'bout the mad folks

If a nigga test me I'ma reach up in this bag though  
And put on my ski mask, hoe  
And let off hella shots and do 200 on the dash, bro  
I can't go out sad, bro  
Got a family and I still wanna pop some tags more  
Used to want a Jag, hoe  
Now I'm in a Bentley still want the money  
SS 14s on the side it's Trippie  
I don't think they get me  
Build a legacy and hope my niggas be up with me  
If not then you is against me  
Leave your body souless, empty  
Used to feel so empty  
Now the chips is stacking up, I need like every fucking penny  
And everyone that's with me  
I used to feel alone, but I know my brother's soul is with me  
I know Oompa's soul is with me

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