

In Charlotte

Young Dolph

What watch should I put on though?
Aye what car should I drive today?
Aye somebody roll up a blunt
Big money shit
(If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you)

Million dollars cash, all twenties in the closet
Bought a short bus because my ice game retarded
Self-made millionaire, now I'm labelled a target
Fucked that bitch and put her out 'cause her pussy was garbage
Yeah them bitches bad so I pass 'em to my lil niggas
They wanna act up so I pass them boys to the hitters
Don't ask me why they mad, I don't know, I'm getting too much scrilla
My bank account got big and my head got even bigger
White Audemar, gold bracelet, big rocks
A whole month straight ain't been bumpin' shit but Pac
Coogi sweater on, RIP B-I-G
I just left LA on the way to NYC

Call me water boy 'cause I'm dripping all this water
Met her down in Florida but I fucked that bitch in Charlotte
Born a dope boy, never wanted to go to college
Bad Puerto Rican, New York bitch, met her in Starlets
I shut down the party, I shut down the party
Went and parked the Rari then I go jump on the Harley
Pull up, go and throw a dub at Cameo in Charlotte
I shut down the party, I shut down the party

Goddamn man
Who the fuck is this? hello?
(Hello, hello, hold up
Are y'all straight bruh?)
Yeah, wassup bruh?
(Aye y'all straight, you straight?)
Man what the fuck happened man, we heard about this shit, what the fuck happened up there man? what y'all got going on? huh?)
That nigga shot all the motherfuckin' bullets, ain't hit shit
Stupid ass nigga

Just cause my money keep running like Forrest Gump
I got niggas hate me like I'm Donald Trump
Where I'm from you don't make it to see 21
That's why all these young niggas ridin' 'round with they gun
Front page newspaper, number one topic
Niggas mad at Dolph Obama just 'cause I'm the hottest
Can't nobody stop me, man my neck so rocky
Said she seen Flippa dancing and that's how she spot me
Two things that I just can't respect
A fuck nigga and a lying ass bitch
That lil nigga keep on running up that check
I gave my dogs the recipe to get rich
They started shooting, we didn't even break a sweat
April Fools, the trick's on you bitch
You playing checkers lil boy, I'm playing chess
I just scored again boy, all nets
Paper Route, we got now and next
That's a motherfucking mansion 'round my neck

I'm in a Chevelle, but the motor it came out a Vette
I might sign with DJ Khaled, because we the best, hah

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