

Pelicans

ALLBLACK

6 PM, it's Thursday, bending block to block, vibing
Cracked the window, threw my set up on 'em-
(P-Lo, time to bring the bass back)

6 PM, it's Thursday, bending block to block, vibing
"Sprinkle Me" came on, I'm actin' up on my side
Micro blacks and tintin' kits and shit, bitch, I'm sliding
Turn down the ave, my uncle need my dad grinding
Cracked the window, threw my set up on 'em, they replied it
Shots and drugs on me and I don't got no license
Bacon boys get on me, this long-sleeve gon' start flying
This baby in my passenger want me to go diving

She keep calling me the GOAT, she love the pressure I'm applying
Finna pull up to IB's on Lakeshore and see four eyes
Took a photo with a fan and she looked me in my eyes
She said, "My friends wanna know, how come you don't believe in God?"
If you rock, I'm gon' roll, Mike Amiri make my clothes
I be with serial killers, demons, jackers, and CEOs
Credit score seven and up on every bitch I'm fuckin' on
I got nurses, orthodontists, scammers, and 304s
Up in Denver puttin' shots up on these niggas like I'm Jokić
My bitch turnin' tricks on tricks on tricks, she hocus pocus
Ate some shrooms just to get wavy, took too much, now I can't focus
Sittin' in a meeting with Ghazi, I'm tweaked out, hope he don't notice
Live like I am one thousand, play with me and I'm gon' blow it
Inked up like Wiz Khalifa, rub my tattoo down with lotion
Compassionate like DJ, so I'm gon' hustle and flow it
I'm Don Shula play-calling, so you know I'm goin' for it
She said, "I heard you paint houses," yes, indeed, I get to it
Three times crazy, knockin' out the twelves, blew the fuses
Irritated with these niggas, I'ma tie 'em up with nooses
This ain't no ordinary love, like Sade, I'm goin' through it (Da-na-na-na-na-na)
Like Ashanti, I'm so foolish
Ridin' with this dirty Glock, I pray that I don't use it
These niggas wanna take my life, I guess they gon' have to go looting
Niggas think they fuckin' with me, then they gon' have to prove it

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Eastside
Eastside (Every time)
Every time (Yeah, yeah)

Uh, Z28, got the motor right out of the crate
It's a ninety, the one behind it an eighty-inch
Chop choppin', you can hear my shit from like a mile away
She got up and got fly 'cause I might slide down her block today
I'm a New Orleans talker, dog, I ain't got much to say

New Orleans to the Bay love, it always been that way
I been connected, it's a blessing
Some rappers can't go kick it nowhere, that shit stressful
My Chevy clean as fuck, I played the preso with the plain bezel
All gold
Me and the homie ALLBLACK, we on a roll
Winning streak, I made all my free throws
Lights off in a parking lot, they in creep mode
Niggas got amnesia, don't remember sayin' shit
That's dangerous, dog, you gotta watch who you be playin' with
Associations, gotta watch who you be stayin' with
Dug that hole, motherfucker, you gon' have to lay in it
For real
Spent a house on a car, I spent a watch on the wheels
I ain't move that motherfucker two times all year
Spent a house on a car, spent a watch on the wheels
And I ain't drove the bitch twice all year, yeah

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