

# Caroline

Audio Push

Black thang, fine as Heaven  
Call the reverend  
Six inch heels, One up in the seven  
Look at how she steppin  
I gotta speak highly  
She got a man so she hide me  
She wanna be Kylie I wanna be irie  
You got some tree or some shit we could light  
I don't like bananas but I'm finna go bananas  
If you let a nigga fuck just know I'm pullin' out my camera  
I got hoes in Atlanta, don't know nothin' about a panda  
Prolly should this verse on Outkast West Savannah  
I was 10 years old when I first got a blue bandana  
I was 14 when I got me a brand new hammer  
Now I'm on the road they got my logo on a banner  
Smell like marijuana, mama says I gotta manage  
I really live the shit I ain't the type to act it  
You believe all that hype because you hyperactive  
Friends on the internet niggas typeractive  
I rock my own clothes and I like that active  
I gotta get to the grip  
Like a ant at a picnic get to the chip  
You niggas puttin' on a show I can get with the shit  
Nigga puttin' on a show, that Ridiculousness  
Hold up! Wait  
Get up, 'fore a real Westside nigga  
We just dropped the video for Leftside nigga  
Prayin' all the real live and all the rest die nigga  
I heard you hit the yard and tried to testify nigga  
And that's the reason why I had to fall back while I earned cheese  
Gettin' head in the backseat while I burn weed  
And she only wanna ride me to My Turn 3  
Price

Hold up, oh damn  
Wait that's not babe no  
She couldn't trust me  
Thank you God, dodged a bullet  
And I got lucky  
Found one that really know wassup  
And I called her after glowin' up  
She done had her share Lord know I had mine  
And we takin' out time but we know it's us  
My ex down graded like she skipped a class  
So sad but off that my new one she black and cubain  
With a grip of ass  
She sell heart for a grip of cash  
Me I fell back, take my time with it  
Did a tour, you probably stood in line  
I came back to rap and niggas still here lyin'  
It's the real thing and I'm not even tryin'  
Break it down for me, 2017 James Brown for me  
Do that thang with your tongue all around for me  
Yes girl like that I love it  
Do it in public and you said "fuck it"  
Backseat, scratch scratch to my back 'till my back bleed  
Niggas better Google something better Ask Jeeves

'Fore I run it, real nigga track meat  
Now Caroline, Caroline  
You done go to calculator to divide  
A thousand oppinions just to decide  
What the fuck to eat and who should drive  
You never found yourself so it's hard to believe you found someone else  
And if you did then I'm happy  
I wish you well but that's just a distraction  
You sick as hell, you foolish stupid  
I'm back and I'm focused  
Fuck a chapter, took the book and closed it  
Call for backup or you'll get exposed quick  
I'm just rappin' and snappin' so cold bitch  
You don't even match up to my old shit  
Got her high as Mary Poppins  
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious  
Spell it out caps lock and [?] bitch  
Sorry for cussing My Turn 3 man

My Turn 3 man  
My Turn 3 man, you need it  
My Turn 3  
2017 to infinity we unstoppable my nigga  
You can't fuck with us and you never will (never)  
My Turn 3  
Thank you, I'm out