

I don't wanna hear bout four-fours in the four-door  
If we really bring the four-four, that's your jaw gone  
Talking bout the four-four in the four-door  
When we're bringing out that four-four, that's a four-long  
I don't wanna hear bout four-fours in the four-door  
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I don't wanna hear about four-fours in a four-door no more  
Nigga that's long  
You ain't 67 or them man so calm with the talk  
You ain't no don  
Never seen a four-four or even drove a four-door  
Or even came to the block  
I circled the ends with the biggest three-fifth that you've seen  
When it squeeze, sounds like a four-four when it pops  
Crop's up, new strap when it drops  
Smoke hella bud, I'm like a Rasta with locks  
Racks in my pocket when I ask for the watch  
And my boy's like a master with Glocks  
So let a nigga try me, only real niggas buy me  
Got a ting with big back but she's only 5'3  
Told these niggas "Just watch"  
They'll soon see me put the green laser on the Heckler & Koch

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Jump like a bullfrog  
If I'm bringing out the four, you know that's a bulldog  
Pup bark loud, everybody move off  
Have a nigga running fast like he took his shoes off  
Done a lot, took time to cool off  
Now I'm back playing games like I took the rules off  
You're shining ay, niggas take their jewels off  
You will get your watch popped and your chain pulled off  
Bitch nigga, I don't wanna know them  
Man ah talk bout fours but don't control them  
You ain't on funk becuh your darg holds them  
Blame the goons on ends that gas and show them  
Man detach, clean and load them  
Nine got eight, could squeeze and hold ten  
Keeping all the heat, coming like a grow tent  
Don't talk bout forties if you don't blow them

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