Candy

Berner

I'm in a candy paint Caddy, with a candy rained fatty
Lil' thicc bitch yeah, she think my name Daddy
Never use the same 'addys', switch up spots
They won't let me in the door, I pick the locks
Game Over, this a take over
Its hard to stay sober, I'm blazed
Been paid, fuck minimum wage
With some smoke like this I got 'em trimming for days
I'm out here in the bay, back and forth to L.A
Place your order if you ready to shop
The lil' heat-sealed 8th bags come in a box
Yeah you've gotta move means so now I'm run in your spot
Got the whole world on lock, you still running your block
Check mate
We still get it for the best rate
Yeah they waiting for my next play
The good shit hit the chest plate
Open up the mail another check came

Everything candy
Everything candy
Everything candy
Everything candy

Candy paint on the Caddy with the fatty
Burning, windows rolled up
Smoke Box, Dayton wheels turnin'
Candy flavor in my paper Life Saver
Or an hour later, now a hater bout to catch a 'L'
Neighbor crying 'bout the smell
Told him "go to hell"
He ain't ran game, hit you with the spell
Flowers burning, flowers sell
So exquisite, Xzibit rolled the blunt and hit it
Got the studio lit, it's nothing how we did it
We're so commited, they call it obsession
Fucking quit it
Just take a minute to inhale the bag and get it
Make a move, make a choice, make a good decision
You are at the counter, I'm watching you get tunnel vision
Insane glisten, and listening to your instincts
Your brain shifting, its Green Thumb, you know the link
You can find me here in Cali when I'm out on tour
Dropping many flavors, it's Insane, you need more

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(Smoking one with my homies)
Step out the jacuzzi in Versace robe
Waiting for 200 pounds that I got on the road
I will put it on a plane, if not, know I would've drove
Only nigga in the south smoking on west coast
Black '59 Impalas, and it on gold spokes
Still two blocks away and you can smell my smoke

Quick to drop the top and let the breeze bless my beard
Candy painted Caddy in my favorite year
Baddest bitches in the city, know that we just came to get it
Twisting up at Connors Ave., then get right back to business
Got a thicc bitch in the city, spilling Belaire on the titties
Now we rolling up the Vibes, and I started with the Phillies
Canary yellow minks, like I'm Frank Lucas but tinted
Cold motherfucker, bust a nut in seven minutes
Got a condo on the beach, they might've hit me 7 million
I could never love a bitch, its not the purpose of my feelings

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