

Cookie Jar

BossMan Dlow

Bitch I'm Big Za
In case them crackas hit the lights I need the quickest car
I got zips of White Runtz in the cookie jar
Brodie wet shit from the corner like a shooting guard
I'm tearing up the city
In that Striker, corner bending
Power play, need 350
Give me 15 minutes
Put your wrist all in the bowl
Gotta put your shoulder in it
I can bust open some lows
Got a strong odor in it

Fuck her from the back, slap her ass
Let her know I'm in it
All these bags in the car
Shit look like some groceries in it
Pull up Bimmer truck, M-Sport, motor in it
Dark tinted rental truck
Put the pistol toters in it
Dope ain't looking right, too much baking soda in it
Nigga fuck the penitentiary
Got them real soldiers in it
This a drug dealing committee
Came up off rocks and bows
I won't be a fuck thing without them pots and stoves
Beating up that road got my fucking pockets swole
I got whatever a nigga need just drop the Lo
Pull up GLE-63 Mercedes
Took her shopping cause her throat game crazy
Ok, keep trap clean case they raid it
I'll walk out a bitch like life I'm David, nigga

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