

# Chariot

CalBoy

P-P-Papamitrou, boy

Fresh out the trap and they know how I carry it  
I fell in love with the game and I married it  
200 thou' for the walk on a Saturday  
I threw the wrap on the Phantom, it's matte today  
Pushin' that bitch through the 'jects like a chariot  
Diamonds on diamonds, they comin' in various  
I gave that bitch \$20,000 for charity  
Counted me out and I'm back, and I'm havin' it, ayy

I'm from the trenches where I had to get it  
I'm so used to trappin', I get it and flip it  
I know that you be actin', I know you ain't with it  
Bro, throw me the package, I wrap it and flip it  
They say I got money so I'm actin' different  
Get it by my lonely, so I never listen  
Stay callin' my phone, this lil' bitch, she trippin'  
Just leave me alone, I'm handlin' business  
Work hard, I gotta get it (I gotta get it)  
Trap hard, we in the kitchen  
Diamonds so cold, light even bend  
And my niggas don't fold, they never bendin'  
Took a loss, but shit happens, I get it  
With the bosses, I'm payin' attention  
Told that bitch I ain't wastin' no time  
So, no, I can't wait, not a minute  
And I pray to the Lord for better days  
I'm flexin' hard like a heavyweight  
Spent some racks and I bust down the bezel face  
Got this .30 on me, make 'em run away, yeah  
Bitch, I'm gettin' paid  
I was in the trap whippin' shit like a slave  
Can't put trust in these bitches, these bitches changed  
On the block with them niggas, was goin' insane, yeah  
I ain't come to play  
Can't fuck with lil' shawty, she in the way (You in the way)  
No time to waste  
Gotta get to this money, I'm runnin' late, yeah (I'm runnin' late)  
Better keep a K  
Boy, these bullets get drawn like anime  
I'ma hop in that foreign and do the race  
Yeah, I got the Bentley, Meek got the Wraith, yeah

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Woo, ayy  
Fuck on a private jet  
Then he hop in his 'Gatti with a jet motor (Rrt)  
Ayy, I just had bought out the plug

I got enough drugs to never be sober, yeah  
I can't hop in with a scrub  
I don't carry dubs in none of my clothin', yeah  
I told this bitch to cool off  
She was overexcited 'bout my golds, yeah, uh (Woo)  
Choke on the beans, I'm fuckin' her friend  
They doin' my chores, yeah  
He fresh out the can and I gave him a wifey  
Nigga, that's yours, yeah (No cap)  
I sleep with a K and a couple grenades  
I'm ready for war, yeah  
Nipsey blue Range Rover SVR  
Racks in the safe, I stack it like Lays  
My diamonds all colors like a gay parade (Woo)  
Go on your bitch, I could've just laid  
But I alley-oop'd to my homie, he ate (He just scored)  
I cooked that fishscale, he slimed out the plate  
Got 52 watches and I still come in late  
You a sassy bitch, but I don't go on dates  
Diamonds canary, stone lemon cakes  
Show me attention when I'm in your city  
I'm so used to fuckin' on all of your bitches  
They wanna fuck us and they know that we pimpin'  
Giuseppe Zanotti, I cop by the 50, yeah  
I work the backstreets in all of the cities  
Yes, I paid for her thighs, lips, ass, and her titties, yeah  
Skydweller get wet as Pacific  
I ain't sold a drug, but my wrist on the chicken, yeah (Woo, woo)

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I gave that bitch \$20,000 for charity (Yeah, yeah)  
Counted me out and I'm back, and I'm havin' it, ayy (Yeah, yeah)

Look at my clarity, my diamonds is serious  
I got out of jail and I fucked on her period  
I know they racist, Gucci interior  
Came from a corner to ownin' my cereal  
Meek, we don't need a stylist  
Percs, weed, even my balance  
Alexander McQueen Margielas (Yeah)  
I kill in the streets, you tellin' (Skrrt)  
Don't run, don't run  
Make it home to my son (To my son)  
I be with killers who kill other killers  
I'm hangin' with Von  
You'd rather buy the bitches back  
I'd rather give a new house to my mom  
Some niggas rather pray to the Bible  
When I converted, I pray with my palms  
See, keepin' my Glock when I'm in the field (Gang)  
Hop in the Track and I burn out the wheels (Skrrt)  
I fuck with the gangsters, don't fuck with my peers  
Fresh out of Jeffrey's, I hop on the Lear  
Grippin' that .40, not talkin' a beer  
Flawless the diamonds, I boog out the ear  
Bentley do wheelies, I pop it in gear  
Eight in my cup when I'm walkin' through, clear  
Mm-mmm-mmm, this lifestyle

Man, that X is fuckin' my pupil  
Just turn these lights down  
I'm just a wild, wild boy  
Chopper ridin' 'round for him  
I need my mils like Meek  
I'm a thug like Thug and Cal, Calboy

Fresh out the trap and they know how I carry it (Trappin')  
I fell in love with the game and I married it (Trappin')  
200 thou' for the walk on a Saturday (Uh)  
I threw the wrap on the Phantom, it's matte today (Oh)  
Pushin' that bitch through the 'jects like a chariot (Yeah)  
Diamonds on diamonds, they comin' in various (Clear)  
I gave that bitch \$20,000 for charity (Gave the bitch)  
Counted me out and I'm back, and I'm havin' it, ayy (Uh oh)

Mm-mm, uh oh  
Mm-mm, uh oh  
Mm-mm, uh oh