

Lott

Chevy Woods

Offer little bit, I'm tryna get a whole lott
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Car pool, the whole lott
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My bitch fuckin' with me while I'm good for work
Old watch, blue face, I call it Papa Smurf
All my niggas black hoodies like they Gargamel
We snitchin' and we gettin' money, it ain't hard to tell
Double cup me please, fill it up with gin
Don't pat my niggas down, let all my niggas in
You know we gettin' money and we do the most
Pop up, hit a nigga for that bread, I just call it toast
You see my diamonds when I'm parked, no need for PSC
I used to work out on that bench, no need for GNC
That's hard work (work), hard liquor (liquor)
You in the wrong place, I hope God's with ya

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2 door coup, I let my bitch drive
If you killed yourself, you niggas can't be this fly
20 grand on me and that ain't the money
That's some jewelry, got these niggas lookin' at me funny
Triangle O, I coach 'em like I'm Phill Jack
You gettin' little fast money, that's just speedy claps
My nigga do the hoop, I call it paw to break
The pack came in, it's white like milk, I'm tryna make a shake
Everybody yellin' numbers, who you workin' fo'?
Wheel of fortune, van hat white, a nigga need a oath
We in the club, you hoggin' up my space
You talkin' 'bout them things, it's the wrong place

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I don't know what you niggas doin' man

Hold on, my nigga's outside
He said he can't park his car
Too many grips in the driveway man
I think we need another house