

Cherry Red Vans

Chris Brown

Just a young, fly nigga with a plan
Make 100 million in my cherry red van
Cherry red van, cherry red
Cherry red, cherry red
My niggas soo-woo and it's all on sight
A wife make a straight bitch wanna go dyke
I got that coke pure white, in them baby blue Xans
'Bout to make a million in my cherry red van, cherry red van

This one for my niggas in the slam, cherry red
Pontiac, 5 bird, Trans-Am
My auntie got the collard greens cookin' in the pan
And it feel like Thanksgiving when we feastin' with the fam
I buy my bottom bitch burgundy Porsche Cayenne
Paid my taxes to the church and said, "Fuck Uncle Sam"
I keep a mill in the oven like some honey baked ham
I went from black tuxedo with some cherry red Vans

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All of you niggas some fake hoes
I dare any nigga to try some
Niggas upset, but won't take a hit
It's eastside nigga, 500
Piru, single that nigga from Avenue
Ray J, I fuck with this centre views
Give you one problem, we make the news
Soo-woo to my down boos
Pistol hang where my nuts at
Rain of fire, that's a blood bath
You already know where my cup at
Actavis, you can't touch that
If you got a problem, then pull up
We gon' handle this shit now
Only reason you hang with the shooters
Cause you not the man in the house

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Lace up my red Vans, duckin' the feds
Helicopters on my head

Movin' the work on my momma house
Had to get the cheese, bitch a mighty mouse
Pull up in that cherry red chain
Breakin' the bread down with all my niggas
This is how we hang
Earned my stripes in the street like I banged up
That thug life, that's that hood life
Live your flag and throw your set up
Hustle for that good life
Chitty chitty bang bang
Ain't nothin' but a whoop thing
No stoppin' that shoot train
Bomb on 'em like Hussain

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