

# Compadre

Chris Brown

Murda on the beat, so it's not nice

Yeah, all these pills, I can't hear what you sayin'  
Drugs, all these drugs, yeah, bitch  
Goin' to the moon, beam me up  
Smokin' high shit  
Gas, smokin' gas, the fire shit

I'm runnin' plays, I'm connected with the plug  
Huh, olé, olé, olé, my compadre  
My homies loco when they shoot you out in broad day  
It ain't no easy route 'cause speakin' ain't the hard way, yeah

Olé, olé, olé, I just found out the play  
Got my bitch all on his line sendin' his location  
You must think you slick, huh  
Pull up with the stick  
Revolver, hollow shells, so you won't find out who did it  
Disappear like Houdini  
Drop the top, that's a magic trick  
Three Lamborghinis, you fuck niggas on that rentin' shit  
Cool as shit, through with all the foolish shit  
You know, got the Rugers, with the toolies with  
Get, that's a .30 clip, yeah

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Huh, olé, olé, olé, my compadre (My compadre)  
My homies loco when they shoot you out in broad day (Out in broad day)  
It ain't no easy route 'cause speakin' ain't the hard way (Yeah)

Wakin' up, I'm feelin' like I'm Pablo (Pablo)  
I got some partners with the duffle like I'm Ralo (Damu)  
I got some partners who gon' pull up with them hollows (Skrtrt)  
Your bitch gon' send me your location from your iPhone (Ayy)  
Pull up in the trenches (Pull up in the trenches)  
Uh, nigga, pull up with the stench (Pull up with the stench)  
Uh, I keep pulling out of them bitches (Yuh)  
I got the sauce and I'm drippin' (Woo)  
I'm dripped in designer, call me Big Tymin, I'm just being honest  
We got it on us, we pull up in Hondas  
You don't want the drama, you talk to your Honor, yeah

All these pills, I can't hear what you sayin' (Kap G)  
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