

## OLD TUNES

Cochise

Yo Cochise, a weh dem a seh?  
Told her I don't f-  
Told her I don't f-  
Told her I don't, uh, yeah  
Told her I don't fight, yeah  
Told her bring your pipe, yeah  
I ain't with that sauce shit  
Tell that boy good night, yeah

Yeah I thought I told you  
Yeah I thought I told you  
I ain't doin' favors, all that shit is over  
Might just get the Trackhawk  
Might just get the Rover  
Might go call the big shots  
Might go get a chauffeur

Ok  
Hoes, plenty  
Friends, many  
Bread, heavy  
Benz, Bentley  
Had to look up, pray to God, had to ask him if I'm ready  
Now they askin' me for change, but where was you when I had pennies  
Niggas hate on me all day, but I don't care cause I got [?]  
Like the freezer, I'm bipolar  
Hop out the car seat, hop out the stroller  
Hop to the Rollie  
Why you tryna phone me?  
Why you tryna talk to me, I thought you didn't know me?  
Made my momma rich just off of vocals  
'Member I was broke as hell, now your son is global

Off the, woah, yeah  
Off the, uh, yeah  
Off the drink, uh  
Drink off the liquor  
They know I'm cappin', I don't drink, huh  
When I get too stressed, yeah, I can't think, huh  
Had to buss out all my cuban links  
If he try me in this club he gettin' beat, oh my god  
I could flash 100 thousand while you blink, oh my god  
Making money, that's my one and only kink, oh my god

That's so lame, that's so burnt out  
Shawty spent the night for once and she got turned thot, huh  
Asked my shawty for another, I got cursed out, huh  
I know one way or another it get worked out, yeah