

# Don Pablo

Dave East

Bitches call me Don Pablo  
Louis Vutton poncho  
Photos with my eyes low  
Strapped wherever I go  
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know

Yola in the bando  
Rolling up in Franco  
Toe tag and won't brag about it now you John Doe  
If you need a joint, play the point, Rondo  
Tanning out in Cali, El Segundo  
Left your baby mama with her mind blown  
Took a trip to Cabo  
Nigga got some work, now he think he El Chapo  
Masked up, hoodie low creeping through your block slow  
Tryna find a lick, we could split, get the nachos  
Swerving off the Henny but I'm watching out for potholes  
Thinking of them nights I was stressing in the box, bro  
Chieffing like tanto, only afford McDonald's, OJ  
I'm in the Bronco, me and Blanco  
Spanish buy steak and cilantro, el guapo  
I only count to quatro, coco for your nostril  
Shining everywhere I walk I make the whole block glow  
Fly young nigga getting to it, bet your pops know  
Hottest in my city, all the judges and the cops know  
Call my nigga Gato, my jeans used to be Paco

Baby mother Spanish nigga, fell in love with tacos  
I was in Miami up in Liv, me and Capo  
Mad under covers in the building, I did not know  
I come from the town that's famous for the Apollo  
When you getting money, even famous bitches swallow  
Hit it from a DM, I ain't even have to follow  
Rosé to the face, I ain't never passed the bottle  
I'm always sick, I don't never need a doc note  
2DopeBoy, I'm always looking like I got coke

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