Pablo & Blanco

Dave East

You know... Pablo and Blanco
El Chapo an Escobar
From the bottom but we took it very far
Oh niggas bitching they going through meta-pause
Let off some shots watch them drop then we spinning off

This money I'm peeling off
Dope in my pocket
I bust down a bracelet an load up this rocket
Slug hit his middle an opened a mosh pit
I'm plugged with the plug I can get you exotic

I'm plugged with the plug shit I feel like a socket
Fresh out the court see my name on the docket
Give a fuck about the vest niggas aim at your noggin
Water my neck should get paid by Dasani

Lil Mami a baddie she stripped in perfections
Was throwing her legs up in different directions
You not from the way then don't visit my section
It's high level rap when you sit in these sessions

Yeah I did a bid but I didn't learn my lesson
I still be with killers a lot of aggression
Put a note on his body that way he could die with message
Switch up on the family that's out of the question

It's Pablo n Blanco
Blanco n Pablo
Run down on the whip n get smoked like a fronto
Slide with a model
She fuck suck n swallow
A M worth of game I be feeling like wallo

I might be in Boston I might be in Harlem
She kept falling for me I call that bitch autumn
Know he might have died in that moment we caught him
The fuck is you talking, my kind don't make it often

We straight to the garden
Kicks on the floor
RIP POP I been drippin Dior
Gravy the seats cuz I really been eatin
Pistol is Russian the whip European

Pablo and Blanco you'd think its the Narcos
That Bentley all black did it may look like charcoal
I'm back in the hood getting drunk at Ricardo's
Got used to the murders it's hard to feel sorrow
Dead pop at the liquor store I had to borrow a bottle
Tried to hide from the cameras go my caught with a model
I talk to God then I talk to Diablo
Won't run out of powder this is Pablo and Blanco

Swear round these potholes
Wrist is colossal
We slid out of barcode

Cartier shades or a Gucci the goggles
Came up selling shit you could toot in your nostrils
Touchdown in the trenches then flew to the tropics
Big ice on my neck right in front of the projects
Run up a bag till we die that's the motto
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Came up selling shit you could shoot in your veins
Pulled up with no flag but they knew I was gang

I pulled up with powder if they knew it was Kane
Got this eight series swerving in two different lanes

This shit got lit once flex and clue knew my name
He ratted they blew out his brain

Keep moving this weight put some blue in the chain
Was popping them Perkys to move through the pain

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