

We On

Dave East

[Intro]

Gold bottle affair
Triple A
Holiday Season
Menace, Ice

[Chorus: Dave East]

I can never ever switch my gang up
When you came from nothing hard to change up
My nigga, we on
Champagne cases at my doorstep
I got classic shit, I ain't record yet
My nigga, we on
Foreign take them police on a chase
One by one, I got my niggas til they straight, it's a race, we gone
Talking how you got it, we gon' see about it
Disrespect the family, they gon' read about it
We on

[Verse 1: Dave East]

Talking how they getting it, we gon' see
Paparazzi follow me, you cannot call, I'm out of reach
I can see, promise momma, shit I know she proud of me
I'm too high for this, it's quiet guess it's all this loud in me
Privacy, I pull up like I just hit the lottery
I could take they flow, they can't take mine, the greatest I could be like A
li
Let me get Cardi her flow back, mention my name and it's so packed
You taking pictures with niggas hating on me, watch what you say when you post that
From the Dirt Entertainment, check the name yea bitch I own that
Your baby father trying to rap, I could sign that nigga, tell him why I wrote that
Every bar I spit they quote that, I'm a living legend and they know that
I pull up like where's the smoke at, this for my niggas that sold packs

[Chorus: Dave East & Border Bucc]

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[Verse 2: Border Bucc]

Holding my own, holding the chrome
Baby girl was steady blowing my phone, don't want these hoes
Baby let me get this paper straight, wasted time niggas love to hate
Thinking I'm on 1st Ave, East got me in another state
Suck me til her jaw lock, probably ran through her whole block
Never talking money, just some shit that they done heard about
Had the baking soda, I'm just hoping that this coke would drop

Off a Percocet, my Dyckman bitch, she just love the sex
Wanna wait but first they hated cause they knew we next
Coke all up on my hands, all a nigga ever knew was stress
Tell me what you in here for, tired of ducking [?]
Got it less than you get it for, couple products I'm clicking off
Go get it, they hate to see it, [?] here I got a reason
In the trench I got the demons, bring the bitch I love to eat it
Ducked another court case, streets ain't giving up no breaks
Give a fuck what them hoes say, this life gon bring the most hate cause
I could never switch up on my niggas, grab a pistol for my niggas
If I got it, they gon' get it, God willin'
I'm in it and I ain't making no pit stops
Ain't chasing no bitch 'round, cook up and ditch the grams now

[Chorus: Dave East]

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