

Intro

DJ Drama

(Coke Boys, Coke Boys, baby)
Just when we thought we were out, they pulled us back in
We had to get back in [?], it's out of control
These kids wanna shoot people in the foot
Just to see how long it takes 'em to hop to the corner
(Coke Boy, baby)
Haha, we ain't been here in a minute
If your beauty I'd no longer see
I guess it was about that time
Would you leave me, pretty baby?
We back at it, Coke Boys 6, the god's here
And if I thought it best to set you free, yeah
Oh, yeah, after this, the price is goin' up, like the '80s
Would you hate me?
DJ Drama
Montana (Gangsta Grillz)
If you would, please tell me now, so I can

Yeah (Yeah), sellin' dope, smokin' dope (Dope)
You ain't wavy, stay afloat (Float)
Talkin' snipe, you been the G.O.A.T. (G.O.A.T.)
Jimmy Iovine in the scope (Scope)
They ain't happy we got rich, they want the blood (Blood)
Tried to line me with the bitch, she fell in love (Fell in love)
Nothin' but love, nothin' but love (Yessir, Coke Boy, baby)

If I thought it best to set you free
Would you hate me?
Y'all ready?
(Gangsta Grillz)

Yeah (Yeah), sellin' dope, smokin' dope (Dope)
You ain't wavy, stay afloat (Float)
Talkin' snipe, you been the G.O.A.T. (G.O.A.T.)
Jimmy Iovine in the scope (Scope)
They ain't happy we got rich, they want the blood (Blood)
Tried to line me with the bitch, she fell in love (Fell in love)
Nothin' but love, nothin' but love (Coke Boy, baby)

Money to the plug
The plug die with the money, then the boat sunk
We paid y'all prices to patch the hoes up
No love, dirty blue hundreds in the gold, tucked
The cash talk, fast talk, Bone Thug

They say it's love, that shit be fake (That shit be fake)
Got the police state to state
This shit too real, you can't relate
Your bitch a freak, she wanna skate
I want a slice, you got the cake (Got the cake)
Said she wanna ride me like a bike, then she tried to demonstrate

Word to Gillie, I'm the king, I don't want to keep her
In my boxers, walkin' through your bitch crib, like Wiz Khalifa (Wiz Khalifa
)
Introduce me to the plug (Plug), turned the Bronx to [?]
Why they worryin' about the drugs? The stress killed us faster (Killed us fa

ster)
You've mistaken that attention for success
I've been ridin' with a carbon lately, wave like Cardi, baby (Baby)

Nigga, it's "Fuck you, pay me" (Fuck you)
And you know I'm from the Bronx
Where it's hotter than the desert in Saudi Arabi'
Benz black Audi, it's navy, I probably blacked stuff, goin' crazy
One-night only, my baby, you save 'em and cuff like a stadium
They tryna ride my wave, I turn your hood to AC (AC)
The pinkie go snowboardin' in the chain, like Steakie

They shot him at Mercedes, screamin' "Should've paid me"
He thought he would die big, he end up bein' gravy (Damn)
I made a killin' off the shop-steps
Water-whip monster, I'm the Loch Ness
I kept half a pure and then I locked the rest

She ain't ever seen this view (View), Whoopi Goldberg
A hundred for an eight, about a quarter for the whole [?]
Thirty million on the mountain, that was hard to find (Hard to find)
Sober lately, hard to line me
Real success is keepin' bars behind me
Club drop, sixty on me like Kyrie
First week, made four-hundred, like YG (YG)
Trail 'em with the blazers, dealers with the aces
Miller with the [?], Medusa's lyin' faces

California 'cane, she sat in Fendi pillow cases
Teeth shinin', no braces, Louis shoes, no laces
Clip loaded, like the bases, steppin' on 'em, like the stages
And them shooters dressed in blazers, free the gangsters out the cages
Minor league to the majors, give my word, there's higher wages
And I get high off the za', grabber with the papers
That'll probably wake the neighbors, come in shop, don't do no favors
They bring them plates like waiters, in a bunch of different flavors

One o'clock, two o'clock, thirty for a block (Block)
Cookin' in the spot (Spot), cracked the glass pot (Pot)
One tapped cell phone, now everybody hot (Hot)
One tapped cell phone, now everybody hot (Hot)
Jordan with the socks, old Jackson with the socks
Oprah in the hood, everybody get a block
One tapped cell phone, now everybody hot (Hot)
One tapped cell phone, now everybody hot (Hot)

(Gangsta Grillz)
Welcome to '23
The Jordan of this shit
Mixtape king, like [?] J
CB6, like Breezy meets Drizzy
The wave's back
Oh, yeah, the greatest surfer to ever ride
Yours truly
I wanna welcome y'all out
To none other than somethin' legendary
Coke Boys 6, suckers
These kids don't wanna pay no homage
They wanna forget who influenced 'em
You should let me loose on 'em
I'll go 'round and [?] their basket, you know
They can put what they got in their pockets in there
Fives, tens, nickels, dimes

They treatin' pennies like they're [?]