

Don Season

Don Q

You see, don season is the best season
I've seen 73-9. But I like 72-10 better...
We STAY on that bull-shit. (haahaha)

Don't run into danger
Trust me that money will change ya
It turned the bitches to groupies
It turned your brothers to strangers (go)
I had to hustle for paper
I never studied a major (nah)
On ice I'm skating through NY, I feel like I'm one of the rangers
Drugs in the streets it ruined me
Times we were running from truancy (truancy)
I can not wait till it's you and me (you n me)
I'm puttin' your face on a eulogy (grrrraat)
Niggas that just went to school with me (what)
All of a sudden been cool with me (haaa)
Now tell me, what would you do for me? (what)
You're plottin and plannin on using me
Man, all of this fuck shit is new to me (new to me)
I spent a milli on jewelry
I gotta watch for the foolery
I got a Glock for the funeral (blat)
More money nigga, more problems
More money nigga, more commas
To my old hoes, I got old timers
If it ain't a milli then you won't sign us (noo)
We made it here with no co-signers
I'm trynna pop like I'm Flo-rida (flo-rida)
West coast in the low rider
Get low before the folks find us (ya ya)
I put the work in the pot
I make her twerk to [?]
I'm tired of hearin about what you gon' do to them niggas
So is you gunna merk 'em or not? Circle the block
My shooters ask me the time
I tell em murder o'clock
He just gon' shoot up the curb till he drop
Fuck it, that pussy deserve what he got
They all on me now man the nerve of these thots
I think them bitches just heard what he got
Leave a bag at the dealer then swerve out the lot
I pass on that liquor just syrup on the rocks (ya ya)

Ya'll still worried about who the best is? but we breed champions... highbri
dge don cannon... we can go bar for bar or money for money... you just tell
me what you wanna put up...
I got everything on this... DON SEASON!

They played in the game while I played the bench
I had to wait on my day to vent
Look at them niggas that came and went
Its funny now, I'm the main event
45 by my shorty side
She gon' let it go, she do more than ride
You come to my hood where I'm glorified
By the killas that leave niggas horrified

Stackin my paper, I'm organized
Broke niggas can't afford to die
I do the supreme to the Jordan five
I see success in my daughter's eyes
We hit the street with that bobby brown
Then we chop it down
Then go out of town
My money too big for a wallet now
I could teach you the game nigga jot it down
My bitch on chanelle business
Blowin me up got my cell clickin
Different options, I could sell bitches
'Cause I always knew I would do well pimpin'
Smokin on Gee, it just smell different
We copped a pound on the mail send it
I got a bitch and she pale skinnin'
That will fuck a nigga on the jail visit (woah)
I make her cook in a dirty kitchen
I remember back I had a blurry vision
In the strip club, I threw a birkin in it
You could ask your bitch, she was workin in it
Diamonds dancin they be twerkin in it
Own a rolls I put 30 in it
Walk through I need like 3K and we only stay for like 30 minutes (HAA)
Everyday I got new friends
They like "hi you", I'm like who them?
Got a new crib from the label
Or if you cook and you clean you could move in
They say lies stretch and the truth bends
I'm in the projects with a blue benz
You know how I flex? I put the roof in
I just left my ex and fucked two twinz... (woah woah woah)