

# AMG

Don Toliver

I pull a AMG, seated three (yeah), hop in the Lambo, I smash out (skrt)  
Box Porsche, do the dash on 'em (skrt), if you got a heart, bitch, try lift  
it up

I'm in a 'Rari doin' donuts, hop in the Lambo, a one of one (woah)  
That's the one with the stash spot, she in the back with her ass out (smash)  
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I'm on Ducati, I hop in my 'Rari, I been on the corner, these pussies be soft  
I hit the corner, I smoke marijuana, I turn on the fan and I'm holdin' the candle  
I'm on my way, I'm goin' to train, I'm lit today, I been in the Phantom  
Come on your block like a motherfuckin' animal, eat you alive like a motherfuckin' cannibal

I pull up the '63 and pop, I pour up the lean today, the Wock  
This bitch the clean, the straight, the drop  
They ask, "Where you get it? ", I tell 'em my pop  
Girl, if you play around, he gon' pop  
We run the city like motherfuckin' mobsters  
I had the K all in MIA, she call me daddy like a motherfuckin' rock star

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My foot on the gas, no lookin' back, you tryna fight by retracin' my tracks  
I'm on the road with the heat and the gas, they wanna get me, they wanna sack  
I do not fold under pressure, I get it out, so clever  
Go ahead, catch the leather, touchdown somethin' special

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