

CIGAR

Dro Kenji

Oh, ooh
Nah, nah-nah-nah
Uh

We gon' pull up in them Beamers back to back, we can race
If he try to switch some trouble, we gon' put him in his place
He tried to violate my gang, these bullets hit him in his face
If he violate my brothers we go down to catch a case
Oh, pull up flexin' in this track car
Oh, I think your thot know I'm a trap star
Oh-ooh-ooh, smoke all my opps like they some cigars
Roll up my opps inside this cigar

Come with me lil' bae, I'll show you money you ain't ever seen,
yeah
All my latest bitches yellow and they super mean, yeah
I'm in Dior right now, I spent a thousand on these jeans, yeah
I'm in this coupe right now, he pull up, then that boy get cleaned, yeah
I got him in my sight, got perfect aim with this lil' beam, yeah
I fucked her from the back, she fell in love, I broke her spleen, yeah
Better not put any money away, iced out watch, can't tell the face
I don't know, ooh
I ran up a twenty in twenty-four hours, what you did today?

Count me out because I'm tired of love
I can't believe you took my soul, come give my heart a shove
She seen the money coming in
She seen the money coming in
She took my soul, come give my heart a shove

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