

## Pouring Codeine (Extended)

Duwap Kaine

Absolutely

All you niggas act like hoes, 'cause you know I got yo' hoe  
I be counting up my rolls, give a damn about a hoe  
See the cops I gotta go, 'bout to take a backroad  
I be at the Citgo, everything for the low  
Taxin' niggas out they money, I feel like I'm Uncle Sam  
I don't flex for you niggas, I be flexin' for the Gram  
Took his bitch then I fucked her, bet I fucked her right on cam  
Finesse niggas out they money, that's exactly who I am  
You say you a trap nigga, you can't even whip a brick  
You say you a real nigga, explain how I took yo' shit  
Why your bitch on my dick, that's supposed to be yo' bitch  
She just want a trap nigga and she like me 'cause I'm rich  
I can never be a hoe and I put that on my soul  
All my niggas on the road, take my chain I gotta blow  
I be countin' bankrolls, sellin' bricks by the sto'  
I be at your corner sto', catch me by the Citgo  
Shawty bad, she so fine, she gon' hop in the ride  
Fuck the police they some hoes, I can't even be outside  
Bitch my diamonds, they be dancin'  
Boy I'm clean just like some tide  
If finessin' was a crime, would of had to do some time  
Three grams in the wood, I can smoke it by myself  
Speedin' in a fuckin' Bimmer, boy your ass gon' get left  
I got thirty-three rounds, so I do not need no help  
Sprayed the pistol at his face, then I ask him how it felt  
Bitch, I'm tryna get designer, tryna rock a big belt  
Ben and Jackson are my friends, I don't trust nobody else  
I be coolin' in the crib, I been rollin up that dope  
All my niggas want you dead, so they send shots with the scope

I send shots with the scope  
You already know I sell dope by the Citgo, that's just how it go  
And you know Duwap Kaine want some mo'  
I swear to God I sell them packs just for the low

Ayy, niggas actin' like some funny cocks  
See the police, do the bunny hop  
Got a lot of shots in my Glock  
Stashed a hundred rounds, that won't stop  
I'll never be in that field with you  
I'ma have to keep it real with you  
You's a pussy nigga sneak dissin'  
So you better keep that steel with you  
Al-All you niggas act like hoes, 'cause you know I got yo' hoe  
I be totin' on the Glock, yeah, my Glock it hold 'bout fo'  
And I ain't worried 'bout a opp 'cause my niggas down to blow  
I be rollin' off them pills, mix the molly with' the fo'  
All my niggas on the block catchin' bodies  
I promise you I would never wife a thottie  
And I be ballin', I be ballin' like I'm Scottie  
I fucked yo' hoe and I'm not finna say sorry

Po' up that fo', gotta pour up that fo'  
Po' up that fo', I gotta pour up that fo'  
I'm done I want some more, I gotta pour up that fo'

Po' up that fo', po' up that fo'  
Po' up that fo', then I go take your hoe  
Pour up that fo', that fo'