Cali

FBG Duck

Yeah yeah, yeah
Ayy, ayy, ayy

Driving back and forth to Cali, twenty pounds up in my Caddy
I'm not making money everyday, then I'm not happy
Got my lil bitch with me and she like to call me zaddy
Shorty ass chocolate like Keisha off of Belly
Told her get on top until she feel it in her belly
Said she want a long time, took her to a telly
Slap her on the ass, ouu, that shit shake like jelly
Try to say that I ain't shit, you knew that when you met me

Got a white bitch named Sally, she like to call me daddy
She say she is a vegan, my wrist karats, eat these veggies
Bet she got a fatty, huh
Let me get behind it, uh
Hit it with my leg up, threw my desk up, while I'm swaggin', yeah
Ol plug called my number, he don't get it, boy I jumped ya, huh
Walkin' stank the room up, that's the debt of my aroma
My lil bitch keep it cool, she roll my new up, took the bumper, huh
Red Bottom for my boo, yo bitch sick dick, she won't get nothing
Now I'm going back to Cali, was a trap star before I start rappin'
Flood my hood with Ps, and I'm still good with my accent, huh
Fresh up off the tori, hit yo block I'm on a rampage, huh
You niggas is unemployed, ya act like bitches, getting messy, huh

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I got Ps in my trunk, driving back and forth to Cali
I bought every damn designer, never bought no ballies
They say I'ma ticket, you can't win in the rally
Scarf wrapped around my fuckin' head like i'm a Tali
No bitch, if you not talkin' money it don't matter
Come and give me sloppy fuckin' toppy in the alley
Heard you let somebody take yo shit and now I have it
No, I'm not a capper, so just stop with all that cappin'
We'll make a nigga disappear like we know magic
Put that .32 to his back like he Magic
Then hit a nigga with that 32 babbage
12 hit the spot, we gotta put it in the attic

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