

Double C's

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Huh

(Yeah, eat it up, Champ, eat it up)

Louis V millionaire shades

Trappin' a sport, I was catchin' the plays

f*cked a lil' bitch from the blades

Roll up and pour up 'til I'm in a daze (Uh-huh)

Thirty round like I'm shootin' Treys

Pull up and beat up the trap, it's a fade

I f*cked up the money soon as it got made (f*ck that shit up)

I f*ck from the back, ain't tryna see your face

I got these racks on me, I look like a safe

Trappin' and rappin' until I get rich (Get rich)

Two tone Rollie wit' a mix, bitch

Foreign, step out wit' designer kicks (Designer)

Smokin' exotic, I could ride a (Exotic)

Came from poverty, they thought I weren't shit (Came outta pov)

Had to stay out, I was f*cked up in apartments (I was f*cked up)

Plug in Houston got me gettin' a Trappin' double,

Gotta stay down, you niggas ain't no hustlers

Thot bitch, gotta f*ck her, can't cuff her (Bitch)

wit' the gas and shuffle

Gettin' bags and a scale, necessities

I never tell, not even the recipes (Shh)

If you switched up, don't even stand next to me (p*ssy ass)

Find out he stole, get murdered, accessory (Kill 'em)

You a bless me

No job, go to work

I cut the dope like a verse (Cut it)

Throw a party on that p*ssy like smurf

Let me in the club wit' strap and Miss Butterworth

Slim thick, baby girl, that'll work (That'll work)

Ha, p*ssy ass nigas need skirts (p*ssy)

Yeah, I take the order like Clerks (What you want?)

I f*ck her off of the Percs (Yeah)

I found a plug, made it work

Heard you ran off, stupid ass nigga (Stupid ass nigga)

49's like I'm in San Francisco (Ha)

I'm in New York wit' a Two different Draco's, they identical

Jumped on a plane to L.A, I had three straps (Three straps)

Back like I'm CeeLo, I'm rollin' like I'on really do no talkin' like my phone tapped (I ain't talk)

country nigga, gotta make a long cap (Country nigga)

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