

Socket & Plug

HoodRich Pablo Juan

In the trap house, still section nine, got the bricks, still making t
hem birdies fly

Pillow talking in the bed 'bout a big dog get your ass put right in a
hotbed

In the trap, trying to get two for five

We don't sell dimes for nines

Hit them in the mouth, do it for the Vine

Fuck 12, nigga, we don't eat swine

Catch you over, I feel like I'm prime time

When 12-o'clock hit, then it's grind time

Doo-doo-doo!

The mailman ring my doorbell nine times

The way I ship it, I know signature mine

She Suzie-choosing on my wrist, boy, you blind?

The bitch working in a facility line

Send out the packages: dime, dime, dime

I be telling my P.O. this air time

When I piss in the cup, fill it every time

Fuck you, I'll pay the little fine

Bitch, the little baby not mine

Chris Louboutin sticking, porcupine

Met Spike Lee, sitting courtside

Whipping up the dope, bitch, it's overtime

Told the bitch fifty-thousand when she asked for the time

Having more blocks than Mutombo

Roll with the white and the green with the lime like I'm Rondo

Clips, we don't run out of ammo

Lit all that good smell shit like a candle

I started out on Candler, no hammer

thought it was special

And since I got into it with a nigga from the west side

I had to throw it up

Now I pull up to the west in a new Bentley

A fifty-thousand decor to my

Got five new bitches that stay in the kitchen

And bringing them cookies like Santa on Christmas

They heard I got bales of the mid

Swag through the roof, throw a bag through your chimney

Trafficking, sending them bricks of them chickens

Breaking my digital scale doing

Expensive lenses, go see kiss

I'm stepping in blood, better call it forensic

Talking less than M&Ms

And nigga, look at my wrist

I could just see one of my little bitches

Throwing the pain and fly with the fishes

I could just charge a little extra for shipping

The work in front of you like I'm working with business