

Zombamafoo

HoodRich Pablo Juan

That pint don't come sealed, nigga, I don't want it
I trap out the bando, nigga, like it's haunted
HoodWolf, leave me with the dragons in the dungeon
I still serve a nigga a bale of the onions
Better go ask your bitch, I been getting money
Real Candler Road nigga, real Candler Road nigga

I'm dressing like I was Zoboomafoo
Got lions and snakes on my Gucci shoes
Poured up a deuce, I rolled up a blunt or two
Your bitch wanna fuck when she come through
Sensei busting up bricks, I do kung-fu
Good aim when shooting, I'm hunting you
Caught a cold from my ice, ah-choo
All black Ghost pull up, peek-a-boo
I'm smoking that platinum cookies, that's the best
I got the juice, I pour up that Hitech
Four pockets full, looking like thigh pads
Talking that gangsta shit, no, you ain't 'bout that Hoodrich
I keep the strap in my Louie bag
Fuck on your bitch, give her back, I'm through with that
Filthy rich like the sewer, don't hang with no rats
Designer my fashion, I'm still sipping Act

I got them cookies, they fresh out the oven
Juuging and packing, I'm making shit double
Four in the 20, I like my shit muddy
Fuck on that hoe, then I call up her buddy
Rich nigga status, I keep the strap on me
My red bottoms made from the hair of a pony
My young niggas murking, they scared to be opponents
Talking that fuck shit, we pulling right up on it
That pint don't come sealed, nigga, I don't want it
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HoodWolf, leave me with the dragon in the dungeon
I still serve a nigga a bale of the onions
Better go ask your bitch, I've been getting money
Real Candler Road nigga, you can serve
I gotta meet the plug way out in Conyers
I got the paper like folder dividers
Buy the work, no cosigners
Real street nigga, I ain't taking no dummies
Can't get it the way we trying, nigga, you'll die
I can seen a nigga acting like me, stop lying
I'm Pablo the Plug, you ain't sold a dime
I'm in the concrete jungle with the lions
I need the pints, nigga, I don't buy lines
When I get bricks, yeah, I'm paying for mine
360 ring, why the fuck would I sign?

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All black golds pull up, peek-a-boo
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I'm in New York, smoking Cali, sipping on Texas
African diamonds, I flooded my necklace
Popped me a Perc and a Xan, I'm reckless
Nigga, don't ask for no bricks through no message
I got the OG, they call me a veteran
Beenie Man, dressing like David Letterman
Tools, I'm a contractor like Mexicans
Oooh, quit all that capping and flexing
Bitch, I'm in the trap, quit testing
I'm bench pressing weights like professional wrestling
Spent fifty thousand on a chopper, investment
Hundred thousand went in price of the check-in
Bales in, I'ma drive them on Gresham
Twenty thousand, I just dropped on my bezel
They call me Pablo, they know I was special
Just look at my neck, I just won a gold medal
On my fifth foreign, I'm geeking off red
I fuck with the white, they say it's the devil
Never had shit, now I'm rich, I call that incredible
Cookies, weed, I ain't talking about edible
Fuck on that hoe, go get money what you better do
I've been the plug, \$200,000 ahead of you
Xans and the lean, I stay on the medical
Every day I wake up, I go get me some revenue

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