

Copy The Wave

Kankan

Yea, my niggas sippin' [?]
Nigga out here, 5 racks, eh, eh
Yea, (Ayo that's Nickk)

My nigga off of that X and we ride round the city, yea
My nigga sliding with Ks and the shit too risky, yea, ay
Six racks in a day nigga this shit too easy
These niggas copy the wave these lil; niggas they wanna be me,
aye
Sliding in that AMG Benz and it's all on the seat
Walk in Chanel spend five racks lil nigga fuck the receipt, aye
Twelve tryna pull me over in the trackhawk jeep, aye
With a bitch going way to fast and I'm going high speed
I could treat your lil' hoe like trash she still won't leave me
, ay
You bought that lil' hoe a bag and she still want me
You bought that lil' hoe a bag she still chose me, ay
Lil nigga he want a verse I'ma tax him a fee
Aye Chanel Number (N) ine nigga Margiela all on my feet
Aye, Chanel Number (N) ine nigga Number (N) ine all on my tee,
yea
Aye, [?] fuck nigga stealin' my Undercover jeans, yea
Mixing that Hi-Tech nigga with the God damn green
My bitch bad as fuck don't need no Maybelline
We got AK mags they long like limousine
We eatin' Habachi he eating on Kid Cuisine, aye
I got hella paper like magazine
To keep it all the way a hunnid yeah you a bitch nigga
We ridin' round in the O with them sticks nigga, aye
Only nineteen years old already seen six figures, aye
My nigga keep that pole he playing defense
I been popping them percs yea I'm in the deep end, aye
Yo ho up in that lobby yeah I'ma let her in
I predicted these racks lil nigga like a weatherman, ay
I got a plug named Mason he rockin' Margiela man