

High Tech

Kankan

Ha, bro take your head off your shoulders
Ship a pack to Sarasota
It's time to slide, then load up
It's a lot of Wock' in my soda
Almost flipped the Beam over
Really rich, but I need more
Just like a kid, he broke
Just like a cig, he smoked
Bro keep a SIG, no joke
Get the pack gone, adios
12 make a nigga get low, ha
Like Danny, I'm finna go ghost
In the GLE truck too geeked
SRT, all I know
I was finna just pour me a three
Ended up pourin' up four
Nigga, his pockets on E
That nigga lame and he broke
My niggas still in the streets
He snatchin' chains and bowls
My nigga been in the trap house with me and he ain't even chang
e his clothes
Nigga, my crib too high-
tech, walk in this bitch, gotta type in the code
I was too young for the Act', nigga, yeah, so I'm pourin' up Wo
k' in the soda
Got too much drank in this bitch, nigga, if 12 walk in, yeah, t
hen its over
Yeah, I got too much cheese, can't even remember the last time
I been sober
My niggas shout out the cobra
Yeah we gon fly to Dakota
That nigga broke, he a poser
He just rich for the 'Gram, yeah, we know it
Put his ho on that cash, we was throwing it
Run through that money, we blowing it, ayy
That nigga, he an informant
All these racks, would've thought I was touring

Double R shit, yeah