

Smooove Shit

King Combs

Me and Kai back of the Bentley
Rolling thinkin' bout how they envy, us
Could it be cause I got plenty
Girls rocking Fendi, chasing a nigga Benjis
She said she love all my Christian waves
Like how the silk sit on the Egyptian waves
And niggas be worse than bitches these days
Plot on they man be snitches these days
But man I got a hottie out in Cali with the cream
Type you only see in your dreams, nah mean
Do things that a nigga never seen
Never let another chick get in between by any means
I stay flossed up, bossed up
How you gon hate on the winning team when you stay lossed up
They wanna know how I'm flyer than the clear port
How you get so much ice through the airport?
Like damn boy, you classy and flashy
Cocaine seats so the cops wanna harass me
Girls wanna bag me
Hop in the whip
Jump out the Caddie
Roll in the VIP

Yo, from my nigga Chris view I think I see the vision too
Four five [?] spotted Carolina blue
Coupes or the Bentleys or the stars on the roof
Couple model broads and they all bad too
Party all in the mansion we blow L's of smoke
This life is so amazing just knowing it could be you
What I do?
To make 'em all look so confused
It is cause the tint on the win tight blue?

C3 drive 'em crazy, drop Mercedes
In Belieze with ya lady, calling me baby
Niggas think we bragging we toasting up
Car float like a ladder when we rollin' up

Still on that hood shit
Probably cop a sweatsuit from Ross
They need a red rope to section us off
Cause we get reckless of course
Can't stress over taking a loss
Bad bitches stick around see the check is involved, uh
Six hoppin' out sprinter vans
Straight to the hotel feeling myself like Will.I.Am
I'll be, damned if a nigga try
Take my spot, take my block
I was born in Uptown Bronx
Getting pollo like I'm Noreaga
Party make you call the neighbors
Won't be around you can call me later
Stick around we gon blow this paper
Got a few [?] Jacobs and they over 40 acres

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I'm in the town for the night
Do the things that you do best
Get ready to my songs you the truest
The crewnecks stop movin'
Tryna make a name in the game sippin' champagne
Groovin, backstage movin'
Positions that I'm in, still a student nothing changed
Tryna hurdle to the fast lane
And pop models they be casting
Gunning down range on [?]
And that's an honor of my last name
Team like a second coming
Cats out the bag, real rap brings a new discussion
Percussion of line bring the bands in
Buddy Rich hands in
Got me [?] drumming bring the fans in
Ain't no telling what the kid's planning

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