

Coke

La Coka Nostra

(Freeze) Fix your face, when we rhyming, we been crazy
(Rock) Throw mad bullets at you, jumping in new spacely
All my goons is frustrated, groan at they P.O.'s
It's obvious, we do this, we bust haters
Yo, gun selectors, dumb detectors
Chase my niggas, talking slick, where that Lex kid at?
You know we cool and we Darth Vaders
Always in black uniforms, rocking Clarks and sharp gators
Can't tell me nothing, I've been shaking
Pull out them slammers, regulate the streets, I bake Satan
How many of us it take paper and start a war
It's like starting up a store that sell aces
All my colors and bad brothers, rag coverage
Black glovesers, leathers and glass lovers
Introduce these leaders, wanna take money
These dick beaters, and strangle something up, go get Jesus

Look, the coke, the coka, the cocaine
The C-O-K-E, it's coke, man
They lift the weight up in snow plains
You sniff an eighth up in your brain
The coke, the coka, the cocaine
The C-O-K-E, it's coke, man
The prices rise like some propane
The nicest guys become so fame

(Freeze) Illegal transport, son, I throw bombs back and forth
(Rock) It's a contact sport, get your arm cracked off
Yo, I blast like I'm task force, stashed in my dashboard
Exercise black thought, dance on a catwalk
Grew up on the asphalt, tryna get my grams off
Watch for the hand off, I'ma get my plans off
Like you and your mans off, everybody huddle up
Twenty cent dime pieces, watch the water bubble up
A piece of the puzzle, son, pieces, crumble up
My old righteous troublesome, now I'm into major things
Made it this far, kid, the God got on angel wings
Every time the flavor bring, tons of coke, mad gross
Two cuts of lactose, I'm underground like railroad
Mad low, son, in this hellhole, an animal
Friendship be flammable, no shame for some to blow
Brains out for fun, over cocaine and guns

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Ever since a little youth
I've been bent on stoups sipping gin and juice
In the booth, fill the dope game, shooting on bent up hoops
Roll around in stolen cars, nah these ain't no rented coupes
Grimeys behind me, they all grimey, ninety percent of controlled

Lying in the booth, put the ashes in the pipe
Blowtorch to the crack, my fire is winter proof
Old thoughts of black and white pictures, now they developing
Skeletons surrounded by archangels and seraphins
Telegram packages distributed through the whole hood
Tell him this racquet is bad for him but it's so good
Are you a fighter? Real life scuffle, no dirt clean
Plus a muthafucka had to hustle since 13
I got my mind in focus, where you never been at
How you think I made a hundred grand, from where my pen's at
Fuck the fortune and the glamour, I don't need no fame
I piss whiskey and spit fire, I bleed cocaine, muthafucka

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Freeze! Rock!
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