

## 5.0 Chronicles

Larry June

Hop in my 5.0  
Toss on something smooth  
Plottin' on a bigger move  
Real Estate in the hills  
Came with a master plan  
Went home and switched whips  
30 day run in my under  
Touch fifty quick  
Figured I'd send the bitch  
Fucked around and made a star  
Top notch clientele  
3k for every call  
We don't glamorize the game we tryin to do better  
Still spendin five G's on these cashmere sweaters  
You niggas was cupcaking  
We was playing Costa Mesa  
At the Cheesecake Factory  
Tip the valet, pull off in somethin special  
Secret location, doin push-ups and swimming  
Six figure credit line just to bill the corporation  
Take heed my nigga, this a different conversation  
A lotta shit changed  
Way more crazy, but I maintained  
5.0 swang

Gas in my jar, gas in my car  
My mama prayed hard cause her son a star  
Automatic start, range hella far  
Pull up to what used to be my lil broad  
Backslidin every 90  
She still cool so we like close friends  
So much in common  
Smokin' and countin', tossin' gold coins in the water fountain  
Making wishes on em' pullin' Impalas out em'  
Couple foreigners I got em'  
Holdin' somethin about em'  
I often talk about em' over beats that's knockin'  
They legs tired from clout chasin'  
Eyes sore from pocket watchin'  
My flow amazing all this holy water around me girl you better t  
hank the lord you found me