

Mojito Music

Larry June

I hit my niggas spitter like it's time to make classes
If I cop that SS, then I'ma keep that bitch classy
As the money get bigger then the ships get faster
I'ma water all my plants and watch my 80 inch plasma
Built the studio in the bay just to record my shit
I might mat the six orange and leave it parked in the city
Big mojitos on the island, I had to dip real quick
I ain't tryna have a kid but you can my hahaha
Excuses never got me shit, bitch, I'm a grown ass man

You know I went to angel city and dropped like 30 on this
I get my watches out the bus like my Nikes and shit
I'm spittin' facts on these tracks and steady mackin' a bitch
What's happenin'?
How you doing, baby, you look like something I can fuck with
I love it when you wear your hair like that, let's have lunch, bitch
I been crushin' for a minute so I just had to get ya
So I'ma slide in your DM like "What's happenin' with ya?"

I was stoned and uninterested
She tellin' her life story
I'm thumbin' through my phones pretendin' to be listenin'
My radar went off though, when this ho mentioned the dividends
And contributin' heavy
Only the gang membership in this family I'm buildin' here
I flew her with me to the bay to meet my homie, Larry J
We stay for a couple days

She was bait and brung me back a couple strays
Say they tryna get with it, well, put this in my lyrics
If this shit was fictitious, you can't get her to wash the dishes
I had to fuck on this stripper, that's cold for sure
But that also how I go, respect the laws, dawg, baby chose
Runnin' her fingers cross the ceiling of my Rolls, touchin' the stars
This the yellow brick road, bitch, go and get ours in the boo
They untrue, over bass, drums snares and flutes

Floatin' in one spot like a yacht at the dock
Till the money call out and put the spoon to the pot
Time to count up
Mama, show me how much you love you got
Exitin' the stash house, fishtailin', driftin' in somethin' expensive
On another mission, dollar sign vision, champagne sippin'

Jamaican rum with some fresh mint from our garden
I hit the forty lighter with some cookie fan pollen
Why your baby mama callin'?
She keep callin', yeah she know what I like
And it's flights out to Boston, yeah
Dirty babe water in that fog for the bosses
While we choppin' up game, we ain't takin' no losses
I got C's around my neck, ain't no Jesus piece or crosses

And this weed in my bag are all brand new crosses
In my driveway, I got four or five different options
Dirty strippers in my ear tryna fuck without no condoms
Big mojito shit, burn, bury cash in different countries

Fell in love with drug money, bitches pay just to suck me
Used to slap eleven five and keep Vegas in rotation
Now we spend a mil in Ibiza just for motivation
Eight days of vacation, I'm on chug chillout
Break the kush down, pull another pill out