

## Oranges on Grape

Larry June

Shit, ee-hee  
Damn, sock it to me  
Shit, sock it to me  
Larry June

Grab my choppa off the floor, watch it do the Diddy dance  
Put a nigga in a plastic bag, shiny-suit man  
Got it out the bowl, so suppressors look like soup cans  
She rapid so I'm coolest 'round a million dollar food, man  
Got it out the bowl, two-percent in Fruit Loops, man  
Young nigga, kept a long nose like toucan  
You doing good, you're doing great, come get this good [?]  
My migo text me andale, I made the great escape  
Twenty long years they trying to lock the wolf away  
Gave my lawyer twenty bands, I was locked up twenty dates  
Drummer gang, no Pro Tools, bitch you know we hold tools  
Fucking with a hoe, fools know we met in Whole Foods  
Healthy! Just like my pockets  
I tote a rocket, I'm not gone cock it  
This shit already lit, this shit already lit  
This shit already loaded, I pull up with the choppas  
Drummer gang bitch, give a fuck about a instrumental  
I'ma playa bitch, give a fuck if she get sentimental  
Before she pay her rent, I'ma make that bitch go get a rental  
I'ma take a trip, then I'm coming home with the dinner

Gas packs, choppas automatic  
Buy an old school then I paint it like a canvas  
Bitch, why you cap, four deep, no sleep  
Old school, new feet, aye, aye, aye, aye yee-hee  
Ridin' round with the 24-8 in another state, all for the cake  
Just touched down, another hoe to break  
Brand new toast in the North Face  
Bitch quit playing, need all that  
Fuck the rap game, moving novocaine  
Two snow bunnies when the Rover came  
(Yeee-heeee)  
Bitch hella thick, come choose up on a pimp  
Im never on the radio, I'm talking to much shit  
Thirty in my clip, I ain't playing  
Nigga what you saying, I was dirty so I ran  
Foot chase, they caught a nigga, I'm damned  
Police knocking on my granny door, I'm in the town  
I went broke, my lawyer hit me for a ten  
I never thought I'd be in Tokyo counting Yen  
Kick-flip, make the work kick-flip  
New whip, and I got the pink slip  
All my handguns newbies, I ain't get to bust 'em  
You can tell by my fingernails I'm getting money  
Clean nigga, never fucked a bitch bare-back  
The only reason that you got in cause I booted that  
In Whole Foods with the forty like a maniac  
Its tax evasion if he search where my ankle at

Damn, shit, man  
Ay ay ay shit ee-hee  
Ay ay, good job, Greedo, uh

Ay ay ay, ay ay ay, ee-hee shit  
Damn, damn, uh damn  
Ee-hee, shit, sock it to me  
Ay