

Tracy, Ca

Larry June

Damn, bae, you got back
Looking like something a nigga might tap
From Bip City, young niggas pulling jacks
North Face coat with a dirty-ass strap
But, me, I'm a mack, I fuck with the hoes
Fuck the puss, bitch, I need a bitcoin
You probably never knew but the bitch been going
I don't give a fuck, love, keep going
That's your pussy you can do what you want
I use my brain, never hands on a ho
I never trick off and they already know
Polo Lounge, white tee and some snow (Bunny)
Whip so new valet didn't know
How to park my shit so I showed him how it go
I got family in the O, that's my cousin little Joe
Went to school in the city, Civic Center and The Moe

Off top (Yeah man)
Nigga off top (Yeah yeah)
Nigga off top (Damn yeah)
Nigga off top (Sock it to me)
Man
Check

I know a girl from Tracy she went crazy
Always drove down to The Bay just to pay me
I'm foolish, I'm a dog
But nigga 100, I ain't ask the bitch at all
Don't blame me blame the Benz
Stock AMG had to switch
Tracy, how you been?
I'ma keep it one hundred, I'd hit it again
My name Larry and bitch, I'm a Aries
And bitch, I'm a playa I don't want to get married
These niggas are weird so I'm to the neck
Riding around the Bay I got traps to check
I never hit those, but I check the neck
I told her jump in the shower before she hop in my bed
Player shit, new outfit I'm killing shit
Barbecue with my nigga on some coolin' shit

Yeah man
Off top (Yeah man)
Nigga off top (Yeah yeah)
Nigga off top (Damn yeah)
Nigga off top (Sock it to me)