

# Candy Red

Lil' Keke

Ok, understand me not you but me  
This is another S.U.C. classic  
Dedicated to all the fallen soldiers  
And all the real slab riders of the south mayn, holla back

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene  
But jump in, sipping codeine  
Boys know, I'm candy red I'm on the scene  
But jump in, sipping codeine  
Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene  
But jump in, sipping codeine  
Know I'm candy red, know I'm candy red  
Sipping codeine, sipping codeine

Apple red brandy wine, California dream boat  
It's super nice I sprayed it twice, I swear I got a mean coat  
Pull up on the scene hot, can't forget my cream top  
I'm down in Houston Texas, where them gangstas live they dreams out  
S.U.C. another year, drinking like it's Screw in here  
We tipping broads and sipping oil, I'm trying to make myself clear  
Boys gotta see me, on the scene  
They say that Young Don, keep that motherfucker clean  
I'm out here like a king, candy on the car  
We on them double cups, and drinking green labeled bar  
That bloody blunt that sticky one, they taught me how to hold  
I tear the lane and do my thang, that young nigga cold Don Ke

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Boys don't know, they shouldn't of never let the hog loose  
Fo' do' panorama, stretched out the Porsche coupe  
Red turn heads, but I come through in that black thang  
Lincoln on Porillas, they thinking I'm Fat Pat mayn  
Body rock the K, and bounce and turn through the Tre  
Having it my way, I ball sunny or grey  
Live out the pen, still running them jiggas  
Eight dollars a coozer, still they drank nigga  
Three summers later, only question where the paper  
They talking bout a dropper, Javier owe me a favor  
Peel back the wig, on that old school monster  
Cardier aviators, balling since a youngster  
Tapping on that iPad, yapping on that iPhone  
Cup full of Big Moe, kush got my mind gone  
Yeah, I say that kush got my mind blown  
Hand the game over, cause the motherfucking hog home

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Candy red top cracked, 45 cocked back  
That lean giving niggaz the bidness, bitch I'm about that  
Hating y'all could stop that, I'm cleaner than a motherfucker  
Crawling up the strip, fifth leaning like a motherfucker  
Ay, hell yeah I brought my swag with me  
Bank roll bad bitch, in the Jag with me  
Head turner, when you see me in the street  
Pulling up in some'ing exotic, with sneakers on the seat  
Swell it up, sew the wall I hit em  
Smash the petal to the flo', watch this motherfucker get em  
I pull up on the scene, now the whip looking mean  
Skinny waxed it I'm in traffic, got the whip looking clean yeah

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