That light green, got boys head twisted back We steady rolling up, we getting full of that shit fellas Studio time, 12 to 12 dropping this hot shit This for y'all niggaz out there holding and rolling Shop to shop, do your thang go on shine

I got to move swiftly, laws wanna get me Donuts in the parking lot, Ferrari 3-60 I crank it up, I'm bout to flash the whip 23's-24's, when it's time to dip When it's time to flip, Call Manny Shetill 45's infrareds, with them extra clips Hit the highway turning, Yokohamas burning Seat pushed back, as I hold the wood sturning We holding, we bout to shatter the mix I got two cars behind me, that's the 5 and 6 And we smoking and drinking, what y'all niggaz thinking Hit the lot quick, with them park lights blinking Slow your roll, cause my game's so cold Ain't no need to trip, mayn we out of control Plus we sitting on swoll, that's just how we roll Ship a half a mill quick, cause the game is sold

Gon rock it gon drop it, till you reach the top Off the showroom flo', baby straight to the shop It feel good don't it, and your chick want it In the whip looking good, 22's on it Now you crawling, shot calling Me and my click acting up, man we balling We do show after show, drop hit for hit CMG on the rise, and I love that shit

Ok it's picture perfect, so won't you paint a perfect picture Four 15's knocking, I'ma let the bang hit you I'ma touch a mill ticket, when I drop Hit the stage grab the mic, let the crowd rock Tell them fake niggaz, that they got to roll out Walk up in Reliant, and the place sold out Everytime we do it mayn, you know that's how it go Boppers going crazy, all in the front row I gotta let her know, how she work her shit Lock up on the mic, like a new born pit I wouldn't give a damn, I'ma hold up my spot Boys running high, when I'm coming out the shop Let the top drop, like that nigga Pat Snitches getting killed, drop the bomb on a rat We do it like that, keep a nigga rolling Chumps get out of line, Southside still holding, holding

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Gon pop what you got, gon drop what you got
These thugs be getting hot, wanna touch that spot
Gon work it how it go, gon twerk it how it go
These gangstas up in the place, wanna see you get low
Time to start wrecking, niggaz get to stepping
Never roll your slab, without your automatic weapon
Highway flossing, 23's tossing
Watch yourself, I'm in the back lane crossing
Increase my speed, fire up my weed
Trying to find another corner, and a block to bleed
Drop some salt on the Don, man I wish you would
From the mic to the hood, and it's still all good

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