R: We in the city, with the candy cars and fresh thangs We in the city, with the candy cars and fresh thangs We in the city, we-we in the city \mathbf{R}

We in the city, with the candy cars and fresh thangs

It's them Texas boys, it's hustle USA
It's 2-1-4 and 7-1-tre, we riding ery'day
So many toys in the yard, we don't know how to play
I'm talking trucks I'm talking beamers, talking Chevrolet
Fresh thangs, see if life is like a jet plane
Tops come off the coupe, frame it deserve it's own lane
City boys country boys, it don't even matter now
It's candy on that motherfucker, tell them niggaz hold it down
I represent the street game, bitch we out here chasing cheddar
Smoking on some Sicily, riding on Italian leather
Mobbing like a crime boss, thugging like a hood star
Fresh nigga fresh braud, crawling in a fresh car what

R:

Ay, candy cars and fresh thangs
Bad bitch dranks weed, and the best bang
So happy to be a king, in this chess game
Already set aim, cause a nigga chest pain
I know a nigga, named Don Ke
He about the mic, like he was Bun B
Approach the money, like my ese Don G
Don Ke, I need a lil' bitch to come blow me in my Humvee
And my approach to greens, a mess mayn
Bitch stepping, wet stain in my piss cane
Look, the Gatormain is at his best mayn
All I do is dress, and let the bitches do the rest mayn

R:

Hey pinky ring ice chains, we just love fresh thangs
In the mix in the game, driving niggaz insane
This here what the streets bought, Mr. Lee beats hot
Scoop a dime let her shine, touch her on her sweet spot
In the city acting bad, different color candy slab
Hitting blocks and turning corners, rolling like a taxi cab
Bitch I'm out here all red, told them haters ya'll scared
Nigga I ain't never voting, all my presidents is dead
I'm Don Ke hustle U, seven plus the one and three
If you wanna get broke off, then stay your ass in front of me
Houston Texas Herschelwood, bitch I got my H up
Swang and bang fresh thangs, niggaz get your cake up yeah

R: