

Rain

Lil' Keke

Orange lights on the digital dash, the Coupe's lit
Never dime's on the passenger side of my shit
H-Town true O.G., that rep her shit
Sideways parked at the door, with no mercy
Lamborghini, new bikini, Louie on my bitches
Presidential, continental, got her going first class
Toast with the pot, when I go driving
Kush got me floating real high, like flight mileage
Rain on my window pain, it's no thing
Cause I'm still trying to lead this game, with no stain
My penitentiary nigga's that be locked in the shoe
I send them pictures of some real shit to come home to
I'm in an ice cream, white lean, cocaine car
Born and raised in South Park, I'm a hood rich star
H in the air, nigga I don't care
Riding mean every day, pulling broads by the pair
Super clean, new machine, bitch I ride nice
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, I'm rocking ice
Pimping at an all time high, I wonder why
Dirty south till the day that I die, we still fly, uh

I got a whole lotta' Prada, I'm in love with Gucci
But ain't nothing like the belt and the shoe that come from Lou
ie
Financial, new [?] Mark Jacob's give them hell, red bottom's ne
ver fell
Rain on my window pain, just ain't the same
Eight figga's for the price of the fame, I love this game
When thing's get trashy, cut it out the plastic
Hustler on his grind till they put him in his casket
Seven-thirteen don't make me say it twice
You know it's hustler U.S.A. when they look at the lights
Don Ke' he the legend, tall as a full [?]
He done shut this shit down when my squad pull up