

Street Kontrol

Lil Twist

Yeahhhhh

Twist

Mula

Still I be loaded the streets we controlling
I ride with Hoody he rollin, he rollin
The shit that we smoking it's potent, it's potent
This desert we toting it's golden, it's golden
The hollows it's holding, knock heads off a pony
This white in pocket, nickname Andrew Bogut
A pimp gotta limp like one leg it be broken
And when in LA, cut the top off the Lotus

And when I'm in Dallas I roll round with Fadi,
That Benz a big body, it's Mula gang, COPY
And bitch I'm too famous can't meet in the lobby
I feel like Slick Rick, hoes call me "loddy doddy"
And when I'm with Tune, pop a perc, pop a Ollie
Remember the days we would wrap the Denali
And sell the CD's, we would hope that they buy it
It's crazy we went from commercial to private
It's crazy how, we scrape that work and it's FINE
It's crazy how, we flipping work all the time
It's crazy how, we got them drugs, wanna try?
I'm sitting in this bitch and I'm on a perc diet
I got that work, know u heard, they ain't lying
I got them birds in a box, they ain't blind
I got The Rock in my sock, Mankind
W.W.E, World Wide Ex-Con
Twizzy F. Baby ima fool, Another level
These other Lil niggas making deals with the devil
This is real Hip Hop ima have to gone check em
I don't fuck with Lil Xan I don't fuck with Lil Tecca
I treat this shit serious y'all niggas being extra
Ima start calling hands, come and spar with the rebel
Breakfast of champions cup of syrup and a ego
You think you a angel, get to bussin at ya halo
I roll with a bad bitch, I call that bitch Bae-Lo
We get to the room quick I stick it in her A hole
She lean with it, rock with it, and snap like Fabo
She walked in the room broke but left on a Payroll
She say "You got that sauce" now she walking out Preggo
She know I got them bars, stack them bitches like LEGO's
Twizzy F. Baby and the F is for Faygo
She say "You got that white?" Spread that shit like Mayo
All around the world can't nan nigga stop me
She say "You got that drip" now she slipping Ice Hockey
I just got off probation let another nigga try me
I was 14 and poppin YALL niggas was just watching
Stuff a nigga in a box, roll em out on a dolly
Now the pussy nigga crying, now he screaming out sorry
Asking God for forgiveness, I reply back "Probably"
I reply back "Probably"
I'm way too solid, never had dreams of me going to college
I knew I'll have money in my jeans, if I stayed in my pocket

Had to stay down and rock it
I got the game from the game that's when Tune went adopted
Now I gotta room on the island
Now we in Liv money piling
We got the hoes body piling
We on the couch and we wilding
Now I got Drake on speed dial (and)
I hit my bro like "What Up"
I got that drank in the truck
We in T. Dot like "What Up"
I'm on my way to the club
I got that Wok, po it up
I got some candy, two cups
I got blues faces, few dubs
I hit the block with my thugs
We pushing work, I give the pack a lil shove (Ohh)
I shipped the pack way to London, I'm on this shit with my brovs
We on this shit got our eyes big as Pugs
We ain't no stranger to drugs
We ain't no stranger to drugs
I brought my banger in the club
I brought my ruger and snub
Don't get yo homie fucked up
Cause man I'm fucked up

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