

Nascar Dashcar

LUCKI

Drivin' really, ayy, yo
This a Nascar, drivin' really fast
This a, uh, yo, yo, ayy
Yo, yo, ayy
Yo, yo, ayy
Is this a Nascar? You drivin' really fast
This a, uh, yo, yo
Ayy, yo, yo, ayy

Is this a Nascar? You drivin' really fast
She like bad boys, Diddy with the cash
I want clean lean, need it really bad
You rock one line, that's gon' be your ass

Think it's fun time, racin' to the cash
On my life, these niggas jealous and I love 'em, boy, it's sad
30 racks for a capellas, add the best and do the math
I got hoes that want me sober and some want me for the cash
I felt slow up in the Rover but she really scared of cats
My homies crack 'cause I balance it with rap
Check my stature, I can't be with rats
Feel the rapture, I been actin' bad
Huh, I'm the one just for sake
Say I love you and it's pure, but I know you off a tex
Treat the 30s like a cure, it kick in, I'm really saved
She come back, it probably kill me, but I fucked her favorite s
afety
Uh, ayy, haha, ayy, yo
Fuck a foreign, I like muscle like my dad
Get through tourin', I just raced another bag
Shooter foreign like a Chevy, I just asked
Hmm, yo, ayy

Is this a Nascar? You drivin' really fast
She like bad boys, Diddy with the cash
I want clean lean, need it really bad

Hmm, okay