

Limousines

Luke Christopher

Ya Yo

He said I've seen them all come
And I've seen them all go (all go)
You can fake till you can't no more (No More)
One day, when the lights hit your face
They gone say man his rims shine brighter then him and hey

Yo Mr. Driver rock the right tune
Make the right turn and get me there soon cuz
The people wanna see a real nigga make it
They tired of getting played on that fuck all that fake shit
Shit but my style take a while just to make it
Dress shoes no laces on my UK shit
Riding sunset I whip my UK chick
Hands on the wheel she rubbin my cockasian
And Asian woman are patient with hella persuasion
Cuz back in private school when I was rockin jewls
They thought I was cool
But now I'm rappin for hipsters the addicts the gangsters
The magic the trap songs the ballads and all

When you got back to back (bad girls and nice car)
Fancy things and limousines and tinted windows
And private parties
The whole world wants to get in

Ya Yo

He said I've seen them all come
And I've seen them all go (all go)
You can fake till you can't no more (No More)
One day, when the lights hit your face
They gone say man his rims shine brighter then him and hey

Ah alright alright if she ripped the black card right off my hip
And went and got her some shit that I could watch her strip in
And out of
Damn I'm that shallow
Catch me spittin some drama my mama wouldn't be proud of
Girl picture your future
We gon' make it sit right
Say you size seven, we gon' make the eight fit right
Right told the shoe man
As if his ass was under
He said nigga fuck you I've been downloading your songs for free
Good damn this life so raw
She said this my lucky pen pullin down her lucky bra
But I tell it like it is
So careful who you pretend to be
Its hard knowing where you going riding in a limousine

When you got back to back (bad girls and nice car)
Fancy things and limousines and tinted windows
And private parties
The whole world wants to get in

Ya Yo

He said I've seen them all come

And I've seen them all go (all go)
You can fake till you can't no more (No More)
One day, when the lights hit your face
They gone say man his rims shine brighter then him and hey

We broke the lock on the school of hard knocks
To rid the blocks of them geologist niggas collecting rocks
But at least as far as we know
It ain't about the ego
Since rhymes have been lethal
Ive been shootin for the people
This is one of them one joint that nigga raise glass to
One of them ones the girls can shake their ass to
Not that they have to but god damn they oughta
Once one girl dances the other girls follow
Lets go

When you got back to back (bad girls and nice car)
Fancy things and limousines and tinted windows
And private parties
The whole world wants to get in

Ya Yo
He said I've seen them all come
And I've seen them all go (all go)
You can fake till you can't no more (No More)
One day, when the lights hit your face
They gone say man his rims shine brighter then him and hey