

Ocho Cinco

M Huncho

Quincy tell 'em
Quincy tell 'em, Quincy tell 'em, tell 'em, tell 'em, tell 'em, tell 'em
Family is my anchor, they're holding me down
Anchor, they're holding me down
Yeah

My family is my anchor, they're holding me down
Some days it's Gucci just saucing me down
Some days I don't know where to smile or frown
Some days I went in to fluck with some clowns
I'm flucking some sheep, your weed is decease
I need me like three, trap and repeat, yeah, yeah
She's the freak of the sheets, there is a kilo right under the bed, yeah
Baby I got all these people to feed, yeah
I got some bruddas that need to be free'd, yeah
I twist some haze in the sheet
I'm smoking the loud when it busy in the streets, yeah
She said she's loving my style, it's immaculate, yeah
I told her I don't do love, I got a call from the trap again, yeah
I see the quarterback, I need a sack again
I got the piff, the plug is fix mandarin, (Yeah) foreign language (Yeah)
Smoking cabbage, everybody's yeah living lavish
Rented Benzo, full automatic yeah (Full automatic yeah)
Money tall like lampost, ahh, ahh
I need more commas (More commas), yeah
Same routine yeah for four summers, what?
Beep-beep, I'm a road runner, yeah
I skeet-skeet, I see the po coming

Yeah, used to watch the OG's from my bedroom window
Stepped out the road, now we're star like Ringo, yeah
We're not the same, we got a different lingo, yeah
Shotting herbs, used to shop by Bingo, yeah
That's eight, four, five, call it ocho cinco, yeah
Touched down, Huncho cinco, yeah (Twenty five, twenty five)
Touched down, you know Huncho cinco, yeah
That's eight, four, five, call it ocho cinco, yeah

Quincy got the track ready
Huncho bag the pack ready
Need a thousand stacks already, ahh
These bruddas, bitches get a damn peddy, ahh
My bruddas they so trap giddy, yeah (Trap-trap-trap-trap-trap)
Bitches showing off titties, yeah (Titties)
Her pussy pinker than the note fiddy, ahh (Some pinkish pinky)
Mo' money, I feel like Biggie, yeah (Smallz)
Ciroc for all my guys diddy, yeah (Let dem fall)
Get up on my phone tree
People like my own yeah, helping hands, showing love but in my face it's thr
own, so I'm here to take the throne, yeah
Let these bruddas know, yeah, I got a journey on my own
And yeah they can't clone, yeah, I been built this way, yeah
Pour a cup for the bitch Rosaine? No way, now way, no way, now way
We smoke weed, we don't do cocaine, yeah

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