

Old School

Marteen

Hop up in my old school Benz, you can bring all your friends
Just send me your address
Rollin' through the Oakland hills, we never staying still
You know how this shit feels, ayy
Hop up in and let's just live, without all of the stress
Put that in the past tense
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Ain't no tellin' what we might do, yeah
I just wanna spend some time with you, ayy
There was something when I met you, yeah
But it wasn't the right time for you
And now we got it
Anything we need you know we got it (Oh we got it)
Slidin' through the city, yeah, we mobbin' (We mobbin')
Yeah, I know you down, I know you 'bout it
Yeah, you 'bout it, uh

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You know it's judo when I pull up, yeah, I had to chop the top off
My rank is up, my bank is up, my tank is full, I'm topped off
You wanna eat, I'll bring you chicken waffles with' the hot sauce
Marteen got me Sriracha, just don't spill it on my seats when I swerve
Real 510, I'm from the turf, I drive to ease the pain
Diamonds dancing in the rain, you got served
I'm a wild boy when I skrrt-skrrt, turn the Benz into a hearse
We gon' kill 'em if you...

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