

Smash

Maxo Kream

Texas country ranger sipping dirty out the teaspoon (Mud)
Swanging, banging, pop the trunk like "Hi it's nice to meet you"
Sitting sloppy, ride jalopy, but I copped the foreign (Skrrr)
Matte black Rover, roller coaster alpha touring (Swerve)
World full of price and rally strikes, V12 roaring (Vroom)
Forgiato twenty-fo's, Kobe Bryant scoring (Kobe!)
Splurging cash, do the dash, smashing pedal flooring
Catch me balling, scream follow, Alpine pouring

Trunk shaking, earthquaking, breaking boys off
I'm a candy flipping, purple mixing, codeine for the cough
And a wide body, looking sloppy, but I copped the Rover
Paul Wall, the slab god, my niggas still holding
Acting bad, going fed, dealing tags, turning heads
Tipping down yo' block then riding Stockton like the Utah Jazz
Hogging lanes, show surround, you a stain, move around
Call my car Katrina screams raining falling pouring down
Boys talking diamonds, but they ain't talking 'bout plexing
They see me bending corners, my persona always wreck it
Trunk flipping like gymnasium, put holes at the palladium
She gave me top I dropped my top like NRG Stadium
I'm a Robert Earl Davis sipping finger licking frenchy's chicken
Vi la parking, lot pimping, baby us we trapping women
Popping pills, sitting still, moving like a Sprewell
Wanna trade my Hemi for that Bentley V12
I'm a

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Matte black Rover, roller coaster alpha touring (Swerve)
Muffler pipes and rally stripes, V12 roaring (Vroom)
Forgiato twenty-fo's, Kobe Bryant scoring (Kobe!)
Splurging cash, (Paul Wall) do the dash, smashing metal foreign (Maxo Kream)
Catch me balling, scream falling, Alpine pouring

They call me the "Turning Lane Head Turner," bow tie burner (Burner)
On my lap I keep a burner smoking on that murder
Boppers on my nutsack, my wood wheel worker
Bring a towel if you fuck her, yeah she a squirter
Me and Maxo got them packs so bitch you know we ball out
Bought up all the glass drink man sold out
Squad with me, try me if you want you gon' get stomped out
I'm draped up and dripped out, diamond crusted gold mouth
No doubt I'm smoked out, but never out of smoke
Woodgrain I choke, my dick down yo bitch throat
When it come to grinding, not to gloat, but I'm the GOAT
I got money on my mind, at all times on my note
Cadillac or foreign, either way I'm on chrome
From acres home to the Astrodome, I'm higher than a drone
Third coast repper', cooler than a beverage
Spotted like a leopard, Texas hustle sold separate

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