

# Trains

NAV

(Wheezy outta here)

Ridin' in the Flying Spur, look up, I'm in the air  
With my slimes, everybody got toolies, we well prepared  
Man, in my town, in my hood, I'm like the mayor  
Boardin' on a jet, I could barely walk up the stairs

Fuckin' hoes, blow out her back on a perc  
Eat me up, she treat my dick like dessert  
Money and fame is a gift and a curse  
People that's closest gonna hurt you the worst  
I'm always booked, got no dates on my calendar  
Live in the states, I can send shots to Canada  
Whole squad is litty, we geeked, they can't handle us  
Puttin' shit on stop and pose for the camera

Yeah, I get bitches by the two, I fuck her one time and I pass her to the slimes  
Gotta new girl and she exotic, I told my ex that I'm doin' fine  
Diamonds shinnin' bright in the dark, you ain't gotta turn the lights on or open the blinds  
Be careful where you step, don't step on my shoes, go to war, we got sticks, all kinds  
Paid the lawyer for the case, my brother got charges he can't erase  
AK's like Tay K, if we get pulled over I'm doin' the race  
My stick relevant, 5th generation, gotta Glock with a switch up to date  
I ain't tryna play God but when it comes to my opps, I'm choosin' they fate

(Talk to 'em) Spazz

I pull up with a hunnit round cutter on the block and these niggas gon' tell  
Yeah, I spent 'bout one fifty on some chains just to say I wish a nigga dare  
Yeah, it's 'bout fifty niggas standin' on your block with sticks but only on e of 'em kill  
If a bitch catch me off the Bellaire bottle, yeah, I'm dunkin' on the pussy, O'Neal  
Yeah, I'm runnin' my route, catch a bag every stop, call me Odell

Yeah, you know we side by side, slime goin' all the way there, 'bout mine  
Bet that hoe know my fit is a Hermès  
Shawty, she like, "Who that with the blonde dreads?"  
I'm grindin', I know where the dough at  
I'm tellin' you I'll never go back  
To that poor shit, I'm walkin', I'm runnin'  
I'm tellin' you I'll never go back  
High class whips, high class bitch  
She suck my dick, drank my spit, look at my wrist  
He ain't gonna wack nothin', he ain't on it  
I'm pressin' you animal lovers  
I'm tellin' your OG, better keep yo dog on a leash  
I'm tellin' these froggy niggas that think we sleepin'  
We killin' shit, gon' 'head and leap

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