

CoCo (Part 2)

O.T. Genesis

Tak called me on the jail phone, he told me, "Tell them niggas, remember this lack of mercy when my dawg get home." ('caina) I said, "Tak we was never on these niggas' sides." (CoCo!) It's the Chasers!

Thousand dollar jeans with a hundred more stacks in 'em
Every nigga on this jet with me, I done went to war for 'em
Or I used to trap with 'em
I got real Hollywood bitches fuckin' with a trap nigga
And we ain't fuckin' with you rat niggas
Heard they talkin' on Twitter we just at niggas
Back where the Sun never shines
They let Meek Milly back home just in time
Look at their faces, now I got the paper
Now they don't remember when I had to grind
She fell in love with the CoCo
She got on Chanel and Manolo
And we out Dubai at the boat show
Rollin' dice on the yacht, screamin', "YOLO"
It's my lituation like Loso
And my situation an off shore
And I give her head like she Ocho Cinco
Draggin' my mink like I'm loco
You mad at me, but she chose though
How you get mad 'bout my old ho?
2015, I do rose gold
Cause I'm in the field just like Rose but sellin' them Os though

(What you done it with?)
Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
(Who you runnin' with?)
It's the Chasers and we're takin' over
(How you spittin' that shit?)
Whip it through the glass, nigga
Buy a hundred bottles and put 'em on my tab, nigga

I'm in love with the coco
I'm in love with the coco
I got it for the low, low
I'm in love with the coco

Ridin' through the city with a check on me
Ridin' through the hood with a TEC on me
28 make it double, I ain't ever try to cuddle
So explain why these mothafuckas slept on me
8 ball 'til I reach me a kilo
Made enough then I went to see Rico
Paid in full, if you actin' like Rico
I'ma tie him up, tape his ass like Maaco
Hundred round clip in the mothafuckin' TEC
Catch a hot 9, 7 when his ass wanna flex
High school, got off on a nigga with the whopper
12k for my pistol in a fuckin' dishwasher
One hit wonder, yeah that's a fact
Hit his ass 'til the police wonder where I'm at
Made so much money off this goddamn song
Still get in your ass like a goddamn thong
Coco Puffs, yeah that's for the kids

Stop tryna act like you don't know what it is
Bakin' soda ain't cut me no check
If they don't, I'ma show them mothafuckas what an arm and hammer is
Everybody know I'm in love with the coke
My ex bitch took a young nigga for a joke
If a nigga got a problem then he gon' get smoked
I'ma squeeze and I'm out like I parked too close

Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Bakin' soda, I got bakin' soda
Whip it through the glass, nigga
I'm blowin' money fast, nigga

I say I run my town like Puffy, bitch
Units in the duffel
They like, "Why the fuck he never got indicted?"
I guess I'm lucky, bitch
I ain't playin' 'bout this nine
I will shoot this bitch up like I'm Shyne
Dropped a foe, quarterback, Tony Romo
Duct tape triple black, that's that ocho
What if I told you bicycle with a logo
And got 'em in the air bag of the Volvo
Snow God in the kitchen, they call that boy Zeus
And if that shit weighin' up then that's that Bruce Bruce
And if them tires losin' pressure, that's that low pro
If that's the case, you gotta whip it slow mo

I got yellow boxes everywhere
This is Arm & Hammer everywhere
Dropped a 9, got a half, nigga
We gon' need some bigger bags, nigga