

## CoCo (Part 2)

O.T. Genasis

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 Mill 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