

Apt 10

Pac Div

I need a favor homie
Hit the liquor store and get me a pack of Raw papers
You can picture me in dispensaries 'bout to get to taste all the flavors
Ten bad bitches in my apartment makin' noise wakin' all the neighbors
Black loc's with the house shoes on Pico like wassup ese
You be hatin' like a muthafucka, she a ho but you wanna love her
"Ayy man they be talkin' all kinda shit about ya" shut the fuck up
You the type of nigga back in high school that we used to stuff in a locker
Snitch ass nigga, bitch ass nigga, always run ya mouth to Mr. Clark

10 bad bitches in my apartment
10 bad bitches in my apartment
I got 10 bad bitches in my apartment
10 bad bitches in my apartment

I'ma cross my T's, dot my I's
New Divie, right on time
That Swift D baby my oh my (baby my oh my)
Won't you please give the drummer some
Double 0-7 flexin' in a cummerbund
Keep a cold game for 'em while you cuddled up
Brought back a nine piece need another one
(All gold metal flips let 'em tumble some[?])
This nigga right here be a one of one
Trick and Trina Nann nigga
It's quick to see the way I [?]
It ain't no mix in me [?] niggas
Came through the door on Snapchat
Ten blunts later now the flat back
Fuck around slight [?] to the back back
Off a few haikus and he act black
Been a young tycoon cross the map jack
Bet I cause typhoon if the gap fat
Got ten Rachel Rays with them flapjacks
Make 'em pay what they weigh, where the cash at
Went play Lemonade, that's rat trap
Got a Becky with the good hair, Lexi with the hood hair
Both tryna find where they tracks at (where they tracks at)
That's how you mack that

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Smoke the papers or it's vapors
Team [?]
Independent niggas take it
No more favors y'all gon' pay us
You been hatin' we been patient
Pull up straight to your location
GPS in the CTS
You on CBS I'm at CVS
You see we blessed
I know the game I should be a ref
Follow the rules or you'll meet your death
To walk in my shoes you need Jesus steps

Lord have mercy, boy this verse be
Extra sauce no extra cost that Pace picante
Green money my favorite entrée
Split it three ways with my compadres
Smokin' Backwoods playin' Goapele
Gettin' closer to where my goals is
Yea I'm older but I got colder
I'm bipolar, I'm not sober
Don't mix Hennessy with no soda
Drink it straight up, get ya weight up
Big old ass with a little A cup
She wide open, it's a layup like

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