

My Lac on Vogues

Paul Wall

My lac on vogues

Wait to see my lac, my lac

Wait to see my lac, my lac

Wait to see my lac, my lac

You ain't never seen nothing like that home boy

My sprite is each to pay one

Gucci locs, Gucci locs, you can't see me bang

5 percent my tent so you can't see me blowin' this thing

My candy is amazing, it's the color you never seen

I'm leanin, I'm leanin, so twisted I can't think

These boppers, these boppers (I'm swingin')

They'll run you dry like a sink, my paint wet is a sink

In your parking line you'll find me

I pull up in that XTS that Lincoln right behind me

My ride was in the shop last week, you boys were tryin' to clown me

Now I'm coming down and your gal on me, but I'm tryin to get this money

I got 10s on my Lac, you ain't even know what I'm talkin' about

That Texan wire and wheel pokin' out

You should go on and get your cameras out

I'm sittin' crooked on candies, go on and Instagram me

My surround by sound is so clear, it got nominated for Grammy

I pull up, my speakers bumping loud, all my neighbors can't stand me

At the car show, I win the trophy my competition can't stand me

You punk slash, tryin' to look like me, you copy cats tryin' to stand me

Ain't nothing in life was handed to me, but the money sprite and a xany

I ride in a removable canopy who can it be, with a codeine cup

My top down and my trunk up, I'm bangin' screw when I pull up

Top notch slop, turn that up, a lot of clear coats on top of my paint

I work that wood wheel like a pro, bow down like the saint

(Drive Slow) Don't spill my drink, hold up wait, hit the breaks

I'm getting that cake

Breaking of these cakes on bow ties and Texas plates I'm holdin' it