

White Riviera

Problem

Here's a lil story about a Eastside nigga
Fly motherfucker, everbody call it dealer
Came up on a plane from his Westside partner
Every time he bang it loud for a pack he say I got you

Two niggas, one white Riviera
That nigga used to think he put the pedal to the metal
Back then I used to get the pound for the fino

Trap talk from the real dealer packer
Says the lil nigga used to hop the dough up in my hand finger
Born from a Taaka Vodka [?] liquor
Used to chip me up my money 'till I learn to count it quick
Hard times cut me up on my shit now I'm seein' clearest
Started rappin' cause I'm tired of [?] the lyrics
You never chopped, you never fucked, you never bust a mission
You never copped, you never [?] you never bust prescriptions
You're not a blood, you're not a crip, you're a fucking gimmick
And that bitch you clamed you fuck said you never hit it

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Now the line around the corner but the shop closed
I gotta run nigga shop closed (I went to meet the plug)
Now the line around the corner but the shop closed
I went to meet the plug
(Dealer)

Got that, double bag
First sale of the pack before a thirty sack
My nigga bleed he [?]
I told brother like to double keep the wood crackin'
Servin' out the window like the burger stand
Bad bitches and the homies get the ground for ten
Growin' up all I wanted was a bank roll
I got a line around the corner now I can't close
(Dealer)

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