

## Soupy

Prof

Yeah, I stay away from po-po  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo

Check deposited  
I'm so good God with it  
Prof a consummate  
Don't sell me that plane if it don't come with bombs in it  
Maybe some missiles, making it sizzle, grease on the griddle  
I'm smoking a nugget  
Ayee ow, sorry I'm thinking out loud  
They thinking they figured us out, they fishing for clout  
I have a different account, like them leaving missing a mouth  
Bro got a gat with a gas mask on it  
Think about the fact you could pass that chronic  
Talking matter fact, let a rat get punched  
I'm the miggity miggity miggity miggity mack, dag gon' it  
That's that black Cadillac, demonic  
Pack that fat ass sat tectonic  
Rappers in my city be soft as porcelain  
Pay your respects to a true outdoorsman  
You only know me by music  
You don't know me, you stupid  
Put on your shoes and run to a conclusion

Yeah, I stay away from po-po  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo

Aye if it ain't thick, I don't touch it  
That goes for the knots in my pockets and the booties on the thots that I th  
ought about  
Shh, quiet  
Y'all know what I'm saying, it's simple and it's plain  
I ain't really gotta talk about nothing, it's all in the vibe  
It can't be denied, fuck a piece of the pie, the whole thing is mine  
Got the keys to the sky, Cody be a pilot, he neat and he fly  
He don't need a stylist but he need a ride  
Cuz he drinks Ciroc, and he'll leave his keys in his wallet along  
With his mind, C-O-Z-Z he wylin'  
But we all know this ain't my first time though  
Is it my second or the third time? No  
Might be a little crazy but I earned my dough  
So don't tell me shit, it really irks my soul  
Damn Cody mac, please calm down

You know you got plaques, you know you got racks  
You even got songs with Cole now  
You should probably be more mature now  
See the problem is the more you tell me not to do something  
Is when I really want to go and do some more now  
So keep this shit between my brothers  
And if they talking to the cops, then it's fuck 'em

Yeah, I stay away from po-po  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo  
Keep it polished, making commas, stay tight with my bro-bros  
Raking dollars, fill my pockets, homie that's a no-joke  
Keep it soupy with my groupies, peep the dookie gold rope  
I'm turning 'to a logo