

Come Dine

Propain

Yeah

Man, this shit sound like

Summertime in Houston on a Sunday

Yeah (Tayo, you the GOAT)

Okay, I come down like Geronimo (GorillaOnThaTrack), bitch love how these diamonds glow

Waist come from the doctor, but that ass come from her mama, though

In the field like I got cleats on, man, I'm tryna make these commas grow

If a nigga ever think about reachin', this 40 singin' like The Commodores

I pop it and pick up the shell case, this out the mud and I'm self-made

Off of rhymin' these words, I could've been slangin' some shit that's as white as Adele face

But instead, all these records the dope and I swear that the trap really roll like Pharrell skates

And I'm chasin' the Apple and Zelle pays, and I never get tired like Kev Gates

I just stack it and run up the score

She know I'm one of a kind, the Carti', put diamonds in mine, shit, I gotta go

Tell I'm the one in my town, the Rockets goin' overtime and I'm on the floor

The way that I'm killin' the crown, they gave me no choice but to shine, I started off broke

Way I be bossin' and hoggin' it, shit, I could've been signed to BH and O, yeah

But I got this out the dirt, could still see the shit on my shirt

Swear we ain't missin' no work, she walkin' out, fixin' her skirt

Legend, put this on the turf, I started out last, but these niggas gonna mention me first

Frank said it's joy in this pain, so it ain't no stoppin', I'm here to tryna win 'til it hurt

We them boys on them thangs (Comin' down)

We like pop trunk (That's right), and bang (And that's how we do it, baby)

We make noise (Yeah, yeah, yeah), and break frames (Comin' down)

We like to come down (That's right, y'all), and switch lane

Picture-perfect Sunday in the city, bring them slabs out

Pretty bitches out here takin' pictures with they ass out

Homie had too much to drink, I think he 'bout to pass out

'Posed to pour up, pick a few, I'm through, then I mash out

It's so easy to me 'cause I keep a lot of bait

Same bait got the jealous talkin' down with the hate

It's Boss Life, I got it at the crib on the gate

Livin' like I'm pushin' weight, we got boats on the lake

Take 59 South, 610, Westheimer

At the Galleria mall, boo, come shop with a shiner

Big Slim right behind her like I'm tryna get vagina
Got sugar babies worldwide, H-Town to China
Since a kid, been a grinder, ask the city, they'll vouch
I be smokin', makin' mils, you be smokin' on the couch
Them clout chasers and haters'll never be us players
We legends livin' major, favored by the savior

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