

# Speeding

## Quando Rondo

There go Quando at the door, yeah  
And I swear he- I swear  
By the corner store, that's the murder squad (Yeah, yeah)  
That's that third eye  
I just wanna buy things I never bought (Things I never bought)  
That new car garage

Oh, shit, there go Rondo and he steady leanin'  
Catch me ridin' 'round with my blick, they wanna six feet me  
On her, I cash out with them racks out on some D&G kicks  
.300 Blackout in the Trackhawk, I be steady speedin'  
Trap house, whippin' remix, dirty Sprite, I need it  
Day and night, no, I don't care about this life I'm livin'  
Diamonds bright, his diamonds shinin', say that he anemic (Yeah)  
Wrong or right, you know I'm ridin', that's what left me seasick  
I could never leave my brother, that's just on some G shit  
Ain't been the same since big bro Pablo left us all on defense  
Yeah, she my main, but I don't trust her and I really mean that (Yeah)  
He in the rain with no umbrella, he just wanna be rich

Uh, uh, I, all of my cars, they the fastest  
From the bottom, I make this shit happen  
Got some niggas that's still in the trenches, a lot in the prison who steady  
be trappin'  
And I'm screamin', "Fuck reminiscin', " these niggas be dissin', we hoppin' i  
n traffic (Skrرت)  
Every day, on a mission to run up a million, we wrappin' the bricks up in pl  
astic  
I keep a rod in the Bentley 'cause I know they envy and really want static  
I made a decision to get up and get it, I know that I cannot go backwards (U  
h, uh, ,uh)  
One call, then I'm makin' you vanish  
My dog, yeah, that's really my best friend  
Lunch on, I walked in with the baddest  
Foreign car, out the window, the ratchet  
Tomorrow not promised, live it up, can't leave this way  
Just bein' honest, never thought that things'll be this way  
Ridin' 'round with a hundred, catch an opp, he gon' bleed this K  
Two double cup and when he pull up, you gon' see his face

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No, I'm not happy, I was born back in March Madness  
Shorty bad, yeah, she the fattest  
Matter fact, she look fantastic  
New Double R, can't wrap the plastic

I think I might go matte black it  
That's just to show that I ain't average  
One thing for sure, I'm still blue flaggin'  
He keep a pole, but he ain't savage  
Turned around and look what happened  
Stick to the code, that's automatic  
We kickin' doors like, "Where the racks at?"  
Two double-O, the dashboard jaggin'  
You must ain't never checked my jacket  
Straight up and blow, another casket  
Jumped off the porch and got a ladder  
Too much of codeine in my bladder  
Two-four like Kobe, that's a tracker  
New iced out Rollie, that don't matter  
We kick it lowkey, not together  
My uncle told me, "Chess, no checkers"  
Look at my trophy on the dresser  
That's my lil' woadie, know he next up  
Y'all niggas owe me, pick a stretcher

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