

IMPALAS & HYDRAULICS

REASON

Nigga, this shit feel like pistols poppin'
Dippin', ridin', Diddy talkin', G.O.A.T. shit
Slidin' in the G-Wagen through Philly on some more shit
We always kept it one hunnid, some Franklins in my coat, yeah
Hopeless, REASON, talk to 'em, gangstas know they gon' walk to it, look
The best rhymin' was raised to expect violence
The gang and the set ridin', pull up in the 'Vette, slidin'
Like dick in some wet pussy, don't think I'm a vet? Push me
Empire building like Lucius, I'm gettin' neck from a Cookie
Oh yeah, my niggas pull up slidin' with some shottas
Oh yeah, old West, this Impalas and hydraulics
Oh yeah, West shit, Dickies and Chucks tyin'
Appetite for the streets 'cause niggas is fed buyin'
Flashy with the drip, stay dangerous, move silent
'Cause niggas livin' loud is soon to be dead quiet
Shit, know my worth, give me twenty for those shows
Paid a penny for my thots, don't give a penny to these hoes, nigga

Okay, pull up with my riders, nigga
Okay, Dickies and hydraulics, nigga
Okay, in Cheetahs, throwin' dollars, nigga
Okay, fitted L.A. Dodgers, nigga
Okay, vatos be my partners, nigga
Okay, disrespect, they slidin', nigga
Okay, flag hangin' since a toddler, nigga
Okay, rest in peace to 'Pac, my nigga [?]

You know the tin house across the street from Davis?
Tan khakis, Lord, save 'em, my bandana said, "Fuck the neighbors"
Wilmington moves, my Pendleton blue, guess I'm confusin' niggas
Pull up on my opps, hop out the cuttie like I'm cool with niggas
Memoirs of a Compton nigga, thought I was a samurai
Choppin' up them bricks, goin' through Brompton with 'em
Smith & Wesson, he brought his sponsors with him, he a monster with 'em
I know what's on your mind and I'm 'bout to press your conscience with 'em
Try me, we gon' pull your card and take your ID
Get a bad bitch from I-G, have her put ketamine in your I-V
Bitch-ass nigga, I'm checkin' your purse
And we gon' make sure you dead, yeah, we checkin' your hearse
Come to the secretary on your birthday and step on the dirt
Niggas get split with the TEC disrespectin' the church
Your whole hood cryin', guess they wasn't expectin' the hurt
Your momma want that R-I-P merch, guess who pressin' the shirts
Keep playin', nigga

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Okay