

MOSSY OAK

Riff Raff

(DJ Paul, Beat)

Mossy Oak, Mossy Oak
Take that private plane, wrap that bitch in Mossy Oak
Mossy Oak, Mossy Oak
Rolls Royce Range, wrap that bitch in Mossy Oak
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Yeah, Billy from the Hill, shotgun for the kill
Talkin' on that Marlboro that's hangin' from the lip
Hungry for the meal, so I'm pourin' molten steel
Workin' like I never did go get a major record deal
Independent, independent, spendin' independent bills
Cash out for the new Lucchese's and I cash out for the real
Harley Davidsons go fifty deep, the city streets is filled
Soldiers on my shoulder yellin' "Yes, Slumerican is real"
Pop, pop, pop, they poppin' pills
Cocaine in the Ziploc seal
Burnin' rubber in the room, you know I ain't talkin' wheels
Fire starter flint, Rock 'n Roll I cock and let it peal
If you're lookin' for that pack, I keep a cooler, keep 'em chill
Cucumber pickle dill
What's the deal, pickle, spill
I'm so country that I'm drinkin' whiskey and I'm pissin' beer
Get the fuck up out of here, I don't rob no fuckin' steel
I'm a ghetto cowboy, bitch I armor all my mickey wheels
'Cause I flow, 'cause I'm

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Yeah, imagine this
Raspberry rose gold countertop
My counterpart's a counterfeit
I'm countin' up my Burberry blessings, learn the Louis Vuitton lessons
I feel dead inside sometimes
When I think about the cheddar, but I ain't got no time to think
I got champagne baguettes, ducked off in two-tone Cuban link
I got Wock up in my cup
Moonwalkin' to my cup
Haters got me fucked up
Haters say I love to build a ramp and jump the Lamborghini over Dolce & Gabbana dump trucks
I don't have common sense, but we have nothing in common
I'm in the back of the Maybach eating chocolate covered almonds

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