

## 85 Cutlass

Rylo Rodriguez

(These folks gotta hear this shit, Saucii)  
(Let that shit ride, Eighty8)

'85 Cutlass, mine on Forgi' wheels  
I come from Mobile  
Niggas be actin' like they robbin' shit, but you home invasion still  
Out the hood I'm passin' by the bridge, hurt me when I seen lil' Nell  
I done fed niggas who ain't feed me, you ain't never said you a get the bill  
How the hell you cut me off? You need me couldn't pay you to keep it real  
He ain't takin' pleas, so now it's free Key, I pray he get his appeal  
Free my nephew, he ball at the medalline, but I'll never touch his bail  
She was off of the clock, glad I ain't fucked her yet  
I feel like Russel Will  
All my young niggas spin out nothin' but strikers, he can't go do a venue  
And you had played with my new feelings, girl, and I took that on the chin  
I 'member heavy died from a leg shot, he had took one to the shin  
Lil' bro a scammer every time his B-day come, I give him somebody's pin  
Them fuck niggas killed our lil' buddy, you want me to pay you for the spin  
I look at you as a bitch, I used to look at you as a man  
Niggas in they feelings bout a chain, I look at you as a fan  
Niggas'll talk behind your back, get home, and at you on the 'Gram  
Say He hate the sound of the jail doors closin', he coming up some years  
It's to the point when you see the CO leave, you coverin' up his ears  
In a place where you can't let 'em see you cry, he coverin' up his tears  
His girl won't pick up, make him wanna screen, he should've went to Yale  
It's hard to go to sleep when your bed feel like cement  
Got you twenty-three in one, I know the feds undefeated  
If I had to diss some niggas to get a buzz, I don't need it  
At that plea, man, I took the stand, tell the Judge I don't need it  
Stupid ho, my grandma sayin' you 'posed to love all people  
But I put a ticket on niggas head, gram', their hearts stop beatin'  
Bitch, I'm a dog, put pressure all you want, my bust start bleedin'  
Grab the wheel in private  
I used to look up to Cool-Jams, lil' one, easy  
My main bro, he made one call to get off your pass  
I bought codeine from a crackhead and took off her name  
From the PJ and the houses, now it's 'BnBs  
Left her naked at the Hyatt, in the regency  
I woke up next to two hoes, don't know what's y'all's name  
My wrist on transportation, I went and buss down Plane  
Went Patek here, no Cartier and let one of us piss  
Wifing no bitch, put my watch on, Anniversary  
Just counted a bun up, a knot in 'em, waitin' on the same gimmick  
She wanna fuck with my diamonds, now French kiss my wrist  
Back in the Cullinan, I waste codeine on these sheets  
Had to run it up now, I'm big bro to some niggas old as me  
Just counted a bun up, a knot in 'em, waitin' on the same gimmick  
She wanna fuck with my diamonds, now French kiss my wrist  
If you my bro and that's my opp, you just 'posed to roll with me  
Stepped on so many niggas legs, we got cold feet