

Lola's Grandsons

Sauce Walka

(If you want sauce from Frauce, it's gon' cost, drip)
Ooh-wee
Ooh-wee
Yeah

Fuck it, let's go car for car
We go diamond for diamond or house for house or we can go war for war
If we talkin' 'bout bitches, my lineup ridiculous, yeah, I can go star for s
tar
I'm buyin' AR for R
Shit, I'm buyin' so many assault rifle pistols, I can go to war with Mars
For sure
I'm a young nigga from the backdoor
I ain't got sense, I was born on the crack floor
Why you stuntin' on 'em like that, though?
'Cause I ain't never got shit that I asked for
I'm in Chiraq with a black ho
And she got a Glock in the Louis backpack, though
Bitch buyin' Percs over barcodes
But I know a bitch buyin' Birkins off the whole show

Sippin' on drank, that's a no-no
Sprayco stuffed in the 'Cat, it's a four-door
VVS stuffed on the rose gold
Bad bitch bring in a boatload
Them killers, they do what I say so, huh
Stackin' these hundreds like Legos
My pockets stay fat, them bitches humongous
Blood 'nem thirsty, they ready to hunt ya
Ain't no need for no punchin'
Chrome Heart hoodie, this bitch cost more than four hundred
TSF business, they know how we comin'
AR-15, that bitch stuffed with a hundred
She in love with my drip, she don't fuck with you dummies
I laugh at you dummies, I flex when it's sunny
Come fuck with me, oops, I found me a bunny
She just brought me a hundred, I swear it was lovely

Shit, I guess that I'm feelin' the love
I just got forty thousand straight out my bitch and all she done got back wa
s a hug
I done threw half a million across my whole wrist and I went diamond ball fr
om a drug
Niggas fuck off they wishes, they ridin' with snitches, I thought we was gan
gsters and thugs
Brought the alphabet boys to the club, what's up?
You ain't got no card, then (Yeah)
We splashin' your squad in (Yeah)
It's bloodstains down the whole boulevard and (Yeah)
Please don't get involved in (Yeah)
My back hurt, make your bitch come massage it (Yeah)
She think it's a garden (Yeah)
My new house got too many garages (Yeah)
I'm finna get lost in (Yeah)
For real

I'm in the H, where they clutch steel (Yeah)

VVs from Emmitt, they too real
Rolls-Royce coupe on Forgiato wheels (Skrrt)
Lil' bitch, she diggin' the spill, huh
I'm in the hood where it get real
Glock on the floor while the pounds on the vacuum seal
She in love with Chanel, she gon' do what I say still
Get it in, ten and ten, bustin' jugs by Rayfield