

Lola's Grandsons

Sauce Walka

(If you want sauce from Frauce, it's gon' cost, drip)

Ooh-wee

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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 star

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 was a hug

I done threw half a million across my whole wrist and I went diamond ball from a drug

Niggas fuck off they wishes, they ridin' with snitches, I thought we was gangsters 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 (Skrرت)
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