

## Ol' Skool

Sheek Louch

Smoke weed in my old school  
Candy paint drippin from my old school  
I can touch the sky in my old school  
My old school drive better than your new school

I done had everything, from bikes to trucks to mopeds  
Leanin in the front, lookin good, untill I seen these old heads  
67 73s, candy painted SRTs  
Race stripes from the front to the back, who want it? me  
I be rollin up in the 4 door, these women want my photo  
That make them haters mad, I keep that same mojo  
Sticky burner's pack, you don't know what car is that  
All you know that's Donny G's, shorty with him, ass is fat  
Check that, gonna valay park it, roll it and spark it  
VIP see me, I'm the hottest thing on the market  
Candy drippin, extra flippin, Rosay or Patrone sippin  
Go pro, I got the Mercedes, but I think I want the Rolls though

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Man, I'm a parking lot pimper, a candy car flipper  
A wood grain gripper, and a conjur sipper  
No Conture leather, we stitchin on the nose  
Great Concore drippin, I'm sittin on them 4s  
Got the doors of a butterfly, straight out the cacoon  
Smokin dro and no butter, the trunk is goin boom  
Better make room for my elbos, I'm about to throw them hoes  
Comin down on 44s, shittin on you, hold your nose  
I'm so composed, and I'm so relaxed  
I'm blowin dro, plus I'm blowin stacks  
So hold your back, don't try to front  
Get up out the way, we about to stunt

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