

Cocaine

Slim Thug

Selling cocaine, coming down candy.
When I see your bitch in the mall she call me daddy.
Alright, P Pimp in the trunk rode in neons.
Old school steel blowing snow full of freon.
I pissin on you peons, pussy niggas tryin to sue me.
Fans watching my every move like they watching a movie.
A American gangsta live in the flesh and the shit
I'm selling like blue magic. It's the best, yes.
Pussy niggas best to best up they chest
cause as soon as we catch em slipping we gon put that hoe to rest.
I put that on the text, niggas think the boss is soft.
Nigga gon make em bring the old boss out.
No drought in my city, if you need it we got plenty.
Call me Cocaine Tony, out the A, fuck women.

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When I see your bitch in the mall she call me daddy.
You can catch me at the stinda steak, thirty dollar night.
One more night before the first, that's a Tupac type of night.
This bitch bad, I shouldn't hit her. I'ma hit her ass tonight.
I'ma whip it, I'ma whip it, I'ma whip it til it's right.
I'm D-O-P-E, yeah that's me. Everybody know G sling that coco lean.
Catch me, nigga whippin at my sister too.
Talkin bout no Chevy when I say I win by sixty-two.
Do it to a four, I put fours on that bitch.
Thirty-five hundred, get your four in a split.
Y'all know G know that bitch, I taught that hoe how to swim.
I took bitch script the diamond Lil Kim.

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Draked up but I'm dripped out.
Man I've been there for like twenty.
Choppers, droppers, and boppers, playa I had plenty.
Been heavy in these streets for damn near a couple decades.
Hustler in the grinder man, all I do is get paid.
All I do is get laid. Kirby see a dimes, man all my slab get sprayed.

So candy paint and shine, got money on my mind.
Got bread up in my brain, cash is all up in my conscious.
Partner, I need it man. See me and Slim Thug run daily, sell drugs.
Riding hard for our squads, fuck niggas catching slugs.
Balls talking Bun B, ninety-eighters and them boys in blue.
We ain't gots to tell ya what them boys'll do.

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