

Coke & Coco Pops

Spark Master Tape

What you mean?

What you mean four hundred and forty three dollars man?

I ordered one coke, and one coke only man, come on

(Umm, yeah somebody call the cops please)

Leave the club now I'm back on the streets with a motherfucking gun

Uhh, I said I leave the club now I'm back on the streets with a motherfuckin g gun

My Js scuffed and I'm blazed up

My gun good but I'm hazed up

Goons with me, that Paper

Light it up, yeah, straight up

Just moved a half, then I moved a ounce

And like two more halfs and a half a pound

Like four more Qs to be on, motherfucker

Like twelve year old, pack a gun, motherfucker

We don't even know where we is

But we good cause we packing like foster kids

Guns in the trunk like apocalypse

And I'm the head of the underground, ostrich

You run up in the bathroom like Oscar did

I'm at the Oscars with a fresh Oscar bitch

In a drug daydream with the college kids

That'll end up with a C on his maths exam

Spotted with yo bitch

She on that coco slapping kids

She on that Go Pro giving head

Unlike you, I break no bread

And now I'm spotted with yo bitch

She on that coco

Leave the club and I'm back on these streets

With a motherfucking gun

I said I leave the club and I'm back on these streets

With a motherfucking gun

Spotted with yo bitch

She on that coco slapping kids

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Unlike you, I break no bread

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Regular rhyme, I ain't really got the time to

Make the time to do some time, motherfuck

Pressing rewind, cause I already lost my goddamn mind

Motherfuck fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck

You get shot up, up, up

Playboy I Starting no beef

Fuck hoes, we starting horse meat

'Til the damn club close, my grill be rusty bronze

My pill be dusty, puffing blondes

On the same shit Cobain was on

But I'm maintaining a flameless bong

Snort drama with your mama, bring my llama and it's clique

Build a snowman, structure programs, clear my mofukking funds, ughhh

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This one's for Coco