

Zip Codes

Starlito

Grinding hard
Trash Bag Gang, bitch

First of all I party for a living ho
And I holler grind hard but I really did it though
Time is money so I went and made my wrist glow
Now when I get paid my checks be looking like zip codes
Thirty racks (ball), bought a brick of that snow, nah six shows
Couple O's of that 9-0-2-1-0 - Dro zip code
Product of the 3-7-2-0-6, Oh east side shit
Got a bitch from the 3-7-2-0-3 that'll love nothing better than to eat my dick
And my south side bitch, on behalf of my click stop counting, and worrying 'bout our bricks
Take 'em out the trash bag, 'fore you unwrap that, we could probably build a small house out the shit
Smile a lil' bit
It's dirt, but the shit dirt cheap, picture me getting pounds for the six
I ain't ask but a nigga probably took
I'mma take it to the hood, let my niggas straight down that shit
I ain't even gotta rap, but my long term vision is seeing me leaving out the trap
I'm in so deep, plus you know a nigga like me, a lot of times I don't think, I just react
Each pint gotta keep a couple racks, and you seen Lito pop, I keep it in my lap
Sleep in all black, hottest in the city, a lot of niggas envy
These just facts
It's Lito

Trash Bag Gang
Trash Bag Gang
Trash Bag Gang (bitch!)

Now when I get paid my checks be looking like zip codes
36 O's I could get the whole brick sold
Just got a deal on mid, also could get the dro
Either at the liquor store, studio or I'm with ya ho

20 pound play got two three K
Seven seven k from a usual day
32 five for a brick of the yay
We can talk zip codes got them all day
Never had shit where a nigga gonna lay
Never had a bitch that ain't do what I say
Pimp tight nigga just like M-J
Pocket full of stones bumping UGK
3-7-1-7-2 where I stay
Petty ass nigga I can count it in your face
Matter fact I don't even need your little play
Ho type nigga I'll say it to your face
Trash Bag Gang grind hard every day
200K I don't even got a deal
Well known boy and I ain't even from the Ville
Niggas fuck with me cause I keep it too real (trill)

Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle

Hustle, hustle, hustle man nigga

I'm getting paid but I ain't going to work
I got that fade away swish, just call me Dirk
And I'm smoking purp, but I got that work
And I got your bitch, she sleeping in our shirts
Trash Bag Gang ain't a damn thing change
Still hit the strip club and make it rain
Ashantis on the car, candy paint
You know I'm getting money what you think I ain't
Alot I leave the house with three four chains
I rock so much ice that some times I don't think
Got the top peeled off with the [?]
Rolling down 12th then pick a little tink

Love life live large bitch
Free my nigga Red Dot
Trash Bag Gang ho
(bitch)