

# coach

Summrs

Thrillboy  
Ayy, yeah

Light up the wood in a Range Rove'  
Came in this bitch with a raincoat  
Tell that boy stay out my lane, coach  
That nigga know he a lame, coach  
That nigga don't got no aim, coach  
Pistol blow out my brains, coach  
I'm the same nigga, ain't shit changed, coach  
These niggas suck, put me in the game, coach  
That bitch actin' like my main, coach

I'm blowin' this bitch like a whistle  
The G2, it's a pistol  
With the gang, with my kinfolk  
Said you want smoke, tell your pin, folk  
I'm readin' this bitch like a Kindle  
These niggas really think that I ain't 'bout it  
She wanna fuck just 'cause I'm clouted  
I'm in Ohio, I got this bitch salty  
Banana clip, it hang out the .40  
I'm with lil' Ben, he ready to blow it  
Ripped him apart, granny gotta sew him  
This nigga really actin' like I know 'em  
These niggas really actin' like I owe 'em  
They singin' my songs just like a poem  
They didn't believe in me, I had to show 'em  
I'm at the top and I been told 'em  
I'm off the drugs like Lamar Odom  
Might do him dirty, might just Saint Row him  
I know this lil' bitch wanna marry  
I might just take you, ain't no guarantee  
Summrino might put up for charity (Yeah, go)

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