

1982

That Mexican OT

Bankroll got it!

I'm in 1982 Mercedes Benz burning rubber
Bitch, this ain't no play-play shit, I'm bringing M's to my mother
On this Big Worm pack, I'm smoking kill like Chris Tucker
Everybody love me 'cause I keep it real like no other

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If you hate me, then you hate me dry, and we know that for sure
My dad taught me how to keep it gangsta, I ain't no ho inside my soul
Better revalue why you here, play your part and help row this boat
I love too hard, so if your loyalty ain't there, then you gotta go
Don't play with me, play with your pussy, I ain't a killer but don't push me
Just walk up outside ya mama house smelling like straight budussi
I'm a playa, a Texas Mexican, I got a country grammar
You can call me Jim Adler, hit her ass wit' Texas hammer, huhn
Money Making Mexican, that's what I am
Fuck everybody, do this shit for the fam
Baby says she love me, I don't give a damn
Fuck them lil' porkchops, lil' bitch, I'm about to going ham
I just kick back and watch the route, got me feeling like I'm Cam
Wild boy just like I'm Steve-O, keep flipping money like Bam
Sipping drank in New York City, I pour a trey out for Yams
Just rolled an eighth out the Jordan pack, gotta hit it like it's Wham

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I was flipping in that 1996, probably with your bitch
Off white just like a brick, see the way it sit
Wide body, like 'em thick, make them haters sick
When I come through wit' the kit, mad your kids wanna take a flick
See me holding, no, they just telling fibs, all Pinocchio
Wanna be a real boy, what I'm really holding, ho
We up in them vetts now, smoking tires like a O
Praying for my downfall, niggas need to let it go
Dipping in the Chevy, know it's heavy and I'm staying ready
Speeding like Andretti, wit' no top, I'm only chasing fetti
Nigga, know it's L-E at the dollar sign when you address me
They be like, "He coming back already, call him Makaveli"
The concave going deep, I ain't gotta pause
Doing what I want and when I want, I ain't got a boss
This a one of one, ain't the other shit you come across
Stunting like my daddy, going hard but that leather soft

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Everybody love me, well, not everybody
Couple haters plotting, pocket watching
Life ain't treating 'em well, and they think it's my problem
First class a farewell, I rock-a-bye by 'em, and I'm outside wit' a mob tie
Niggas ain't gremlins for real, them fools still mogwai's
Nine chains on, I should have a patch over my eye
I feel like Slick Rick in this bitch, bally animals tied
They look up to me 'cause I'm fly
Look up for me 'cause I'm high (I'm high)
Full of weed, not tired, don't judge me by my eyes
Coming down, paint wet like a water slide
OT gave me a case of Coke Cola from off of his side

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