

Red Light Green Light

THEY.

That gangsta shit, nigga

Red light, green light
Red light, green light
Red light, green light
You're stuck on the sideline
Red light, green light
Red light, green light
You're stuck on the sideline

It's about ten-to-four when the back of the coupe is open
Your girlfriend's gone off that Goose and Cola
You about to goof for stroking
God damn
And I'm oh-so-focused for the day that our road is open
Money like hocus pocus, hit the curb with a bunch of brokers
Also I can poke a broke bitch

Canines, trap, trap
Put you all over my Snapchat
Damn, that as so phat, phat
Gotta get you home like stat, stat

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'Cause I've got fire
You know what I'm reaching for
Shot my three, who's keepin' score
Too late to wait anymore
One mile till we make it home
Get a bag, get paid, get low
Ben Frank', don't stop, press go
Pick it up, now the money on the floor
Keep shakin', hunnid days, hunnid poles

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(Are you gonna fuck me in the car?)

Two twins in the back of the black Cadillac

Like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Phat ass get smacked in my momma hatchback
Like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I told her let the roof back, put that ass on the dash
Like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Gonna step on the gas but I hope I don't crash
Like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah