

# Captain Crunch

Trippie Redd

Yeah

Pussy niggas said they gon' kill me  
I don't give a fuck, I was gon' die anyway  
Tell ya, yeah, yeah

Talk about them P's (P's)

Got a bunch nigga

Wake up in the morning, brush my teeth and grab my gun, nigga

40 on the wrist, colored diamonds, Captain Crunch, nigga

Oh you sipping on Tris

We sipping Wock, dumb nigga

Got it out the bricks, yeah

Fuck nigga (Fuck nigga, fuck nigga)

If you said it's up little nigga, then you know it's up with you

Best believe we gon' find your bitch ass, nigga I'm gon' get up with you (We  
nuts)

If we come, we gon' bust at you

Fuck a bitch, fuck 12, little nigga I don't need no cuffs, nigga (Cuffs)

Politickin' and pimpin' in that Vette, leave a hater in the dust, nigga (Skr  
rt)

Takin' all your shit and my chains, that's snow on the bluff, nigga (Yeah)

Now get up outta here

Yeah aight, I'mma fuck with ya

Don't be reaching for my chain

You know we pop niggas (Bitch)

Call us backwood gang (Why?)

Because my opps in it

Open up that closet, yeah

I got big mop in it (They poppin')

They don't buy no drink from me

'Cause I rerock niggas

Fuck nigga we can shoot a box (Yeah)

You know we punch niggas (nigga)

Every time we see y'all out, we eat, y'all niggas lunch menus

8 of Wock in my cream soda (That Wock)

It ain't no cut in it (Uh-uh)

Play with mine, you gonna die today right now, come try your luck, nigga

I'll give a goofy all headshots, like is you dumb or naw

You sink niggas won't front me no more bags

'Cause I be running off (Fuck 'em)

Bust a Cuban and a rose gold Presi blown, yeah, that's a 100 ball (Yes)

Fuck the stage, I ain't doing no more shows unless my gun involved, nigga

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t's up, then)

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nuts)

If we come, we gon' bust at you (Mount up!)

Tripping off the red with Trippie Redd  
Vezz keep counting up blues (Okay)  
You already dead  
If me and my mans get to walking up to you (Bye)  
Like a bitch give me head, her and her friends, yeah, they about to do it  
If you ain't got no bands, I'm just saying, not talkin about no music  
All my clothes exclusive  
Spin move your hoe, elusive  
Put the dope on the road, that's lucrative  
Then make it back home, secluded  
Up big fast, shoot it  
I'm big five, boolin'  
Tell a bitch be quiet, the rudest  
Shut your ass up, mute it (Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay)  
My trap jump, groovin' (Huh)  
Pass me that cup  
Pass me that blunt  
Pass me that gun, Scuba  
Racking it up, is you packing or what? Who backing me up?  
The whoopers, the apes, the shooters  
The Dracs, we use them  
We hate computers

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Yeah, I ain't drinking no Tris (Nah)  
I don't fuck with no snitch (Nah)  
You a broke ass lame nigga  
I ain't touching your bitch  
I'm humble, I ain't soft nigga  
Had your ass go blitz  
Used to pray for a whole thing  
Keep one on my wrist (Everyday)  
D to the O, me and Trippie Redd  
Actavis, baby I'm sipping red  
Got my advance from dealing meds  
Bro right yeezy and the feds  
Trappin' ain't dead, these niggas scared (Yeah, that's crazy)  
My niggas trained to go  
Fuck my bitch, fuck my bitch best friend  
I'mma just blame the dope  
Police came, hit the lights on me  
Turn Usain and bolt  
Can't believe they let me in the game, skeetin' a famous hoe  
Cuban links, diamonds full of pointers, I don't do chains with ropes

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