

## 26's

Valee

26 inch Forgiato  
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I want that Rari, no [?]  
Cop all the new semi auto  
I'm swerving, watching for potholes  
I'm in the house, watching Narcos  
Gucci shoes still got the barcode  
Got the AK with the strap though  
Walk to Starbucks, got a frap though  
Bitch, these Margiela, not Aldo  
I beat your ass, Rocky Balboa  
I pu the guap in the wall  
I spend a hundred on drop  
I'm driving fast, fuck the laws  
I got your bitch on her paws  
My watch is icy, Jack Frost

I went bought me two iPhones  
I'm just gon' text you, no calls  
My bitch was tripping, no falls  
These niggas chicken, no sauce  
I told her take her clothes off  
Bitch, I'm outside like a moth  
Your pockets flat like a wall  
My rocket gat gon' go off  
You tryna race, well you lost  
I'm smoking dope in the loft  
Got your hoe choking and all  
My bitch was poking [?]  
Bitch, I'm not joking at all  
Old school, I'm showing it off  
My roof, I'm taking it off

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Pablo Juan  
Rocking the Gucci with snakes on it  
Don't fuck with no pussy, real niggas only  
Bought a Rollie, Daytona  
I poured up a four, that's a coma  
Young nigga selling that dope, home

Thumbing through hundreds, I kept me a bone  
Too many bitches, I don't even want 'em  
I'm in the A sipping Dallas, smoking California  
Street nigga with a trap diploma  
1'5 overtime till 6 in the morning  
Candler Road like the [?] on the corner  
Hiding with the 6 and pull up on them  
I unfold the chopper like a Transformer  
Shout out the Migos, plug foreign  
You whip the dope, you gotta scrape the corners  
The wanna know how I touched down with the strap on me

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