

Word To The Rookie

Xavier Wulf

I told you niggas bout trying to stand the cold
He went too far now he can't find his way home
Caraco cold stones all over my coat
Switch it back, Snow Storm Style to your throat nigga
They say woe don't swing, I said I won't but let 'em know
If I gotta do it I'ma glue him to the floor
Lazy boy, plain Jane niggas hit the door
I can't let you shaky flakey niggas sneak aboard

I ain't got my sandals and my shorts but I'm they father
Why they hating on me
Better stop before we start something
Racing flag blowing in the wind they said encore
She said can we chill I said I'm cold enough without ya', thank ya'
I don't let these hoes tear my house up
Leave them damn shoes at the door
Don't make me Uncle Phil you out cuh
I don't give no fuck bout what your spouse does
Bring it back to me I'll show ya' real quick how we don't equal up
I'm young and doing good like fam was hoping for
And I ain't gon' let you take it
Make me take your ass and break it boy
Your bitch jumped on my ship look how she scream Ahoy
Now watch how we enjoy
I'm smoking blunts while I beat your boy

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