

Candy Land

YN Jay

(Marc Boomin, I miss you)

Hmm

Hmm

Nigga you ain't out here trappin'

Hey, nigga you (Alright)

You was sittin' in the crib with your kids, you the family man
I just pulled up with some doonies in the family van
Bitch want me to send her my location, we in Candy Land
I can't tell she got a fat ass, she got on granny pants
I be walkin' 'round clutch like my daddy friend
Trippin' 'round this bitch, I just sold my friend granny xans
I been out here servin' Billy, I got Mandy mad
Nigga thought he bought some Molly, it's a sandy bag

Nigga we got chops for the opps, we'll get on your ass
Man these niggas out here stealin' flows, man I'm oh so mad
When I lost my nigga Gabe 'bo, I was oh so sad
I could've graduated but I didn't, said fuck that class
I don't fuck with these niggas, they be in they feelings
A nigga play with YN Jay, nigga I'm gon kill 'em
FN Five-Seven 308 will knock down a building
You got a hundred-somethin' guns, boy you not no killer

Spin the block chop, bang bang, yeah that's a body bag
Black Louis V belt rockin', it's like karate class
Need 2 bands for a feature, cause it's probably ass
Made 100 off of unemployment, i don't lallygag
L.A., ATL, then I go and hit Miami
I'm with Coochie Man, if she freaky throw the bitch to [?]
I don't sell drugs, but I sure just got some scripts from Granny
Dog shit on me, if I up it she gon shit her panties

If I ain't got the gun on me, nigga I'm gon stab you
You be beatin' on your bitch, like you Joe Jackson
You will never get a ring, bitch you Matt Stafford
I just blew a hundred-somethin' bands, now I'm back stacking

Wiped his nose on the slimeball
Magic Johnson, you can only get them dimes off
Dior swim trunks, bitch I'm finna slide off
Aiming out the window, flash on, turn the lights off

Oh let me walk across the street too slow, I'm finna hit your granny
I'm the real Coochie Man, I'll hit your granny
Bitch walkin' out the crib too fast, don't forget your panties
I can never have a babysitter, cause I hit my nanny

Sent him up top, up top, I hit him with a ladder
Cut into the lil freaky bitch, like come get [?] of scammers
Balenciaga socks, I don't fuck with Mr. Alan's
Shooters hittin' baskets, hit the funeral, we gon hit his casket

Bro got 20 thousand, he can't fit it in a fuckin' [?]
I fell asleep in that bitch pussy, I was off the xannies
Old lady seen me with a F, and she told my granny
Man I'm runnin' up a check, damn near every week

If you ain't got no money for me, nigga we can't even speak
I fucked this lil bitch from the back, man her shit was neat
I just won 10 off the dice, man that nigga sweet