USA

Young Dolph

Red, white and motherfuckin' blue
Some of my partners claimed red, some blue
Red, white and motherfucking blue
Just drank a pint of red and my Chevelle blue
Red, white and motherfucking blue
Got red bitches, white bitches
What about you?
And them bitches do whatever I tell 'em to
And my traphouse do whatever I make it do

All about this paper
Hit the trap with the flavours
Those old folks be lookin' hard
You gotta watch for them neighbors
[?] smoke across the street
He stealing lights and cables
But I never judge 'em though
'Cause everybody not able
Chop a four in the faygo
Remember all those days
We had to eat hot dogs and potatoes
Ain't no love in these streets, man
Go take a walk in these Givenchys on my feet, man
You ever been so hungry
You couldn't go to sleep man

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Got red bitches, white bitches
All type of bitches
When they at work
I send the bomb to their crib
I don't even wanna fuck
I just keep it cool
I just might pay her rent
And buy that bitch a car too
She never know the reason why she all that out the blue
You say you know a nigga flier than me
I'm like who?
That nigga better fall out the sky in a parachute
They trying to take Bill Cosby down
What's this world coming to

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