

Dreadlocks

Young T & Bugsey

Yeah

Deebo

Smoke to your face like a heat stroke
Man down, put that on my dead locs
Man down, put that on my dreadlocks
Shot, shot, shot, shot, T hot
Bust down kettle, not a G-Shock
If she hoppin' in the coupe, it's a bed rock
Lift the suicide doors at the next stop
Shot, shot, shot, shot

Please don't play games

I got niggas in the back with the A

Ay

I don't love her, hit her then I do the race
We can tell by the way
Brodie told me that the trap's doing great
Yeah, I'm so away
I can't save you, gotta leave you in the maze
Push the suicide doors up
Ay, I'm in a Porsche truck
Cooling with a rich porter
D'n'G for my daughter
Yeah, Jimmy Cole for my new bitch
Got guap, move block like rubicks
In the coupe, bust a dance to the music
Drop the top, make her lose it

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I was running up and bumming out the big bucks
Got a driver waiting for me, I'm a big shot
16 when I knew I want my wrist flood
Swiss gleam when you're looking at my wristwatch
All the heat, I can't leave it in a cooler
If he in a jeep then he most likely the shooter
See, my niggas in the back came with the ooh-rah
Gotta tell 'em to relax, take a woo-sa
Doing graveyard shifts for my fivers
Who'd have thought I would've went school with some lifers?
Hit it in the past, only found out that he wifed her
Told my bro change but he loyal to the lycab
At the Fendi store but she'd rather go to Michael Kors
Pigs got my niggas dashing 'round the courtyard
Ten toes in my Fours
Still whip it like I'm Louis in the Porsche, yeah

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