

## Roberto C

Young T & Bugsey

Florence, Italy, Roberto Cavalli  
Had the Kelly Rowland, now it's Ashanti  
We gon' double up the frame on the car seat  
Can't be too safe, you know it's on me  
That my bestie, gave her the car keys  
Put my young G all in Versace  
No bluff, I ain't inna' malarkey  
When you lonely, you better call me

I can't fuck with niggas if they fuckin' with my enemy  
Dismiss it, I ain't rockin' with that energy  
Pain in my membrane, the roads in my memories  
Thinking 'bout my nigga, I had to dropped a likkle Hennessy  
Remember when I blast a gun charge in the secondary  
Mourning, now I'm pourin' red rum, in the cemetery  
No legal debate, my QC's got chemistry  
Miraculously in the streets, like Sesame  
We at a dinner but my OT bitch bellin' me  
Polly on my shoulder, think I move too peppery  
She was movin' pattern but my boo ting' stressin' me  
Live in the mechanic, I should do a documentary  
Bark it, I can't drop it cah the polly and the press on me  
I was gonna bruck it but my codie wasn't lettin' me  
Two-two's, four-doors and the remedies  
Cock it when I pop it, blow the whistle like a referee

Can I get a lead from all my ladies?  
I got Louis on my laces  
I need the AP or the Day Date, yeah  
Send, on a way, we in Chane', 'ne, yeah  
Dealings, dealings  
In the Lamb' truck with my demons  
She freak and teach me  
Lean on me, yeah

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Aight, what's up? We makin' her lay down  
Stick right on me, I give her like ten thou'  
Couple pistol, brodie, he bury the tre pound  
I'ma meet K, here from the fifth, the H-Town  
When she shake the bed, give me a lick now  
I'mma rock you, mayne, you need to take pride in you  
The pure, the Cali, the diesel too sour, yeah  
We know how to bake, we whip a egg flour with you

Born winner, the opposite of a gentleman  
Remember when I used to eat baked beans for dinner  
Done up bait tease, like, "Say cheese, my nigga"  
And in the A3, she ate me forever

I'ma share you Porcello, we make a dream team  
Tell me how did you fit in your Billie Jean jeans?  
Cop the Christian Dior, I love a bee sting  
Coochie wet as a shore, it took a beating

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