

Candler 2 West End

Yung Mal

Yeah we six, but no we not Texas
Poppin' tags, you know we not stressin'
Hit the gas, but no I'm not flexin'
Car goin' fast, I hope I don't wreck it
Get the racks, but that ain't my checks
If you not bad you can't come in this section
Got so many bands, they tryna impress me
Got two hundred bands in the trunk of the Lexus
Get to kickin' shit just like we Tekken
Now we can't kick it, I just want the Becky
I stuck my dick in her face and her leggings
Then I started filming it, yeah I'm messy
Yeah I'm drippin', I'm the freshest
[?] the lil jit like he precious
And I'm havin' this shit, I'm not begging
Money stretched out down from Candler to West End

I made the money stretch from the West End to the East Side
They know what I'm bangin', I'm crip dawg
Got some bloods hanging at the beehive
That big shit ain't nothin', I'm ready lil nigga
We tryna bury a nigga
I put the dick in the stick, made a porno
Tiger don't miss with the shot, he like Rondo
We tryna go in your shit, it's a kick door
Don't need no maga bitch I want a rich ho
Throwing forwards but I'm running with 1'5
Nigga try the gang, everyone die
Got the money so forever we ball
Glizzys with the dick, we fuck 'em all
I'm in the 6, I be fuckin' with Mal
He get the word and he knock 'em off

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I can't go back and forth lil bitch, I want that Becky
I did a show, they just paid me a nifty
Had it wrapped right tight, it was nothin' but blue hundreds
I take a charge for my dawgs, I'm like Vicky
She the pressed Chromeharts 'cause my bitch is too picky
Keep one in the hand 'cause these niggas play tricky

Keep Four Pockets Full like I come from Oakland City
Yeah we flexin', no we not stressin'
Bitch was trippin', she started makin' some blessings
Poppin' tags, I just went to Jeffries
My diamonds dance 'cause I went to Fezzy
Get the head, fuck on your lil sister
Bend her over, you know I don't kiss her
Pull her hair while I grab on my pistol
First I get the racks then I put it in checking

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