

## CDL'S

Zaytoven

He ain't no real one clearly, certified stones clearly  
Big checks keep on clearin', loud, we hard of hearin'  
Pounds just keep appearin', then start disappearin'  
(Trauma Tone)

She love my appearance, I got loads on clearance  
They gon' drive a distance, just to come and get 'em

CDL drive-by, unload 'em on Palace  
Every day a nigga make 80K average  
Growin these veggies, I'm servin' this salad  
All of my bitches got faces and wagons  
Certified stones, shine and blingy  
Clientele callin', my phone keep ringin'  
Gang shit, nigga free Blitz and Demon  
Street nigga still take a brick for a feature

Pour a whole ten in that Pino's bottle  
I can pay a lil' bitch rent off, often  
I be havin' bags that is rental for travelin'  
I can make ends at casinos, gamblin'  
He ain't no real, he can look at my stats for intelligent trap  
nigga  
If you can't get captured, all my bitches  
Rather run weed, all my nigga steppin' indeed  
Fuckin' with the planty, I see him on my team  
Ice-cox shot at a GLE  
Hallucinating off this DMT  
Do not play, nigga, DNP  
Catchin' these jugs at GLC  
Everybody eat, I feed my team

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