

My paint be drippin' wet I'm clean as Clorox
And you can hear my beat for like 3 or 4 blocks
And when I hit the corner all the girls gone be jockin my Cutlass, Cutlass

The roof of my roof's bald headed convertible top
What use is a old school if it ain't a drop
I got a zap of rock and a 5th of Ciroc
Teflon burner glove don't get molly-wopped
She liking on me she loving what she see
A big nigga with style S.W.A.G.
Every since a child had G.A.M.E.
Backwards ass smile bet not fuck with me
Electric dash electric glass electric everything
Highly carbureted dual exhaust camillion booger green
Fresh back from the car wash fresh back from a bathe
When the sun hits my paint it turns a different shade
I ain't got time to be bullshittin' I got money on my agenda
I've been gettin bread since I came out of the placenta
Sevas in the summer time rallies in the winter
Side wood light skin big booty tender

I keep them bands on deck my mans on a jet
Some soft up on the block in a duce cutty drop
I remember when I copped back in '88
I set em on some straights filled the trunk with fosgates
And since I'm movin weight you know I couldn't wait
Brought that motor out the crate then I taught it how to skate
We turnin figure eights half and whole cakes
We take em on a chase We ain't tryin to take the case
Bitches know I'm fly got that vocal tone
And when they see me they be askin what I'm smokin on
I tell em cookies bitch you know I got that provolone
And you can call me on the under on my iPhone
You see me insides you know I keeps it stocked
And when I leave the block everybody stop and watch
You never know you might catch a sideshow
I lay that top back down and then I drive slow

Bitch this ain't my Bentley this my seven duce
TV deg W sevens press that big ole zeus
Matter fact I got a pair of those for dummies that means 2
My shit is clean as fuck but when I brought it it was through
I took it off the frame bitch this not a game
Got motor new suspension brand new everythang
Candy orange outside guts cocaine
Rims hellu chrome see my face and my chain
New shoes on it 22's homie
And I would leave that bitch at home if I was you homie
Cause I'm a swing it sideways and slap to the trap
Off Patron and a zone with the zap on my lap
Change my flow up fasho but never fuck the dough up
In the city where prices go down but never go up
Niggas see the Cutlass and they know it's the double
Flossin on that ass and you know you in trouble