

Cocaine

Gunplay

Uh

Cocaine got me out jail, cocaine paid my bail
Cocaine don't be buying bitches shit, no purse, no weave, no nails
Cocaine put me on my feet but got my momma losing sleep
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Play that fork like a sport, all my Pyrexes nort
I whip on that white bitch, like she stole and got caught
A buck fifty a gram, tie and triple up, champ
Cracker keep on complaining and still copped it and scram
Y'all know me, turn 3.5 to 9 OZ's
9 whole keys get yo safe token, combo seized
When I whooped that life sentence, thought they let El Chapo free
I read that statement, I said "Oh hell no not my co-d"
Cocaine in my fingernail, cocaine all in my nostril
Cocaine make me hostile, now go get me my Mossberg
Cocaine got my image tainted, but that Chevy painted
Trap, low dip out, fuck em, left em waiting

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Just the other day I lost a brick of cocaine in the mail
Cocaine put me on my feet but got my momma losing sleep
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(Now my momma), losing sleep
(Now my momma), losing sleep
They hit the door up with a warrant, but I was on a tour
(Now my momma), losing sleep
(Now my momma), losing sleep
They showed up at the crib, but that's just how we live

Yayo buy me fillet mignon, yayo got my payroll looking up, A1
Yayo on my tongue and imma say what I want (fuck the police)
Yayo with me on the run right next to the drum
Yayo know some creole speaking niggas with guns
Yayo get you wheels with ones with trunks in the front
Yayo everywhere (all in my crib)
Yayo everywhere (in my car)
Oh hell yea (oh hell nah)
I'm that one behind that steering wheel
Yayo come with silencers and islands and all kinda shit
Same yayo had him pointing on some "Yea that's him your honor" shit
Yayo got him bodied, but I got a Maserati
Yayo paid the shooter, move smooth (ladi dadi)

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