

Cocaine Option

Lil B

Worldwide where you at, Aye Europe what it do, Aye shoutout to London man, I love you, Aye Australia I love you, what it do, uh

When I pull that Glock out
Niggas definitely gon' shoot
Posted up on the block with the crack and the flu
I got bitches, man the lines on the Tommy
Selling high rind to the point of no molly
And he got that weed
Got that coke, and it's all on the hoes
Bitchmob on deck, 50 bitches, 20 tecs
A hundred bullets, more respect
I'm a roll one deep and I know I won't snitch
(You know what I'm saying?
I know I won't snitch, you feel me)
My niggas liner, got line on the hamma
Underground Atlanta, selling dope on the cameras
Selling off shoes in the club
Nights with the bitches I ain't denied in the club
Got so many ones that I do what I want
Bitch suck me, the bitches love it
Bitches want to fuck me, I know I'm thuggin'
Never riding 26's I know I'm thuggin'
You know what I'm saying?
I be trapping in the texaco
Feel like a nigga from Mexico
Girls call me papa
51 bitches and I feel like a doctor
Doing my thing
Kiss a couple bitches, and I fuck a couple hoes
Nigga
And it's all from slanging dope
The powder, the white powder
Stay in this mid-pack
Niggas want that 50 round
I'm a lay a - down
Ride with the - man
Sell with the brick man
You know what I'm saying?
I must be strapped
I got bitches and numbers, got fanny packs
I got cocaine in my fannie pack
When you see me jogging with my fannie pack
Got cocaine in my nana strap
You know what I'm saying
I drop you niggas on yo back
You feel me?
I gotta pay these taxes
Strapped up, you know I stay strapped up with the gat its -
It's my protection, nigga that's my insurance
In case you wanna get it
You know what I'm saying
In case you want to buy a house
A full house, nigga, you're hole out
I might rent you out
Might take ya rent back
And rent ya ho whole house

You know what I'm saying
I'll rent your ho a whole house
That's the type of nigga I am
Nigga get the dough out
You feel me?
Running in numbers, shooting bitches with the strap
Don't come with that, come with that
You know what I'm saying
Pushing his wig back
40 with the 40 give yo ass a new six pack
Selling dope in the Psshht
That's the real shh, that's the real shh
Nigga that's the real Jack Herer in the back seat
Cops wanna check me
I ain't got nothing, man, these niggas want to see me
I ain't seeing nothing man I'm just like Wayne Gretzky
Skating on ice, dope big as ice
You feel me?
Niggas talking 'bout them lights

Sell cocaine in them white lights
Sell cocaine on them dark nights
Hot nights, all night
This my life, This my -
This my life

Selling cocaine in the night, Selling cocaine in the night
Tryna get my life right, Selling - in the night
Selling cocaine in the night, Tryna get my light right
Selling 'cane in the night, Selling cocaine in the night
'Cane in the night, Selling cocaine in the night
Tryna get my life right

Nigga tryna sleep at night
I can't see at night
So where I read or write?
Tryna follow my path, without reading or writing
Let life just guide me
I swear to God I ain't lying
Niggas come through, snorting - couple lines
But, I don't think I'm a fiend
I don't think I do that, I ain't got no problems G
See me, playing correctly
Motherfuckas gotta step back, and just step on it
Gotta air on problem in the grave
I was - not bad
See me
Niggas don't understand they gotta see B
Gotta fuck with me, you gon' see 3
Get your ass with the chopper
Fuck them suckas man you gotta get a doctor

Cocaine Problems, Cocaine Problems
What the cocaine problem?
Niggas selling dope with the cocaine options
Niggas selling dope with the cocaine options