

Driving 88

Rockie Fresh

[Verse 1: Rockie Fresh]

Yeah ok I heard these hoes lookin, rockie who they
lookin for
What that nigger doin, out here tryin get his dough
What I say they see it so they call this shit my
picture flow
Never been abusive but they call me mr. hit the ho
I'm smashing when she twerkin, got lil momma workin
And she say she not a ho she just felt I was deservin
She saw me up on twitter couldn't wait to meet in
person
Now she tell me I'm the bomb I need ammo and a turban
I'm about to blow up I tell my haters peace
My shoe connection gotta be a hundred racks at least
It's big business on my table tell my lawyers feast
If you ain't talkin big business then don't even speak

At high key I give a fuck about a hater they be
laughing at me now
I'm out here getting paper

[Hook:]

I'm stuntin
Feeling good feeling great. lotta twists and turns but I
got my paper straight
On the road to the riches driving 88, with a couple bad
bitches driving 88
Stuntin
Me and my niggas can't wait, we tryin to get a meal for
every digit on our plate
On the road to the riches driving 88, with a couple bad
bitches driving 88

[Verse 2:]

Ok I'm hied up baped out more swag then the little
wayne
Even got no stripes on but dam I'm so official
If I ever got some drama I send dough to come and get
you
He a Chi town nigger all the way down to the gristle
When shut out my homie casey got these bitches on the
d-low
I'm ballin I feel like jordan when he hit that shot on
e-low like
Robin I'm on my hustle you shook up like brown russell
The kush is jas purple I'm takin off from the freethrow
I'm just tryina get my cut. choppa chop it down
Watch me throw some money up and these bitches hit the
ground
While I'm

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[Verse 3: Casey Veggies]

Like uhh aw man. straight body. my new flows remind me
of 12 guage shottys
I love when show promoters tell me I get payed shortly
It make my face light up I feel like robert orie
When he hit that shot that made the headlines in the
paper runnin 10
For my city like kobe do with the lakers I'm mobbin at
my pace
Drivin 88 surviving in my city like a rap battle with j
You got a couple thousand my nigga that baby weight
Peas and carrots we da business just like babies say
Hundred million dollars bad hoes holla
Get my team straight and get rid of all the imposters

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