

Smoke weed in my old school
Candy paint drippin from my old school
I can touch the sky in my old school
My old school drive better than your new school

I done had everything, from bikes to trucks to mopeds
Leanin in the front, lookin good, untill I seen these old heads
67 73s, candy painted SRTs
Race stripes from the front to the back, who want it? me
I be rollin up in the 4 door, these women want my photo
That make them haters mad, I keep that same mojo
Sticky burner's pack, you don't know what car is that
All you know that's Donny G's, shorty with him, ass is fat
Check that, gonna valay park it, roll it and spark it
VIP see me, I'm the hottest thing on the market
Candy drippin, extra flippin, Rosay or Patrone sippin
Go pro, I got the Mercedes, but I think I want the Rolls though

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Man, I'm a parking lot pimper, a candy car flipper
A wood grain gripper, and a conjur sipper
No Couture leather, we stitchin on the nose
Great Concore drippin, I'm sittin on them 4s
Got the doors of a butterfly, straight out the cacoon
Smokin dro and no butter, the trunk is goin boom
Better make room for my elbos, I'm about to throw them hoes
Comin down on 44s, shittin on you, hold your nose
I'm so composed, and I'm so relaxed
I'm blowin dro, plus I'm blowin stacks
So hold your back, don't try to front
Get up out the way, we about to stunt

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