

Can't Hide It

Sir Michael Rocks

Hook:

I say the old D be friend when I'm driving
If she got ass then I'ma high five it
Put them legs on top of your body
I got them phones, them phones I can't hide it.
That old D be friend when I'm driving
If she got ass then I'ma high five it
Put them legs on top of your body
I got them phones, them phones I can't hide it.

Verse 1: Mike

It's rocks hoe... Picassooo,
My wardrobe looking like I cop dope
And my main girl throwed and do not show it
The mossy throw the Forks up but I'm not folks
Young nigga with funds treat hundreds like ones
When I whip the wicks and I grip the grain
Wood grain on that pistol grip
Critics say they pay half to god
On vacation I pay the squad
Man I need that trip so my mind I could take it all
For all of this bullshit I deal it on the daily
Them hoes tryin to be hoes, nigga tryin to be shady
I wonder by a votest, smoke a pack with my homies
Eat a couple lobsters, smack a couple phonies
'Cause when we kick it's a celebration
It's hella bitches think in several places
We smoking swisha's like it's medication
I stare it frankly but it's no relation

Hook:

I say the old D be friend when I'm driving
If she got ass then I'ma high five it.
Put them legs on top of your body
I got them phones, them phones I can't hide it.
That old D be friend when I'm driving
If she got ass then I'ma high five it
Put them legs on top of your body
I got them phones, them phones I can't hide it.

Verse 2: Rockie fresh

Said it's a party in this bitch the drinks stayin refilled
Niggas happy game f**ked up bout to re-built
Brick by brick the view so sick
I'm staring out a window with this thick ass chick
Who got her legs parted like a space between corn rows
I be on the road getting cheese and more doe
You at home where we chose deliver... we all know
If you ain't winning you slow when you see is your note
Everything is insane chain to the whip games
Yo bitch about the fall victim to the pimp game
On a boat she sailin she on the hunt like Helen
I know what women want but to these niggas I ain't tellin
And I ain't about that drama every time we go on deflect
I be high steppin, God balenciaga's on their neck
Nigga grind so I always win and got the bigger check

They ain't gotta like a nigga but I'm gon get my respect
Money money money money
You know what they want man
They do anything for it
'Cause this the...
Go go go go
Shake it, shake it, shake it,
Say it all day I'ma high five em