

# You Ain't Good

Vado

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a coke boy

The chain glisten, paint drippin  
But you ain't good  
Nuts bustin out your socks  
But you ain't good  
Ballin like a motherfucker  
But you ain't good  
Cause them niggas want they money back  
You getting money, shit funny,  
Cause that ain't you  
On the block like you hungry, but that ain't you  
Hit the glock, but it tell me boy that ain't you  
You need to stop, you start runnin when we come through

Ride drippin, paint drippin, nigga switching lanes  
Whole lot of bank on him  
Talking all that jass and them youngings at your door  
Shells from the chopper with your name on em  
Put your money on the wood, bet your legs break  
Hot like wind, you got burnt by your last bitch  
James bong beemer's cruising through the city slums  
Get your money youngin nigga, that's the rule of thug  
Coke boy, streets certified,  
I'm the driver at the wheel, I control the ride  
Put the work on the strip, I can show they how  
Rollin with a dirty strap in a stolen ride  
This that go and catch a lick and break you niggas off  
This that pull up on the strip and break them niggas off  
Chinx drugs, fuck with me no  
I think it's time I holler at them niggas really loud

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Aha, I feel like I'm boxed in, blocked in  
Got me on the corner like boxin  
Who hot then? I don't even care about your top 10  
I'm locked in, boots tellin you how to block bin  
It's poppin, booth, 3 quarter minks for water links  
Thought of chinx said come through like what you wanna drink  
Winter time, we on the corner with sodom heat  
Call your freaks at the staircase we play the hallway deep  
Sun stacking, nurse slackin  
Rather go hard than home he done nappin  
Pull up with your broad and pose like what's happenin  
We could get it in boatloads, my sign captain

Call the gang up, my gang up  
Hu blows on every wrist we big banged up  
Polo edition the signatures and the face butt  
Straight cuts, brighten the bezel so get your hate up, ah!

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Up top nigga that be down bottom  
Never did nothing nobody but them boys shot him  
Swerve up town, gonna check my nigga vado  
With your main bitch with me sippin out the bottle  
2 bad models walkin out ricardo's  
Fatigue pants rock, on me stand socks  
Learned a lot from old heads like my man pops  
Then played the field with big dogs, stayin locks

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