

Chickens No Flour

Young Jeezy

This remind me of the time I thought lost my rocks
Took my j's off and they was in my socks
Stones that big I put them in my watch
Got something for you haters and it's in that glock
(We cooking chickens no flour, we count the money weigh the powder) (2x)

I got my mind made I wanna be a millionaire
I got my mind made I take them bitches anywhere
I got pocket full of stones like I'm bun b
I got a pocket full of phones like I'm pimp c
What ya know snow or ghetto more like willie d
I park that lamb in that ghetto well that's silly of me (haha)
I got my backs packed yeah I'm thinking road trip
That mr. ice cream, rocky road trip
I'm about that getting green yeah I'm bumpin project back
I make it back with these blocks I bring the projects back
So I can cop that black benz for them chicken heads
I'm in the club spendin' ends yeah that chicken bread

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I'm in my 87' swiss that's my stove swag
I whip it till it's upset I make the stove mad
There's so much smoke up in this bitch man I can't see
And from a distance it look like I'm makin' iced tea (man you say ice t)
Everybody looks cocoa, when my dog was on I got them for the low low
I'm in that black on black lamb I call it country black
I threw them 30's on them lade now that's my country lac
Now what ya license plate say? I'm standin' to tall, now what t hat.40 cal say?
Bitch I will do ya'll, is it true you be rollin' with them chopper toys?
And everytime you in the club you with them chopper boys?

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