

Candy Red

Lil' Keke

Ok, understand me not you but me
This is another S.U.C. classic
Dedicated to all the fallen soldiers
And all the real slab riders of the south mayn, holla back

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene
But jump in, sipping codeine
Boys know, I'm candy red I'm on the scene
But jump in, sipping codeine
Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene
But jump in, sipping codeine
Know I'm candy red, know I'm candy red
Sipping codeine, sipping codeine

Apple red brandy wine, California dream boat
It's super nice I sprayed it twice, I swear I got a mean coat
Pull up on the scene hot, can't forget my cream top
I'm down in Houston Texas, where them gangstas live they dreams out
S.U.C. another year, drinking like it's Screw in here
We tipping broads and sipping oil, I'm trying to make myself clear
Boys gotta see me, on the scene
They say that Young Don, keep that motherfucker clean
I'm out here like a king, candy on the car
We on them double cups, and drinking green labeled bar
That bloody blunt that sticky one, they taught me how to hold
I tear the lane and do my thang, that young nigga cold Don Ke

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Boys don't know, they shouldn't of never let the hog loose
Fo' do' panorama, stretched out the Porsche coupe
Red turn heads, but I come through in that black thang
Lincoln on Porillas, they thinking I'm Fat Pat mayn
Body rock the K, and bounce and turn through the Tre
Having it my way, I ball sunny or grey
Live out the pen, still running them jiggas
Eight dollars a coozer, still they drank nigga
Three summers later, only question where the paper
They talking bout a dropper, Javier owe me a favor
Peel back the wig, on that old school monster
Cardier aviators, balling since a youngster
Tapping on that iPad, yapping on that iPhone
Cup full of Big Moe, kush got my mind gone
Yeah, I say that kush got my mind blown
Hand the game over, cause the motherfucking hog home

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Candy red top cracked, 45 cocked back
That lean giving niggaz the bidness, bitch I'm about that
Hating y'all could stop that, I'm cleaner than a motherfucker
Crawling up the strip, fifth leaning like a motherfucker
Ay, hell yeah I brought my swag with me
Bank roll bad bitch, in the Jag with me
Head turner, when you see me in the street
Pulling up in some'ing exotic, with sneakers on the seat
Swell it up, sew the wall I hit em
Smash the petal to the flo', watch this motherfucker get em
I pull up on the scene, now the whip looking mean
Skinny waxed it I'm in traffic, got the whip looking clean yeah

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