

Yo, yo, I need a car. I have to go to the garden. I'm gonna be late.
I need one right now. Can we please call La Luna?

Alright

Hello. You've reached La Luna Luxury Car Unlimited Services. If you need a ride to the airport call 1-800 airport. Please hold

Yo, what beat is that, huh? Oh, that is funky, what is that? Yo, what beat is that?

It's from the phone

Could rhyme on this. Oh, hell yeah, haha, yeah

Came out the pussy wearing Timbs

Oh, my lord, it's him

Time to put the toys back in the bin

'Cause I'm sick of this shit

Motherfucker sweeter than a licorice stick

And it's rubbing me the wrong way to say the least

I'ma save my peace

And I'ma breeze in the caprice with the gold seats

Bumpin' Boosie on a slow creep

look at stone man, you know me

Asian shooter with the blonde hair

Street Fighter character

Fuck around and suplex 'em through the sailor bar

My life is greenlit, no script

And we all know that money be the motive of this whole shit

Bitch, I'm focused like none other than number one Don Dada

Drop-top, jokes on the youngster, now look at him

Looking slim in the red '89 Testarossa with the wing

Mind blown

A customer representative will be with you shortly. Did you know we can get to you in just seven minutes. Seven minutes. Call 1-800-8...

Your shit lack quality

I'm sitting right behind my chick

Making pottery

My first joint was like an odyssey

The second joint straight raw like the shaman's feet

Climbed the stairs to the sun

Sacrificed myself for protection of my only son

Keep the bloodline strong while I watch close

To another thousand years, here's a toast (clink)

Champagne drippin' down the beard hair

Supermodels sucking while I steer the long pink fleetwood

Roll a big fat blunt so you know I'm gonna sleep good

Now

Ah!

Rock-a-bye baby

Yeah

Rock-a-bye baby

Uh-huh