

Speed Ball

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This is a speed ball, something you might not know about
How did a crack head get up in the white house?
I let my phone rang like I let my chains hang
I think you need to come down on the price range

This is bolo, Bruce Lee like, King Like
The POLICE not cops, but STING like
Man I'm the type to roll weed at a green light
She turned back to a pumpkin at midnight

This is a pay-scale, and yo it's mixed with the crime wave
Where we spend everything, and we don't save
Shopaholics, alcoholics call it what you want it
The jewelry is all good 'til you have to pawn it

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Man this is Coco County
I make all these suckas get from round me
And sometimes I like to flash all my dope thangs
My eyes lit when the weed and the dope came
It's like I spent my whole life in the dope game

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This is the seventh sign, a new car and a new crime
My Stan Smith's are all white, my new kicks
I like my milkshakes and money clip real thick
My clothes Dougie Fresh, my hair Slick Rick

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I keep the weed lit, and don't ask me bout nothing
I ain't seen shit, my dark shades at night time is real life
I gamble like ima die that's real life
I like the car black and I like to smoke white

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You wanna transform, well don't be mad when I Decepticon
The ganga, The mecca dah, the God Khan
I look like Mustafa when I roll bomb
And I'll stay but only 'til the weeds gone

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