

# Candayapple

Blackbear

Yeah  
beartrap sound

I'ma pull up, sip that Houston, Texas with some soda  
Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes  
Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies, hey ladies"  
Hey girl, what's up, I'ma pour this drink up with some soda  
Candy apple, fake gold paint Mercedes  
Flex on all my exes like, "Hey ladies"  
Hey girl, what's up

What's up, can I get an ice Coke?  
Soda screwed up the rice though  
Perperet love, I like money  
Big mopo up, no scrub  
I'm the president of the drink club  
Pharmacist's line want new plug  
Dimepiece wanna rub my nut  
Strapped with a rubber, no glove, no love  
Take her to the bathtub, then undress  
Pour codeine all over your chest  
Let me confess, take you on a quest  
On a life on the west and I come from Tex  
Sippin' on a cup to relieve stress  
When you're with me, it's always the best  
I make all the rest seem like a pest  
But there's only one Paul Wall I guess  
Candy apple fake gold  
With a trade poll  
Cost me about 4k pesos  
blackbear came through with a J-Lo  
My day one, booty softer than Play-Doh  
Lay low as I pour up slow  
Stay true, I never fold  
Game cold, that thing is swole  
Don't mind me, I'm getting thrown

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I'ma show up, show up  
Hypnotic with the Henny paint marauder  
Call me daddy, you would think that bitch my daughter  
She my accessory, you know that I'ma flaunt her  
That bitch so bad that you would think that she a Jenner  
Tell these hoes that I ain't really 'bout that drama  
Got less money, got a count, it's just the counter  
Look at the tags, how many lay down per bag  
When I'm feelin' sad, I just start countin' my cash  
Pocket and grab

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I don't know what they callin' for  
Sippin' drink outside of Baltimore  
Got me a house way out the Sugarland  
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans  
Purple stains over my Robin pants  
Prayin' for the Jack, got me feeling like Gucci  
I pour forward for the manfazine  
Pull up on the scene with a crease in my jeans  
There's a kid in matte black, MCM backpack  
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans  
Heard a kid in matte black, MCM backpack  
Sippin' codeine, I forgot my plans  
Purple stains over my Robin pants  
Prayin' for the Jack, got me feeling like Gucci  
I pour forward for the manfazine  
Pull up on the scene with a crease in my jeans

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