

## Cassette

Chevy Woods

Oh you got some friends too  
Sweet  
We're just like the cookout you know drink a little bit  
Smoke a few ooh

It's more than music you niggas think it's nothing all  
Got you bitch on my line is she wishin I call  
Total looking the sky baby wish on a star  
Ain't no mission impossible 'cause my mission accomplished,  
Ya now rocking with the most underrated  
But your main girls favourite  
So she invited to a Taylor Gang event all the champagne poppin  
All the 100 dollars spent you no  
You never been so I guess not,  
They sleepin on a nigga like truckers at truck stops  
From a dollar so I guess this what the buck stops  
Pull up like mmmh I need it off the car lot  
My diamonds say a lot I don't talk too much  
The wide face big sort of like hockey puck  
What up full gang a couple cool chains  
Tgog that's how I do  
Thangs...

[Hook:]

You know you rock it with the best little mama  
Them other niggasa they cool  
Until I pull up the sucka players suck em from the taylors'  
And they like uuh, layy  
Until a green light, that's the only way I go  
Baby you welcome to the cook out  
That's if you wanna go.yaa...

I'm just drinkin creeping  
Smoking while I'm rapping bitch  
That's cheifin' while I'm speaking in the deep end  
Got my feet in  
Plus all my nigga stacking don't know what you niggas thinking  
Brought a couple friends I brought a couple friends so you should meet them  
You tired I got some pijamas for you to sleep in  
I'm rockin Balenciaga the models all give me proper's  
In fashion niggas say I'm light years passing niggas  
Who wanna grind who got it locked  
Go ahead and ask these niggas who want my shine  
I'm way too boojie for these nasty niggas  
I'm rolling up my trees and passed the weed right passed these niggas  
'Cause you got all your moves from me but you ain't ask me nigga

[Hook:]

You know you rock it with the best little mama  
The other nigga they cool  
Until I pull up the sucka players suck em from the Taylors'  
And they like uuh, man  
Until a green light, that's the only way I go  
Baby you welcome to the cook out  
That's if you wanna go... yeah

Don't spill my liquor bitch

They got a cold I'll be on some sicker shit  
Like bless you niggas who hated on me  
I got that car she in the bed she waiting on me  
Tryin something yeah you would get a hollow head  
Let the town talk sheavy get a lot of bread  
I'm really bout it and you just playing game  
My niggas got a lot of years and they ain't sayin names  
I just pull up on some Taylor shit  
Gater shit old school player shit  
Just to look in your eye you on some hater shit  
'Cause I'm on my grind on some Big Jerm skater shit  
Poor some more cups it's the players ball  
You ain't invited 'cause you ain't playin at all  
You bitch getting loose... off a cup of juice  
I ain't' gotta lie shit you see the truth  
It's proof

[Hook:]

You know you rock it with the best little mama  
Them other niggas they cool  
Until I pull up the sucka players suck em from the Taylors'  
And they like uuh, man  
Until a green light, that's the only way I go  
Baby you welcome to the cook out  
That's if you wanna go yeah