

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 niggas 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 boogie 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