

# Outta Pocket

Clyde Carson

Yeah I put the top down on my brand new B  
Top notch on my job,  
I'm just a young fly nigga out here on D  
You can hear me coming out my block  
Another day another dollar, hit me we can holla  
For some paper I'll be on time,  
Harder ladies swear to God they in love with me,  
But nigga I don't pay that shit no mind.

I just go maniac or stu stu don't believe in cuban,  
Got a fetish for new diamonds, no cubic say, time we hit the stay  
Yeah they lose it all my bumpers so I bump it and I  
Then I lose I taught a class with the game in the the husslers handbook,  
Still been a long time, come and same cooks,  
Still rock it with the whole fam same crooks,  
Dedicated to follow the play book.

[Hook]

Alabams fuck a wallet,  
I want it, I got it, just being honest  
If you ain't gettin money bitch you outta pocket,  
If you ain't gettin money bitch you outta pocket  
Outta pocket, outta pocket, out-outta pocket,  
Alabams fuck a wallet,  
If you ain't gettin money bitch you outta pocket,  
If you ain't gettin money bitch you outta pocket.

Been down the block, straight up and down nigga keep a six o'clock  
Leanin like a nock, so high I'll be out of space with the shit man  
I'm feelin like I'm spot, tell the bitch don't stop get it, get it  
Real nigga out the mother fucker rich,  
It's me, problem and Carson, beg you pardon,  
So much paper I'll be all in the margin,  
Flow butter no margerine, uh, beg yellow one margine  
Bet dark all in the car with me and my niggas we so dope you could snored it  
Ballin, no you can't afford it, real shit, make sure you record it,  
Coming bout some bullshit I might 'ford it,  
All my homies hangin and shinin like an ornament.

[Hook]

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Yeah, all the clyde that you in,  
This crackin define it, decides and let a nigga win  
So fuck it I'ma turn up,  
If your whole body tat it lift your shirt up,  
And show you suckers what you claim and Jack spend thirty last night,  
Fuck it I could make it back,  
What? in Miami with them bad hoes,  
Still catch me in the ghetto with them mad hoes,

Fuckin the shit out em, dice rollin,  
Baddin on bur, he buckin the shit out em,  
2 steppin with my holy mollie got me feelin thugish,  
But nigga I ain't that high, don't be ask me with my plug is,  
Now they gonna go to wild west what's the hoe that  
See the busters in the game pick em out like the a fronac  
And do em like a dealer and pull that card,  
Stop gasin these niggas like you do them cars,  
Step stuckin shit.

[Hook]

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