

# Tuck Spot

Clyde Carson

[Hook]

3 hunned thousands in the tuck spot  
What I ride around like I'm broke hoe  
These bitches on my nuts now  
Cause they know a nigga getting more dough

Stupid mainy hella saucey from the trap  
Must have blew her minds from it she heard a nigga back  
I slit through the spot already gone off yak  
Half a bottle in my pocket ain't no act, nigga  
My folks was driving, hoes was hiding  
When they seen that s5 pull up aside her  
Run off and stay in pocket like a real bitch  
The peers in my swag, can you feel it  
I step up in the joint let the hoes get on me  
Turn the party off whenever team performing  
I pull off in foreign I might squat the limit  
Have to see my house to see how I'm living  
It's bout, it's bout

[Hook x2]

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Boss mac-ing looking like a ball player  
Got a mansion on a golf course by the lake I look out  
Type of pair make your bitch drop come in  
Get amazed, get some head, get some dick and get out  
A little conversation figured I was broke  
Ain't know her favorite song as the song I wrote  
Ain't even gotta stunt, no jewelry on  
Rather blow her mind when I bring her home  
Fuck her on the couch, fucking up the head board  
Let her fly me out, take me to the airport  
Walking round broke, rare form,  
Old bit, but I got some new jordan, whop out!

[Hook x2]

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Another million in the attic, money I'm an addict  
Don't follow her around cause my shit on automatic  
A.r.e. sticks shift porsche automatic  
If they knew how much I have, then they prolly need a medic  
Stay on under but niggas know I'm big whipping  
I slide through the block with my new shit sitting  
Sitting, sitting, new bitch sitting for a stand up nigga  
So that new bitch sitting  
3 in the morning ain't disappointed, my bitch the truth  
Just like sir jordan it ain't no loot, it ain't important  
I'm eating good, but living normal, whop out!

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