

Catch you slippin' with them all white Buffies
Take that like Puffy
I'll Leave a nigga with some shit stains
Leave blood stains all on them wood frames
Catch you slippin' with your feet up
Nigga, fuck that, even beat your bitch up
Catch you walkin' round North Lyn with Ye's on
Run up on her, snatch those, now they gone
I can get 400 for these wire frames
Fresh out the box, no scratches, mayne
Real deal dawg, no fake shit
Transition lens, nigga take shit
Seen a nigga with them old school Mayfairs
Caught a two piece, at the state fair
Seen a nigga at the Coney with some ice in him
Now the doctor tryin' to put some fuckin' life in him
That's how it is in the city of the motor
Where a nigga doin' what he gotta do to get a quarter
Dime, nickle, penny
Automatic, semi
Catch a nigga wit' them Cartiers and I'm like "gimme"
That's why we four deep in this Regal
Bangin' rock bottom, dirty Desert Eagle
Finna hit the club, you know what's up
You got some Cartiers, you gettin' fucked up

And we goin' in the party
And we snatchin' niggas Cartys
I say we goin' in the party
And we snatchin' niggas Cartys
We goin' in the party
And we snatchin' niggas Cartys

I seen a pair of woods, twenty two hundred
I seen a nigga wit' em, I told that nigga run it
I leave a nigga dalmatian for them Malmaisons
For them rosewoods, roses where you stood
And I think them wood frames better on me
Sold 'em for six, coulda got a G
You think you real, g? That heater on your ass
Lose your life over Cartier glasses
I'm where you get caved over shades
Wood on your caskets, flower on your graves
You think them wire frames shinin'?
I'll be at the pawn shop before this rhyme end
And I'm 'bout to get cake
Come to find out that this nigga glasses was fake
It's all good, g, it's aight
That's why I'm bout to hit the club tonight