

My paint be drippin' wet I'm clean as Clorox  
And you can hear my beat for like 3 or 4 blocks  
And when I hit the corner all the girls gone be jockin my Cutlass, Cutlass

The roof of my roof's bald headed convertible top  
What use is a old school if it ain't a drop  
I got a zap of rock and a 5th of Ciroc  
Teflon burner glove don't get molly-wopped  
She liking on me she loving what she see  
A big nigga with style S.W.A.G.  
Every since a child had G.A.M.E.  
Backwards ass smile bet not fuck with me  
Electric dash electric glass electric everything  
Highly carbureted dual exhaust camillion booger green  
Fresh back from the car wash fresh back from a bathe  
When the sun hits my paint it turns a different shade  
I ain't got time to be bullshittin' I got money on my agenda  
I've been gettin bread since I came out of the placenta  
Sevas in the summer time rallies in the winter  
Side wood light skin big booty tender

I keep them bands on deck my mans on a jet  
Some soft up on the block in a duce cutty drop  
I remember when I copped back in '88  
I set em on some straights filled the trunk with fosgates  
And since I'm movin weight you know I couldn't wait  
Brought that motor out the crate then I taught it how to skate  
We turnin figure eights half and whole cakes  
We take em on a chase We ain't tryin to take the case  
Bitches know I'm fly got that vocal tone  
And when they see me they be askin what I'm smokin on  
I tell em cookies bitch you know I got that provolone  
And you can call me on the under on my iPhone  
You see me insides you know I keeps it stocked  
And when I leave the block everybody stop and watch  
You never know you might catch a sideshow  
I lay that top back down and then I drive slow

Bitch this ain't my Bentley this my seven duce  
TV deg W sevens press that big ole zeus  
Matter fact I got a pair of those for dummies that means 2  
My shit is clean as fuck but when I brought it it was through  
I took it off the frame bitch this not a game  
Got motor new suspension brand new everythang  
Candy orange outside guts cocaine  
Rims hella chrome see my face and my chain  
New shoes on it 22's homie  
And I would leave that bitch at home if I was you homie  
Cause I'm a swing it sideways and slap to the trap  
Off Patron and a zone with the zap on my lap  
Change my flow up fasho but never fuck the dough up  
In the city where prices go down but never go up  
Niggas see the Cutlass and they know it's the double  
Flossin on that ass and you know you in trouble