

Candy Paint

Post Malone

Yeah, yeah, mmm

Candy paint with the white on top
Lambo doors are the oo-op drop
If you busy plotting on what I got
Kick in your door, that's what you thought
Hundred thousand dollars on the table top
Half price my whips same price my watch
Got no jumper but I ball a lot
Bitch I'm young stoney, I do what I want
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Didn't know that was your girl when she gave me top
Kicked her out the Rolls said, "Thanks a lot"
God damn I love paper, like I'm Michael Scott
I can do things that your man cannot
Slide boy comin' down
Damn I'm hot
Everybody say that I gotta be stopped
Even though my final form ain't unlocked
I'm so far ahead of you motherfuckers
How you comprehend what you ain't understanding?
Count a hundred bands and I watch it vanish
Diamonds going crazy like they on the dance floor
Got a lot of ass, nothing I can't handle

Flavor that's whatever, you should try a sample
Baby I'm the boss like I'm Tony Danza
Everybody trying to tell me what I stand for
But you don't fucking know me homie you don't want war

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I've been rolling twenty ash, hit the road
Hit the switch up the suicide doors

We already know you vanished though
Hit my momma when I ride in that, oh
All these motherfuckers so false with me
If your money funny, don't talk to me (nah)
I know there is shit that you could offer me
Take a second if you think about crossing me

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