

# Propane

Rittz

Riding in my Caddy  
El Dorado on my gold things  
Speakers in the trunk  
The neighbors screaming causing road rage  
And you know that I'm  
Too busy to be bothered  
I don't answer when my phone rings  
Making money in the music business  
Like I'm in the dope game  
Like somebody came and lit the propane  
Oh bang

Riding in my Chevy Monte Carlo on them chrome things  
Speakers in the trunk  
The neighbors screaming causing road rage  
And you know that I'm (Ya-uh-ya, ya-uh yeah!)  
Too busy to be bothered  
Rolling up and blowing smoke rings  
Making money in the music business  
Like I'm in the dope game  
Like somebody came and lit the propane  
I'm on fire  
Like I'm reunited with an old flame  
I'm on fire (Yeah!)  
Like somebody came and lit the propane  
I'm on fire  
Like I'm reunited with an old flame  
I'm on fire (Yeah!)  
I'm on fire

Rittz up in this bitch  
They should nickname me classic  
Driving that classic Cadillac  
I fashion it in traffic  
Bout' to drop a classic album  
Here's a classic song to match it  
Jordans on my feet  
I hit the gas and then I pass them  
Smell the weed I'm chiefting  
Had to crack the window gasping  
Cussing out my homie  
Cuz' he's ashing on the missus in the back  
I said you pushin it  
You almost burned a hole  
Right through the cushions in my pillow seats  
They padded like a mattress  
Million dollar motive  
Call me Jonny Global  
Funny I remember how it felt when I was local  
Now we travel coast to coast  
Spanish bitches holler "Hola!"  
When I'm in my Arizona Home  
It's candy coated LoLo  
When you ride in chrome or solid gold  
You gotta showboat  
In my Monte Carlo  
Bout' to valet park it up at Fogo

Haters they can hate  
But they can't take away my mojo  
I took my lady home  
I hit the club and rolled up solo  
When I'm

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Pimp Tight, M-J-G  
I thought I told you serious  
Not a joke  
A real juicy pussy  
Poke her, I  
Fifty-five driver  
Never in a disguise, a  
Real nigga for real  
90's era survivor  
Keep hoes hoeing  
As long as the wind blowing  
As long as the friends going  
That's how you get ten going  
That's multiplication and communication at its best  
Power and pimpin  
My manipulation is the test  
For all of the ones who think they are the greatest  
Their popularity is sinking  
Cuz' there you go again thinking  
Now I done told y'all niggas  
Wanting to be the best  
You gotta learn from the best  
Cuz' we invented the rest  
Yeah me and my O-G's  
The Run D-M-C's  
E-P-M-D's  
Rakim's and Eric B.'s  
The Geto Boys  
The Bun B's and the Pimp C's  
You might a trick  
But you can't charge these

I'm gone like a drone  
High in the sky  
I'm behind the wheel  
But I feel like I fly  
Pulling up chromey  
Got some cookies on me  
Continue to keep cool with cops all around me  
It's hot as Tabasco  
Press on the gas slow  
Blew at an ugly bitch  
She had a whole bunch of ass though  
Creeping, bending corners  
Like I did in nine-six  
\$1.50 a gallon for gas

Used to be higher'n a bitch  
Ride all day  
Smoke all night  
And play some funky music I hope y'all like  
In the hood all good  
Kenwood with the woofers  
Pulling up on d-boys, thugs, pimps, and hookers  
Look at D is what they say  
When they see me  
When I be coasting  
They be asking me for weed  
Because they know that I be smoking  
Every day, all day  
Nigga 24/7  
I give them a hit then split  
They be like "Give me more, Devin"  
But I'm

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I'm on fire  
I'm on fire  
(Ya-uh-ya, ya-uh yeah!)