

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 chiefing
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
(Ya-uh-ya, ya-uh yeah!)