

## Driving 88

Rockie Fresh

[Verse 1: Rockie Fresh]

Yeah ok I heard these hoes lookin, rockie who they  
lookin for  
What that nigger doin, out here tryin get his dough  
What I say they see it so they call this shit my  
picture flow  
Never been abusive but they call me mr. hit the ho  
I'm smashing when she twerkin, got lil momma workin  
And she say she not a ho she just felt I was deservin  
She saw me up on twitter couldn't wait to meet in  
person  
Now she tell me I'm the bomb I need ammo and a turban  
I'm about to blow up I tell my haters peace  
My shoe connection gotta be a hundred racks at least  
It's big business on my table tell my lawyers feast  
If you ain't talkin big business then don't even speak  
  
At high key I give a fuck about a hater they be  
laughing at me now  
I'm out here getting paper

[Hook:]

I'm stuntin  
Feeling good feeling great. lotta twists and turns but I  
got my paper straight  
On the road to the riches driving 88, with a couple bad  
bitches driving 88  
Stuntin  
Me and my niggas can't wait, we tryin to get a meal for  
every digit on our plate  
On the road to the riches driving 88, with a couple bad  
bitches driving 88

[Verse 2:]

Ok I'm hied up baped out more swag then the little  
wayne  
Even got no stripes on but dam I'm so official  
If I ever got some drama I send dough to come and get  
you  
He a Chi town nigger all the way down to the gristle  
When shut out my homie casey got these bitches on the  
d-low  
I'm ballin I feel like jordan when he hit that shot on  
e-low like  
Robin I'm on my hustle you shook up like brown russell  
The kush is jas purple I'm takin off from the freethrow  
I'm just tryina get my cut. choppa chop it down  
Watch me throw some money up and these bitches hit the  
ground  
While I'm

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[Verse 3: Casey Veggies]

Like uhh aw man. straight body. my new flows remind me  
of 12 guage shottys  
I love when show promoters tell me I get payed shortly  
It make my face light up I feel like robert orie  
When he hit that shot that made the headlines in the  
paper runnin 10  
For my city like kobe do with the lakers I'm mobbin at  
my pace  
Drivin 88 surviving in my city like a rap battle with j  
You got a couple thousand my nigga that baby weight  
Peas and carrots we da business just like babies say  
Hundred million dollars bad hoes holla  
Get my team straight and get rid of all the imposters

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