

When the seed harvest, and the food grow
Them cocoa leafs turning to that good blow
Peruvian coke, maneuver the boat
Mafia nect ya They said my music influence violence
I don't give a fuck I'm on the cayman islands
My 9 is gonna die with me
Pick up the supply with me
I get that money, them euro's, them pounds and yen
Dis is for dead eye stuck in the pen
Dis is for white boy stuck in them pens
Doin 2000 push ups for his jail time ends
I mix the nuvo, with patron silver
The hoe's like it I call it pink panther
I'm in the cherry roadster, strappin the holster
Bad red bones bitch like rose acosta
Fuck 300 months on the wake up
I need 300 blunts and a jacob
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