

A-Plus
Thug nigga get your cake up
We're smokin' on that A-Plus
Uuuuh, uuuuh...
Thick bitch with me got that A-Plus
Yeah, it's Dolph

I'm flyin' through the city in a 2 seater
Runnin' red lights pourin' up syrup
Thick bitch with me poppin' pain killers
I'm smokin' loud A.K.A. that brain killer
Bought a house in the hood to sell kush there
Five Franklyns for my Prada footwear
My family infested with dope fiends
Guess it run in my jeans cause I'm sprung on Codeine
The bad bitches show me love, the broke niggas hatin'
Snitches tellin' on me got the Feds investigatin'
The illest nigga in my city nigga, straight up
These lil' niggas midgrade, Dolph A-Plus

First thing first when I wake up (What you do?)
I brush my teeth and roll a blunt of A-Plus
Plus you sold Kush he make you wanna lay us
I told lil' mama, bitch you got that A-Plus (A-Plus)
A-Plus (A-Plus), A-Plus
She off the chain with it, I gave her a A-Plus (A-Plus)
A-Plus (A-Plus), A-Plus
I pull up with the calculator, I'm servin' A-Plus

I pull up with the calculator the service strong
Got a ATL bitch bad to the bone
Got a East Memphis Yellow Bone
And everythang I got, I got it on my own (Word)
High top, Ferragamos laced up
So many Franklyns look like we just robbed a bank truck
In a vet coupe rollin' up A-Plus
They try to copy but them niggas ain't us
Knowin' damn well they can't do the shit like we do
P-U to them Pee-Wees I'm in the air I don't see you
I told lil' mama she bad, she say come get a rearview
She gave me that A-Plus and I buy that bitch a new hair-do

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