

## In Charlotte

Young Dolph

What watch should I put on though?  
Aye what car should I drive today?  
Aye somebody roll up a blunt  
Big money shit  
(If Young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you)

Million dollars cash, all twenties in the closet  
Bought a short bus because my ice game retarded  
Self-made millionaire, now I'm labelled a target  
Fucked that bitch and put her out 'cause her pussy was garbage  
Yeah them bitches bad so I pass 'em to my lil niggas  
They wanna act up so I pass them boys to the hitters  
Don't ask me why they mad, I don't know, I'm getting too much scrilla  
My bank account got big and my head got even bigger  
White Audemar, gold bracelet, big rocks  
A whole month straight ain't been bumpin' shit but Pac  
Coogi sweater on, RIP B-I-G  
I just left LA on the way to NYC

Call me water boy 'cause I'm dripping all this water  
Met her down in Florida but I fucked that bitch in Charlotte  
Born a dope boy, never wanted to go to college  
Bad Puerto Rican, New York bitch, met her in Starlets  
I shut down the party, I shut down the party  
Went and parked the Rari then I go jump on the Harley  
Pull up, go and throw a dub at Cameo in Charlotte  
I shut down the party, I shut down the party

Goddamn man  
Who the fuck is this? hello?  
(Hello, hello, hold up  
Are y'all straight bruh?)  
Yeah, wassup bruh?  
(Aye y'all straight, you straight?)  
Man what the fuck happened man, we heard about this shit, what the fuck happened up there man? what y'all got going on? huh?)  
That nigga shot all the motherfuckin' bullets, ain't hit shit  
Stupid ass nigga

Just cause my money keep running like Forrest Gump  
I got niggas hate me like I'm Donald Trump  
Where I'm from you don't make it to see 21  
That's why all these young niggas ridin' 'round with they gun  
Front page newspaper, number one topic  
Niggas mad at Dolph Obama just 'cause I'm the hottest  
Can't nobody stop me, man my neck so rocky  
Said she seen Flippa dancing and that's how she spot me  
Two things that I just can't respect  
A fuck nigga and a lying ass bitch  
That lil nigga keep on running up that check  
I gave my dogs the recipe to get rich  
They started shooting, we didn't even break a sweat  
April Fools, the trick's on you bitch  
You playing checkers lil boy, I'm playing chess  
I just scored again boy, all nets  
Paper Route, we got now and next  
That's a motherfucking mansion 'round my neck

I'm in a Chevelle, but the motor it came out a Vette  
I might sign with DJ Khaled, because we the best, hah

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