

Colombia

Young Scooter

Chea Haha
Black Migo Gang
I just left Colombia
Birdman count up
Ross (Double M)
GuWop, Brick Squad
Young Scooter chea
Rozay Stunna Rich Gang
What's happening, nigga (M-M-M-Maybach Music)

I can make cocaine
3.5 kilos on my gold chain
I just flew to Haiti
Zoe fuck around gave me 80
Chickens like the wing-stop (HUH!)
Nigga tried to kill me but I had the thing cocked
They think I know the voo-doo
How they keep showing my Ghost on that channel 2
I'm having dreams and nightmares (HUH!)
MJ moon-walking on them white squares (WHOOO!)
I'm a boss not a Capo
Pussy nigga time to call me El Chapo
Trappin' till a hundred mill (HUH!)
Built a mansion for my killers out in Summer Hill
Bad bitches never fuck with y'all
We fuck em then we drop em off in them muscle cars
Chrome wheels and them rally stripes
Third party conversations through them satellites
Lil nigga got a appetite
We do em and we pray they momma have a candlelight {M-M-M-Maybach Music}

I can make cocaine
I just fell in love with a Cuban
I just left Colombia
Now we get em in by the metric tons

(Rich Gang... 5 Star)
I just left Colombia
Fly, skinny tires I ain't frontin none
Bitch they call me Birdman
Whip it from the kitchen to the curb man (ya heard me?)
Used to rob blocks on them backstreets
Dippin through them backstreets, traveling with 10 a piece
Kingpin lifestyle
Million on the whip, hundred mil, hundred thou
20 million on a new home
Line tap got me hustling off of five phones
Gotta get it by all means
Put it down for my city from a triple beam
BLAAAT~!

I was trapping outta granny house I broke the screen door
Rappers say they kingpins but ain't never seen dope
Whippin dope in every bowl you can't find a clean bowl
Long line full of fiends, Gucci need a green store
Wanna visit Coca-Cola come to Gucci mane store
And I ain't never told a soul, I don't need a snitch foe

R.I.P. Pimp, shouts to Bun, I just sold a metric ton
I got 99 bricks and I still won't front you one
WOP~!

Hop up out that airplane
Me and Hector got a meeting with the Rich Gang
Free my nigga Poo Tang
Sold more dope than every rapper in the rap game
Really seen them truck loads
Came a long way from them country dirt roads
I own Lil Mexico
Pushin' bricks from the east to the west coast
Summertime I'm charging 16
You got ugly bricks you know my remix look clean
I'm BMG stamping everything
The streets mine and you'll never see a drought again