

# 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