

Guapo, When You See It

My double cup is so dirty
And the clip hold a thirty
I don't know which one you working
I don't know which one you working
But we know fake when we see it
We know hate when we see it
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We know these niggas some hoes
I ain't faking no more
I ain't keeping no secrets, I'm a' let the world know
Since these niggas be hating, niggas gone' get exposed
I ain't cocking no deuces
So please do not call my phone
I'm a' fuck all they hoes
They some actors we know
Me and Take got a one liter then we poured us a four
I had your bitch at the spot, I made her take off her clothes
I got some bros in the 0, and they from Hollygrove
I'm a' call up Tray1, and he gone' fuck up the stove
You a junky my nigga, I know you play with your nose
Call my jeweller tell him put 5 karat's in my earlobe
We know there's snakes in the grass, can get hit with that R.I.C.O
I'm a' hustler like Jay Z, and I'm a' ball like Alpo
Money before these hoes
[?]
Never fall out by money, cause' we gone' get some more
I'm from the streets, I won't fold
I just live by the code

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Which one is you working
Popping seals like they virgins
Wrapping that work up no turbine
Broke niggas I am allergic
My nigga tell me what's your purpose
The bando be jumping like Kermit
I'm calling up Guapo, we go get that nacho, we pull up like the Secret Service
Rolling up cookies and Backwoods

Stuffing my weed like tobacco
Pretty boy, Offset, and Capo
Migos like Pablo Escobar [?] vato
Cooking up dope let the junkie taste some
Want cocaine classes call up Tray1
Expose you niggas just for fun
Pinky ring swole, Big bun
I know these niggas they envy me
These niggas didn't believe in me
I know they hate when we see it nigga
Pussy nigga don't you speak to me
They killed my bro Pistol Pete, Rest in Peace
Pull in the six four, no Eazy E
Money over bitches, M.O.B
Cookies punching out the cookie jar, Hercules
I take the two liter, Peach Crush
Fill that bitch up with some mud
It got to be Actavis my nigga can't sip like you niggas never did Tuss
I pull up in the I-8
Tell Corey open the gate
That's the first thing my mama told me when I was young how to know what was fake

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Which one you working lil' boy
I'm still serving you know it
When I busted out the wrap, you know it's already going
Walking in the trap and it's snowing
I got a shooter Bruce Bowen
When I pop the seal, I keep pouring
Look at my shoes, Rick Owens
Which are you working my dude
Hurry up and come purchase this dog food
My niggas don't play by the rules
I got my degree out of trap school
Young nigga hitting licks
With the old dirty stick
Trapping out the house, but this time its' a mansion bitch
Having mob ties
Y'all niggas tell lies
You had it all in high school, now they say you dropping fries
That's the one that you working, which are you working
Still on the block, call me Quavo Kendrick Perkins
Double cup still Easter pink call it Kirby
Outside clean but the inside dirty
Riding around town and a nigga still swerving
Jet me ans my passenger seat, and it hold a thirty

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