

Pack, In My Car

(chorus)

Riding down the street
and I see a pretty girl
she wants me, I want her
I will take her to my world
I'm in my car
I'm stunting in my car
You know I'm in my car
I'm stunting in my car
My car

(verse 1)

Ridin hi than a light pole
lookin like a light show
paint from the east but
my pants from tokyo
trunk on summer jam
yea im a stunna man
so much money i can't fit it
in a rubberband stupidddd and
they know i go hard ridin down
crack street stuntin in my car
tips on the scrape cause they knowin im a star
and i buy my own drink i aint
f**kin wit the bar
see me all thru richmond
slidin on the sixes
paint like frenches poppin at
the bitches scrape thang scrape thang
uno got one 2 f**k wit ya boy
girl i bet it be a fun move

Chorus

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(verse 2)

Goin dumb in the club hella boppas
i-got- my eyes on you
the one in the yellow
and the one in the blue
a.o.b yea gimmie that loop
movin like a hood
eatin like that
neva want fruit no peach nun
that boppa take that whats
that B plus pearl makes
a chick nun less yea
keep it in the pack all in the
family s-s-s-s L be the
grampy hanky panky don't do stanky
hit it in her mouth yea you a nanny

Chorus

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(verse 3)

I'm so different your so not
i rock empire yea im the king
3 cute chicks gotta choose which one
i got 3 phones gotta choose which one
on the dance floor im the man
2 step cool like winterfresh
i sag not to show my ass but
kiss it girl yea lick it off
got a whip for every season
drop the top will make it 'cassion
but im to cool but my neck
like freeza icy whip can skate and im

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(verse 4)

Ya'll ridin down the block in a helicopter
it's the helicopter for the yellow boppas no B
got them for the pussy boppas 24inch
what i'm sittin up in green
all night call me pimp again
man the windows rolled down
cause my patna smokin got a
tiny ass sweater and my weed from oakland
call me don-k don-k be what focused
bang kuddddang and the rims is broken
say you wanna be B but you not the
ocean like daaaaat ya boy is wet
im like yeeeeea ya boy was floatin

chorus

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