Double Cup

DJ Infamous

Ok now purple stuff in my styrofoam
Sippin' slow while they blowin' strong
All I need is my dirty sprite
All I need is her super dome
Drapped up & I'm dripped out
K-dup and my pistol out
Bad bitch, she thick as fuck
And I'm tryna see what that pussy 'bout
Bust it open for a real nigga
Bust it open for a trill nigga
Touchdown, what up h-town?
Lonley the pimp this ones for you!
Bun b my nigga thrae the truth
Still in the coupe when I'm double deuce
Still in the hood on that purple food
You better know what I'm sippin' ain't grape juice
I be floatin through the city, let my chain swang
Hoy you living young nigga? tryna maintain
Get money, fuck lames
All my lil niggas on the same page
Spittin' racks when I'm up in nema's
Gimme head, she gon' catch the semen
Hatin' on me? nigga so what
Know what? (pour up)
Double cup & I'm winnin' (i said it) (x3)
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it
Double cup & I'm winnin' (pour up) (x3)
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it
Gangsta nigga, I'm 'bout it
I'm trill as fuck so don't doubt it
Tell me what's the happs
Cuz you know I'm strapped
A nigga never leave home with out it
I'm posted up in that cadi
I'm twisting up a big fatty
And it's full of dro and imma mack your hoe
And you know she callin' me daddy
I'm a trill og and I earned it
That g-code, nigga I learned it

So when I saw the dough they had for me bro
I just grabbed the knob and I turned it
I wanted bread so I chased it

And I got so close I could taste it
Then I played the deck and got my respect
So nigga I'm the king now just face it
I'm in the house and I'm chillin'
My mind on cash and I'm willin'
I'm on a paper chase with no time to waste
So I give a fuck how you feelin'
I'm sideways on that buck
My setas is stitched and they tucked
You ain't down with that
Then imma hide your hat
And your ass would be outta luck, wassup?
Double cup & I'm winnin' (x3) (yuh) (hold up)
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it
Double cup & I'm winnin' (already) (x3)
F-fuck them niggas, I'm in it
Shit, well it's that young nigga
From the south side, of the u.s.a
I need calimine l-lotion cuz
A nigga music bumpin'
A nigga came from nothin to sayin nevermind
To the pretty girls in the magazines
Yo girlfriend look like maxime
My phonebook full of billy jean's
Condoms made out them limousine's
I been a fiend for that codeine
Since martin luther was like 13
F-fuck then queenz cuz I'm a king
Put 5% on everything
I done threw 10 on top of 10
Bumper kit on bumper kit
Threw my last bitch on my new bitch
Then threw 10 on my fuckin git
I done came down,
Hold it down for that h-town
I'mma take the crown
Sippin' hen don't fuck with crying
But i'mma just drop this 4 for 9
And free my cousin that's doing time
I'mma pay the lawyer but I hope you down
To hold it down for a real nigga

Young kirko a young trill nigga
(bang)

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