

# Spot (feat. Cool Amerika)

C.B.

[CB]

I was gettin it at the spot

[Hook]

Spot, spot, spot

I was gettin it at the spot, had to spend it on a watch, had to get the drop top

Spot, spot, spot

Young nigga wit a knot, bankroll all I got, Margielas wit the spot

Spot, spot, spot

I hit the spot wit ya bae, no that is not where I stay, ain't no more spots in the safe

Spot, spot, spot

Took ya bitch to the food spot, hammer on me like the toolbox, and I got a crib in the boondocks

Yea

(Verse 1)

[CB]

I fell asleep at the spot with it on me

Woke up laying next to a Naomi

Fake watch busters mad they can't hold me

Can't find a bad spot in my Rollie

Praying to God, I'm holy

You a rudy-poo gibroni

Spot smelling like balogna

The world is mines like Tony

I got a spot that's a hour away

Nobody in the city know where I stay

Sleep wit the choppa, that's what keep me safe

Pulled ya bitch, I might fuck her today

Young nigga hit her g-spot

Started off in a weed spot

I was dressing like Juvenile, Girbaud jeans and some Reeboks

Old school wit the T-top, new school got no miles

Skinny bitch eating low cal, and you not dabbin wearing VokÃ 1

Charge a nigga for a freestyle

Bought the Rollie, took a link out

Bad bitch lookin at the watch

Undercover lookin at the spot

[Hook]

[Bally]

It's Bally baby

Half a bar half a bar, another bag spent on my Audemar  
2 zips in a 20-ounce Mountain Dew, I got mo spots than a leopard do  
Givenchy they came wit the flower print  
I bought a spot for my side bitch  
I bought Chanel for my side bitch  
Fuck up this cash, I'ma die rich

[Stunt]

Camo Valentino cost me a knot  
Fuck that bitch and kick her right out the spot  
Trap house boomin, had to switch up my spot  
CLS Benz, it came right off the lot  
Copped the pack and I'ma trap out the six  
Diamonds cold I think my neck gettin sick  
The way I'm dressing make a bitch wanna pick  
It's so romantic how she grip on the dick  
Out in these streets it's some levels  
I'll spend the cash on whatever  
I need a bitch like Griselda  
I see you lookin at the bezel  
I work out the pot at the spot  
I go to sleep wit that glock  
I like to count up the knots  
Undercovers still watchin the spot

[Hook]

Lyrics Submitted by HipHopDx

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