Yellow Tape

Pollie Pop

Attention please, x2
This feel like the whole entire world collapsed[Hook: Lil Wayne]
Uh, This that yellow tape shit
They keep running out of it
We just sold like 8 bricks
We ain't running out of it
This our fucking hood bitch
Run yo' ass up out of it
This gun come with eight clips
Shoot 'til I run out of it
Work, Work, Work, I got it (x3)
I got it (x2)[Verse 1: Fat Joe]
This that yellow tape shit, me I'm 'bout to go ape shit
Got eight chicks on eight molly's and they about to take eight trips
Dice game, eight trips, got a Houston Rocket from J Prince
She get it poppin, I'm a send her shopping and that ain't even my main bitch
Home invasions, live action, smoker Joe, I'm high jacking
Wrote the dope had my dough, I'll be there, Five Jacksons
Sin City, K.O.D., Hundred Thousand all in one's
Versace jacket, Versace shoes, Versace shades, I got a Thousand son's
Mama you the shit i'll pay your car note
Why you fucking with him? Even his car broke
We rocking Balmain's down to the cargo's
Your bitch so thirsty, Murcielago[Hook: Lil Wayne][Verse 2: A$AP Rocky]
Call me Joey I'm a bad ass, Harlem world like Baghdad
Come through with a black flag and Supreme Vans, the Half Cabs
Bitches on that Pad-ad, Fuck her with her fat ass
I get-gets my dick licked, my friends hit (That's trap trap)
What the fuck you mean, I be sitting clean sipping lean
Alexander Wang, that's the fucking jeans, triple beam
When I serve the fiends, hit you with the beam chopper scream
Leave a nigga dead fucking with the team, magazine
Choo-Choo that train go, drink slow, my chain gold
Soo-Woop or you True Blue, don't get your block yellow taped though
Eight bricks get it shaved off
Yeen' Ho Yeen' know [You ain't know]
Range Rove or the bank roll, I shoot-shoot then change clothes[Hook: Lil Wayne][Verse 3: French Montana]
You know we loaded with them choppers by the Hundred boy
When you talk about that work, you niggas unemployed

White work, I got it, Brown work, I got it
Two chains, show your titty ho, damn right I got it
Just copped about eight bricks, just copped about eight whips
Copped work from Saint Nick, your whole stash like eight nicks
Smoke that loud and keep it quiet, let that money talk
Get that brown bag and I skate off like I'm Tony Hawk
Benz drop my top back, your bitch look, I slide that
To the South Bronx and I pop that
She call you for that ride back (Haan)
South Bronx we got it, Joe Crack we got it
Black card no limit ho, damn right we 'bout it
Coke boy (Joe Crack)[Hook:Lil Wayne]

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