Bring Em Out

Clyde Carson

I won't deny it
I'm a straight rider
Baby, wanna fuck with me?
On a late night, she just wanna creep
On her boyfriend, she just wanna cheat
Top down blunt lit, cup full
Fast lane turn, got us and off the half
Lane work.
Doing money while she on stage
They only know about cold lame champagne
But we ain't at the club. Don't act right?
Have to actin up. I'm in a muscle car
Seven deuce cup, keep the trap tight
Never loose enough, get shit done
Call shots, something new about the car lot
I type off, I get a hard time
Pull up, the car stall
All you see is, niggas having Uncle Whip shine
Stuntin on these niggas
Without tryin'
Stuntin on these hoes
They know I'm buying
It's on me
We ain't high
We bring 'em out
High cause
Champagne with hot broads
We bring 'em out
On call
Ready to go,
It won't stallForget your heels
And lean back
Look, Liffie hot like a cage man
She want the real, I want the cash
She know the deal, don't get her past
I smell like O.G.
Sipping codein
But I never slow it down
Still going o.t.

Doing hard in the game like it's post-season
Ten chains on, no reason
Club life, Thug life
We brought the hoes out
So get right
Money fall a lot
The car swipe
Before this party
Bitch, real life
Club life
Club life, Thug life
We brought the hoes out
So get right
Money fall a lot
The car swipe
We hit the party
Pull up all thieves
All you see is, niggas having Uncle Whip shine
Stuntin on these niggas
Without tryin'
Stuntin on these hoes
They know I'm buying
It's on me
We ain't highWe bring 'em out
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Ready to go,
It won't stall
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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