

# 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 stall Forget 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 high We bring 'em out  
High cause  
Champagne with hot broads  
We bring 'em out  
On call  
Ready to go,  
It won't stall

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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