Lincoln (featuring Left Brain & Mike G)

The Internet

I was rollin' through the ghetto
In my Lincoln Continental
Blowin' Kush smoke out the window
What you think my windows tint for?It go drastic
Measures in a tale so tragic
Follow formula 64 as you trail my tracks
Bitch, there's nothin' more pleasant than gettin' paid on point
Pretty bitches with gold grills just to hold my joints
I make 'em plead
As the director says scene
New words, don't say my name
I just make 'em say king
Four rings on that motherfuckin' wood grain wheel
Raw, I'm Johnny Law, but you should check my appeal
Once upon a time not too far back
There was a young wolf pack
That grew up in a lack
Syd left King
And Ace played Black Jack
Bitches be talkin' shit
That's how you end up smacked
I'm after chips
And if we eating then I'm after your bitch
Ain't no cost, just pimpin' player
You should be after the risk
We winnin' like there ain't no other way to play the game
All I hang around is zeros
Figure my checks should look the sameI was rollin' through the ghetto
In my Lincoln Continental
Blowin' Kush smoke out the window
What you think my windows tint fo'?

Songwriters
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