USA

Young Dolph

Red, white and motherfucking blue
Some of my partners claimed red
So I'm blue
Red, white and motherfucking blue
Just drank a [?] blueRed, white and motherfucking blue
Got red bitches, white bitches
What about you?
And them bitches do whatever I tell 'em to
And my traphouse do whatever I make it do
All about this paper
Hit the trap with the flavours
Those old folks be lookin' hard
You gotta watch for them neighbors
[?] smoke across the street
He stealing lights and cables
But I never judge 'em though
Cuz everybody not able
Chop [?]
Remember all those days we had to eat hot dogs and potatoes
Ain't no love in these streets, man
No take no walk in these versace on my feet, man
You ever been so hungry
You can go to sleep man
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Some of my partners claimed red
So I'm blue
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Just drank a [?] blueRed, white and motherfucking blue
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What about you?
And them bitches do whatever I tell 'em to
And my traphouse do whatever I make it do
Got red bitches, white bitches
All type of bitches
When they at work
I send the bomb to [?]
I don't even wanna fuck
I just keep it cool
I just might pay her rent

And buy that bitch a car too
She never know why she all that out the blue
You say you know a nigga flier than me
I'm like who?
That nigga better fall out the sky in a parachute
That [?]
Red, white and motherfucking blue
Some of my partners claimed red
So I'm blue
Red, white and motherfucking blue
Just drank a [?] blueRed, white and motherfucking blue
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What about you?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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