

Charles De Gaulle To JFK

Bas

Yeah

Got them speakers in my ride, I like to keep 'em bumpin'
I'm hustlin', chasin' dreams and hopes that I could become somethin'
I threw a party, she say Bassy, thank you, but it's nothin'

Cause I had to keep it jumpin'

Ya a'int Blake Griffin, but I know that you be jumpin'

Poker face stiffin', but I know that you be bluffin'
No, I don't be cuffin', all these ducks be gettin' ends

Rubber duck etceterin', and I'm the pain

I left to make, and can't be ya crutch and meta.

Piffy lined up, fired up in the dutch

Of the easy lined up, wide up, six speed

Like clutch, the city on me, I'm clutch

No Worries ain't depending on me, I'm clutched

Toast up my most tough at thirty thousand feet

Henny in hand, land, can make it out my seat, Michelin man

Make you grip about the street

Grab The D cup on the freak, played that bitch and press repeat

J-Walkin' thru time zones, I'm on that trip

Got yo piece of the pie, and you pawn that shit

I'm takin' all that shit until I own that sis

College shit get mind blown, I'm on that quick

She got expenses for Dixon and a nose that's rich

Nothin' betta than brown dough that's on that stick

A lil' hashish, shiish, baby

If you roll it up with some keiff

Super chasin paper about my lose leaf

Rollin papers yeah I do chief

Meditatin' like I'm Bruce Lee, at the Carter like I'm Tunechi

Riddin' thru the borough while this cutie feed me sushi

Salmon, avocado and an order of the cuchie

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Brods givin up the draws like I'm JFK

Guess I'm flawed, that's the roll, ain't nobody perfect

Do it all just to ball and the shit is worth itIt's like that now

Quick, fuck that let me get back

I'm in L.A. but my days got sand from Dubai

I'm getting brains all day like I'm Magna Cum Laude

Cause, while you boys planked I was getting more stamps

Now my passport shitting on your whole camp
Fuck ya Instagram, that monkeys do delivery, that instant gram
Damn, put them ones up for them ones that's above us cause we miss them man
And to the niggas stuck up in the can
And slam a cage up in ya body put cha body up in a different plan
Different plain
Same hustle different game
They don't love you if they always wanted you to stay the same
Slidin' through the checks, now I'm slidin' the the W with different dames
That's a W nigga figure that shit is game
I just keep doubling figures until my niggas ain't
Pedelin' pills and kaine
Cause in the streets, of the industry man them presidents is still the same
Them presidents still the same
I get that green back
I see stacks and relapse

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

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