

Carpoolin'

SOB X RBE

[Intro]

Joe...what are you doing here? What are you doing here? What are you doing here?[Verse 1: DaBoii]

Bitch!

Get off on who you mad at

Niggas laughin', we is down, now they laughed at

Bitch swallow all my kids, I'm a bad dad

Lookin' for revenge with this Glock, once we tap tap

Stitch brain on the opps watch 'em quack, quack

Indian giver with his life, he can't have back

He ain't putting in work, he a half ass

Can't ride the wave, go on home with your back packed

Bitch! What type of shit is you on?

Yeah, that's your bitch but my dick, she be on

8 in a liter, when I sip it be strong

Ain't tryna chase a bag? Dumb bitch then be gone

Offense with them straps, you gon' need D

Want beef with the gang? You 'gon need cheese

John Cena with them tints, you can't see me

Fuck the law, catch a case, nigga free Theeze

If I gotta think twice, I won't think at all

Bitch we won, all smoke, ain't no peace at all

Treat the ops like a blunt, I'll chief 'em all

Before you play in that field, nigga kick balls

B-b-b-bitch

Yeah, and we is not playin'

You know DaBoii, he a beast you can not tame him

Take a chain on this neck, you are not able

Whole gang full of demons, we are not angels

House visit with the chop, that's who rock cradle

All the eyes on us, but we not cable

Stand tall through it all, but we not tables

Niggas wanna play? Game on 'cause we not playful

[Verse 2: Slimmy B]

B-b-b-bitch

Who the fuck gon' stop me?

All this ice on, who the fuck gon' rob me?

All these shooters with me, who the fuck gon' try me?

High of the kush, in the clouds you can find me

I don't fuck with niggas like a Nazi

Nobody else, then I know God got me
Hi-Tech turn a nigga to a zombie
And I don't want the puss, lil baby just top me (give me head)
I'll set it off in this bitch
Feel like Rick Ross, I'm the boss in this bitch
Smack for a band, don't get bought in this bitch
Make you bulletproof the whip, like Young Dolph in that bitch (boom, boom)
Touch a hundred bands, yeah I did that
Hit the lot, couple bands, yeah I did that
This street shit? Naw nigga, you don't live that
Aid or a kick back, real nigga been that (lil' nigga)
LV and Gucci, had to mismatch
And for the right price, you can get your bitch back
Tired of them broke niggas? I can fix that
Just bought a Glock hit the plug, where them sticks at?
Get to bustin' have you niggas runnin', zig-zags (boom, boom)
Hit the road, get the bag, then I flip that
All the time my brother got, he can't get back
But I got bands for him tucked when he get back
All these styles a nigga got, I'll switch it up
When you jump in these streets, ain't no givin' up
Big .40, I'll make a nigga give it up
And nigga reach for the chain, I'ma hit 'em up
Crazy when you see your day ones switchin' up
Crazy when you see the opp niggas clickin' up
Fuckin' on a ho bitch? You niggas sick as fuck
And if it ain't about a bag, I ain't pickin' up
[Verse 3: Yhung T.O.]
First off, suck a nigga dick
Pole for an opp coming, suck a nigga clip
Clip so long, that it's poking off my hip
If I wasn't taken, I'd take a nigga bitch
Am I really insane? (Yeah bitch it's true)
Six figures to my name? (Yeah bitch it's true)
Heard I don't fuck with you? (Yeah bitch it's true)
Fuck what you thought, fuck what you knew
I'm a gold diggin' nigga, need a check out a bitch
I'll pass her to the gang, they get neck out the bitch
You was textin' like you with it, what you scared for?
Let me hit it from the back, break the headboard
If not, I don't give a fuck
I got diamonds in my mouth, when I talk bitches lust
Fuck it up sus, nigga gettin' at me wrong, I'll fuck 'em up sus
Chop with a drum, cook fuckin' up my lungs
Cops looking for the Glock, 'cause they think a nigga dumb

You will never see me posin' with another nigga funds
You will never see me clutchin' on another nigga gun
 Bitch I'm a soldier, I don't got no limit
 I'm a foreign car driver, I don't ride no Civic
 I'm a wild ass nigga and I don't act civil
 I don't smoke no kush, I don't smoke no skittles
 Addicted to them racks, I'm a motherfuckin' thief
All these bands still hangin' out my motherfuckin' jeans
 Give a nigga all head 'til its barely dome
 I been running at that bag 'til it's barely gone
 Let a nigga hit like I'm Barry Bonds
 And I don't fuck with niggas, I'm a Uncle Tom
 Four-five on my hip but I'll tote a nine
 And if you ever take my bitch she was barely mine
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