Cocaine Muzik (feat. ALLSTAR)

Yo Gotti

When Im alone in my room sometimes I stare at the wall
Flashbacks about the streets and memories of my dawgs
I just looked at my phone had a couple of missed calls
One from Gucci, one from Diddy, and a couple of brawds
Man I'm down for the cause
Put these bitches on pause
They'll lie to your face go fuck off with dawgs
I'm like what up to my fans I wrote this shit here for y'all
Come to your city stand on the couch, go hard, and ball
Cocaine music my nigga that shit considered the brand
All white is the movement
what the fuck is you sayin'
Niggas thought I was playing til' I pulled up in them cars
Then stepped out wit' that jewerly now they see us as stars
I pushed the button dropped the top
Fixed my chain cock my Glock
Tell my homies squad up 'bouta fall up in the spot
Stay focused keep your eyes open niggas be hating
murder if a nigga wanna play(BOW)
Cocaine straight face no emotion just silence
These niggas wildin'
They strive on violence
Niggas talkin' goon shit I preach it to the choir
I know it, I seen it, I done it . . . Cock, aim, fire
While we're gettin' to it(oooh)
This is how we do it(all night)
And you know my heat stay(by my side)
Just me and my thoughts waiting on that call
Listening to that cocaine
This is co-caine mu-sic mu-sic
Trash bag on the backseat
Having flashbacks of a track meet
Metro PD trynna catch me
High speed back streets if we crash so be it(Fuck it)
Cause the strap to big can't even stash the heat(Damn)
Predicate felon
in the passenger seat (So what we gonna do?)
So im smashing when they ask for ID(Scuur)
Blue lights flashin' there future in the rearview

God saying pull over but Lucifer I hear you
Might as well start bracing myself for the car chasin'
Man the law getting closer I pull to the shoulder
They sped right pass me they ain't even pull me over
I need a blunt and a
?
Til then im in the trap
20 pounds 20 thou yea I charge'em that
25 high risk boy a heart
Cashville on the ave where I started
Old school game yea I prolly need a starter hat
And a pull over I so fucking hooded yea
Zilla
Bopping cocaine music ridin' in a vanilla porche

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