

# La Brea

## Cassow

[Bridge]

Money on my mind with a bad ting with me  
Want me 'cause my paper but she not get the any  
Heard they coming for me hope my Glock don't jam  
If he talking bout some paper I might do the running man[Hook]

Smoking on some good I feel better

Your bitch is down for whatever

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[Verse 1]

I don't love her, I don't chase em I duck em  
Can't trust these hoes on the internet  
Man these bitches is something  
Staying blunted, give these hoes no discussion  
Them coppers might try to shoot ya  
To dodge em you gotta duck em  
Four hundred on the dash  
They can't stop me, Troy Ave  
Bad woods full of guys  
Need cash, need cash  
Most shooters off season  
Know you hate me when I'm leaving  
Hood chick never seen shit  
Girl this ride all scenic

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Your bitch is down for whatever[Verse 2]

Young bull with the hits

Advance money just to flip

Know them boys couldn't hold me

With the wrist, with the wrist

I can't pick up when you call

They must thinking I'm lit

Girl I cannot pay your bills

You must thinking I'm a trick

In the game right now

Got a name right now

They just switch turned twelve

I can't hang right now

Foreign thang need a vision

Got her turned off a liter

Couldn't tell you how I met her

Ever since I couldn't leave her[Bridge]

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

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