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
[Bridge]
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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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