

Manolo (feat. Lecrae)

Trip Lee

Yessir
Gawvi, get 'em
Why we do it?
Why we do it? I do it for the turn-up (gat gat)
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode it Got a cabin in manolo (nolo)
Manolo (nolo)
Manolo (nolo)
Manolo, got a cabin in manolo (nolo)
Manolo (nolo)
Manolo (nolo)
Manolo, Â got a cabin in manolo Trying to tell them boys
I never leave da crib alone
'Cause I keep one in my car and I got two at home
They diff'rent kinds but they do the same thing
Double-edged double-barrel (bang bang) Yessuh I'm out here facin braggins, I ain't on my mayn (bay bay)
They comin' for my soul so it's bout that time (bay bay)
Them lies they trying to kill me if you don't believe me
I don't care, I don't care
I can't take it easy I'm flippin the page
I'm drinking half of your clip in the gauge
And the heat in the stage
Hit you with truth he's hit every phrase
He cut me deep I'm Â divin' in, divin' in
When I ride I got to (fly fly) Â come alive again
Come alive again
Come alive again (that's right) (When I ride I got to)
Come, come alive again (You know we got it)
Come alive again, uh huh
(Come alive again) Manolo mayne (When I ride I got to) (While we do it) I do it for the turn-up Â
Got that ammo locked and loaded
I ain't talking bout no burner
Flip a page I'll explode it Got a cabin in manolo (nolo) Â
Manolo (nolo) Â
Manolo (nolo) Â
Manolo, got a cabin in manolo (nolo) Â
Manolo (nolo) Â
Manolo (nolo) Â

Manolo, got a cabin in manoloManolo, manolo?
 I'm out here going postal
 My partners think I lost it, my momma think I'm loco
 I keep my shooter close tho
 You know it's fully automatic
 Shoot you straight, man that trigga'll do you plenty damageI got enemies I can't see'em all but they lurkin'
 (lurkin')
 I flip that page on 'em my trigga finga stay workin (pop pop pop)
 I got plenty ammo got old and new they both testify, my Lord
 And ain't nobody playin with you, gone mess around, but come testifyÂ
 And I ain't gotta say no more
 I'mma gonna kick kick bang and the thing gone blow
 Dead letters like a red dot on yo door (yep yep yep yep)
 All y'all gone with a dash on the backseat
 That's me with a cut full o black ink
 I'mma hit y'all with it till I split yall widdit (man down man down)
 Had a bad week, bad week(Man down, man down, man down) (man down)
 (Man down, man down, man down, had a bad week, bad week)
 (Man down, man down, man down) (man down)
 Man down (man down)Â (man down, had a bad week)I do it for the turn-upÂ
 Got that ammo locked and loaded
 I ain't talking bout no burner
 Flip a page I'll explode itGot a cabin in manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo, got a cabin in manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo (nolo)Â
 Manolo, got a cabin in manoloI be ? By my dummy
 Sometimes it ain't even funny
 Them lies are sick and them poorsÂ
 And wider a truth that is sweeter than honey
 And we know that He got us
 He is with us can't block 'cause hes block us
 ?Â His word is my weapon ?I do it for the turn-upÂ
 Got that ammo locked and loaded
 I ain't talking bout no burner
 Flip a page I'll explode itGot a cabin in manolo

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