

Texas Cups Cali Blunts (feat. Bun B)

King Lil G

Texas Cups Cali Blunts
King Lil G Ft . Bun B

Out in Texas
Man i swear to god
I met this bad bitch
Texas Cups & Cali Blunts
I roll it, then i pass it
Let's do it
Let's do it, Let's do it
Let's do it, Let's do it, Let's do it
Let's do it
Let's do it, Let's do it
Let's do it, Let's do it

It was 2 am bumpin U.G.K
I fucks with SPM
I know theres people sippin '
On that purple
Like its juice & gin
I'm proud to be from Cali
But i like your style
& the type of rims
Windows tint
Money spin
I listen to \$crew
& im smokin to it
Cadillac's & candy paint
Swervin thru 28th & Main
Johnny the jeweler
Got them chains
They put 2 cups on every drank
I said what hood he's from ?
When she told me, yeah Kirko Bangz
That's what I thought
When I heard that name
Then I turnt it up

When I heard that bang

Hou\$ton I fuck with Hou\$ton
She made me love it
She seduced me
She's on that new shit
I'm on that true shit
I'm used to ridin low lows
Gangstaa is my code
She was tippin on fo fo's
We started smokinn that Dro

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Posted up in that H-Town
I just got back from that P-A-T
Where they grippin grain
Grippin stains
It ain't like you ain't bout D-A-T
One hand is on that wood grain
The other hand is holdinn that G-A-T
So pass the Swisher Sweet B-A-T
We breaking bread lets C-A-T
Like E.S.G We Swangg & Bangg
Them Cali Boys they Bangg & Swangg
Bitches hang off my Dang a Lang
I give a hoe a nightmares like Dana Dane
& this aint a thang
It's nothin G
I don't front for you
So don't front for me
I flex it hard & you stuntin G
Your wrist haven for hoes

Get a cut to me
Cuz I'll take her
Cuz I'll break her
You ain't a Mack
You a muthafuckenn faker
She gonn ' shake her, money maker
To give me purple & gold
Like I'm a laker
Earthquaker
When I touch ground
Been around the world
To cover much ground
Blew thru them Euros & much pounds
I gotta throw my hands up
Maynee touchdown
Now let's go

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