Man In The Trunk

Young Dro

Jackie Chan, that Jackie Chan
The fuck is Jackie Chan
Tell 'em 'bout that Jackie Chan man
Fuck is Jackie Chan
Naw son fa real Trey back up off me son
You don't even know, my style dunn
Dro, tell 'em bout that Jackie Chan tho nigga
Nitti Beats
The fuck is Jackie Chan nigga, let 'em know
Young Dro I ain't playin' wit it
Trunk got that Jackie Chan in it
Sound like it got a band in it
I'm the freshest in the Lamb' wit it
Y'all niggaz fugazzin' it
Diamonds look like kool aid in it
Different flavor Cartier wit it
Big paint bitch play wit it
I ain't playin', IHOP blue Cutlass
24 inches, IHOP blue buttons
4 4 in my hand wit a snipe I'm armed Russian
Dro you from ATL nigga how you talk Russian?
Slugs start to bustin' and my ammo got that serial
Catch a nigga slippin' hit him in the equilibrium
SS Impala, shawty I'm darin' 'em
Cartier's and Prada, shawty I'm killin' 'em
Look at my chain and my ice look triple blue
You poppin' these nigga I'mma bring the triple through
And bitches be up on the block like, "I'm sick of you"
And I'm like, "Bitch, please I'm dickin' you"
The 'vert Flipper blue the chirp bigger too
Hey picked out for a Bentley, she a mini blue
Dropped in wit a bitch named Missy Pooh
Trunk bang and this the only thing she listen to Dro
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Different flavor Cartier wit it
Big paint bitch play wit it
Hey, move through y'all tryna see how to do y'all
Chevy too tall I see a forehead and that's all
Two tone plus I'm on purple my yay's encore
My bitches bring blocks only thing I do is chirp 'em

Drop twerk 'em ostrich on my Chevy car interior
Plus I'm on that Remy so that shit make me imperial
Ridin' down, be alone, no damage, I'm serious
Plus I won't let a nigga have it I'm delirious
I'mma blast period, don't question me don't mess wit me
Blue ice blue arm Superman recipe
Plus I'm in that brown Regal same color Nestle
Niggaz see me when I'm in the trey I be in tressa trees
Take the wrong step to me and death'll be yo destiny
I know how to do it so ain't nobody arrestin' me
Polo I be dressin' in, man, I be damagin'
That fresh hoes be like, "Damn that's a mannequin", Dro
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Hey, summer time, look at my charm
I'm iced out baby how can I be warm?
Watermelon Nova my trunk on Vietnam
TV's in the horn watchin Tip on VH-1
26's son wit a Robocop gun
I'll blast a nigga from the ground to the sun
The sound of the gun that's when Young Dro chalkin' it
Grape linen grape gator fruit, fruit walkin' it
Know a nigga bossin' it don't make me start chalkin' it
I know how to shine 'cause my arm be on frostbit
Done son no shit my rides look like a parrot do
Know a nigga healthy 'cause my Cutlass look like carrot juice
Catch me when I'm mashin' through I'm froze up, I'm rolled up
Young Dro yeah, but I am got damn Dro'ed up
Bout to put them doors up and crank that damn rose up
Four fifteen, I'm bout to wake these damn hoes up, Dro
Young Dro I ain't playin' wit it
Trunk got that Jackie Chan in it

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