650 Luc

YFN Lucci

I been ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Yeah
Slidin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Nowadays they call me 650 Luc
650 Luc, 650 Luc
Ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
I don't fuck wit' strangers
Got a bad attitude
Lot of anger yeah
For that brown bag, you get ate up
When you down bad, they don't save us
Had to hustle for everything a nigga got
On my Pops
Big brother fuckin' up Grandmama pots
That boy hot
In tha kitchen playin' wit' all that damn fire
Young boy got that pole on him
Know that boy'll ride
If a nigga say I told on him
Then that boy a lie
Death before dishonor
Ima be like that until I die
Gotta be careful out here
I can not skress that shit alot
GOD blessing me a lot
Thanks for gettin' me off that block
Yeah
I been ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Yeah
Slidin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Nowadays they call me 650 Luc
650 Luc, 650 Luc
Ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupeDreamed about that 745

Grandma still fightin' for her life
Yeah Uh
I been down bad, but I been tryin'
Pockets dry
I done gave away too much of mine
But Ima be just fine
I don't even remember the last time
I paid my rent on time
We ain't got no gas, and it ain't hot
But we still survived
? went to jail for his first time
They still gave him 9
And we didn't even ask the Lord why
My man still alive
All these court cases got me traumatized
And all this money talkin' got my tongue tied
And kickin' doors got my lil' cuzz 5
I been paper chasin' for a long timeI been ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Yeah
Slidin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Nowadays they call me 650 Luc
650 Luc, 650 Luc
Ridin' in that 650 coupe
650 coupe, 650 coupe
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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