Look What I Got

Playaz Circle

[Chorus X4]
Look what I got-got
Guap so my shit fresh out the lot
Hop-hop-hop-hop-hop out the drop I'm yelling look what I got[Verse 1]
I'm a trap star my pants sagging
Pistol showing D-boy swagging
So fresh, I need a camera
So fresh, I'ma need some Magnums
Got a magnum, in a Magnum
745 with a .45
Cool as ever but don't confuse, I air this bitch out they don't know I
They don't know I'm on G-row
They don't know I'm always on
It's six below, I'm in the cold, my top is dropped, my heaters on
Southside believe it holmes
Diamonds on, you see them holmes
You want see D, no Ten-a-Key
Go to Tennessee, that's Beezy's home
Brace yourself, we taking off, pistol loaded, my safety's off
Paint is wet, my leather's soft
And they some lames we'll take they soft
Cosa la Nostra, get closer, see toasters
We get dough like Oprah, it's PC, it's over[Chorus X4][Verse 2]
Tity Two Chains, I got on two bracelets
Fresh off the lot, you would think I was racing
Pinky ring hot, at the bar wine tasting
I paint all my cars black, you would think I was racist
A.T.L.A.N.T.A C.O. double L. E.G.E
Park my car in the valet, my white T smells just like a P
When I say P, I mean a pound, when I say T, I mean a town
So take these P's to the T, let's go in the key, let's lock it down
See kingpins were my role models, your TV was a floor model
Had a TV in my Impala with a few dollars new Pradas
Deuce holler, we outtie, niggas know we got it
We fresh off the block, I'm going Maserati shopping

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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