

Coca Cola

Lucky Luciano

Intro: Aye yo Tex, what up nigga? I done turned you into the Mexican Worldstar haha. Tex and everybody wanna be down. Trimp center nigga. Lets get it. Lets go.

Verse One: Niggas come see me one day with that fire I am the gate keepa Lucky no lie niggas that diss me gon get a reply I will kill their career it won't take but one try I-I-I think my track records speaks for it solo no I don't need no help stop at the gallo I need a new belt watch that Mexican gon do like nobody else everythang I spit real ain't no made up shit here niggas backing up shit they ain't got and they wonder why a nigga around here can't feel we was really getting off them pounds niggas know how Luck get down I can give the rules of the game but you probably won't listen anyway don't try'em I don't really trust nobody everybody tryna make a dolla niggas see you ballin while they kids starvin they would kill you for the plug no problem the closest one to you be the one to go get ya ain't feed your dogs so the boy can't biscuit it's a cold world better bundle up tho nigga lil Christian on a mission and this is a scripture

Talking: Better feed your dogs mane boys come bite ya let me hit this weed baby cold world mane ain't no love in the streets, the streets love nobody mane oh ya that's some fire member that shit that's rule number one ya, hold up

Verse Two: I rap for the cash I don't rap for the fame in my own lane and boy I am a kang and the boys in the game come after me mane but lucky ol' g homie pass me the drank let me pour that shit pull up on fo's with a throwed ass bitch passing the strap she gon hold that shit man he should me where it's at so I stole that brick splashing swag sauce on'em since way back when he had braids on'em niggas wanna act like they ain't never saw'em riding in a lac or maybe in a foreign ain't no jordans on me this sippies mane

Lyrics Submitted by Little Mendez

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