

# Candy Red

## Lil' Keke

Chorus:

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene

Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

(Lil Keke)

Apple red, brand new grind California Dream Boat

It's super nice, I sprayed it twice, I swear I got a mean coat

Pull up on the scene hot

Can't forget my green top

I'm down in Houston Texas, where them gangstas live their dreams out

S.U.C. another year

Drankin like it's Screw in here

We tippin broads and sippin barre, I'm trying to make myself, clear

Boys got to see me on the scene

They say "That young Don keep that mothafucka clean"

I'm out here like a king

Candy on the car

We on them double cups and drankin green labeled barre

They blow the blunt that sticky when they taught me how to hold

I turn the lane and do my thang that young nigga cold

Don 'Ke

Chorus:

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene

Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

(Mike D)

Boys don't know they shouldn't never let the Hogg loose

4 door ? stretched out the ?

Red turn heads but I come through, in that black thang

Lincoln on Gorillaz , they thankin I'm Fat Pat, mane

Body rock the ? turn through the tray

Having it my way

I ball, sunny you gray

Live out the pen, still runnin them jiggas

Eight dollars a cooler, steal they drank nigga

Three summers later

Only question "Where the paper?"

Ain't talking bout a ?

Real back, the whig on that old school monsta

? Aviators, ballin since a youngster

Tappin on that iPad, Yappin on that iPhone  
Cup full of Big Moe  
That kush got my mind blown  
Yeah, I say that kush got my mind blown  
And the game over cause the mother fuckin Hogg home

Chorus:

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene  
Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)  
(Big Pokey)  
Candy red top crack  
'45 cocked back (That Lean)  
Giving niggas the business, Bitch I'm about that ?  
Yo we stop that, I'm cleaner than a motha fucka  
Crawlin under the strip, fifth leaning like a motha fucka

Aye

Hell yeah, I brought my swag with me  
Bank roll, bad bitch in the jag with me  
Head turning when you see me in the streets  
Pullin up in sumtin exotic, the speakers on its feet  
Square that up, sold the wall and hit 'em  
Smash the pedal to the floor  
Watch this motha fucka get off  
I pull up on the scene  
Got the whip, look at me  
? traffic got the whip, looking clean

Yeah

Chorus:

Know I'm candy red, I'm on the scene  
Know I'm sippin codeine (codeine)

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