

Rock My Fitted

Romeo

[Hook x2: C-Los]Rock my P. Millers comin ? in my fitted cap
Rock my P. Millers comin ? in my fitted cap
(Oh) in my fitted cap (whoa) in my fitted cap
All in the club pullin hoes in my fitted cap

[Verse: C-Los]Im ducked in my fitted ride trucks wit the windows tinted
Guttar Boyz in it I dont think you dudes serious you's a scrimmage
You see me step out wit P. Miller rims and all the tennis (uh-huh)
In a Saints on a fitted jeans blingin and its drippin
Oh, you boys playin I've been token you boys lame
And I hang around guerrillas its ziped I was thousand
Ah man I bank mines and if you yappin thats firin
I left em solder way yea the bullets them rap titan (oh)
I keep my rim low, even it can took it to the right
When I turn it to back that means C-Los is bout to fight
But I leanin to the left, cuz I sip that purple Sprite
So Imma, lay like its a Spooner come catchin Mobile Sike
Yea nigga like me, I got a plan to rival
Cuz I got a lot of platinum like placks on P walls
Oh Lord you know C-Los is ready, ducked in my fitted cap
Ride in my fitted cap, high in my fitted cap

[Hook x2: C-Los][Verse: Romeo]Im some special you never seen in my fitted cap money green (okay)
? on the jersey get it cap dawg master teen (you know)
20s on Cutlets 26s on the limousines
Son of a hustler I had to sell nice cream (sell what)
3.8s when Im goin on a date (ah-ha)
5.8s duckin Lil' Rome I dont want you in my face (yea)

And I feel some kinda beef I just turn it to the back
Wick it straight in the eyes then make it lean back (yea)
[Verse: Young V]Hat to the side I might be young but Im a beats wit it (oh)
Freaky like a searcher starched up and lean and freeze in it (oh)
So I can ball in it (oh) hit them ball in it (oh)
Throw my soldier cap on them watchin 3 (?) in it (oh)
Im a rich boy I aint gotta steal shorty (oh)
Tell that lil rich no cops freakin chip shorty (oh)
I do some sacks homie (oh) crannies look like Shaq homie
Represent Guttar Music the hood got my back homie
[Hook x2: C-Los][Verse: Lil' D]Im ducked in my fitted posted up in the cut
I dont dance in my fitted I just throw my hood up

Tryna knuck if you buck we gon catch it to the gut
Cuz Im gone off that drank tryna find a chicken cup but
Lean wit it, rock wit it, yea I keep my glock wit
Beefin I pop wit it, possibly due drop gimme (oh)
24s when I roll and my pockets full of doe
In the club pullin hoes in my fitted cap
She wanna see my grill the Guttaboy of da South
I dont gotta spit game I spit diamonds in my mouth
Yea, Im state to state I know ya boys dont hate
So I keep some that'll make ya click jigglelate
Yup, Im so T.R.U.
A red fitted but the diamonds in my chain so B.L.U.
And yall boys know what we do
We the proof that keep a lil 22 the Master rims on the Coupe boy boy
[Hook x2: C-Los]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>