Calico

John Roberts

LETS GO!
Fire it up nigga, Pentagon Riderz
Sup Bootleg?
Sup Cuz?
Kurupt, Young Gotti, ??
Firefly McClain, whats crackin bitch

First thing i do is roll my coupe
Swoop up Snoop then hit and dip Coop
shine, grind, move them bricks give me all the mothafuckin money
you can get bitch!
Lets make it a trade nigga,
Paper or paid nigga,
Lets make it a trade,
for what? Paper and fade
Cock Back the Nina,
Just Bust the Heata,
Seperatin' everything i'm seeing Fire Extremin'
Im a Fire Extremist, Chemist, and all shells,
Rare like Emphysema,
? is calico cleaner,
And I got talent that Singes,
And ima pierce niggas like needles and syringes,
Im nothing but War, Let me show you exactly,
what im livin for, 4-4's with double cores, that launch mini-missles that fly like
Contours, Dogg Pound mothafuckin gangstas what we ride for Nigga!

Crip Walk to it, Gang bang too it, Slang Cane to it this some real murda music
Bust ya guns for it, where the money? show it, and if you claim you reppin' then bitch you better Throw it
Because!
I want you to know that DPG, she had a family, we be straight G's, KIlla x3

LOOK, I got a dangerous mind, Strangers dont believe me,
i never leave it in places that fed dogs can retrieve it, fuck that im cocked back,
nickel plated muffler, murda any hustla, Born ghetto struggler, Cocaine Juggler, known to Flip O's,
When im down south im known to pimp hoes,
When im out in Cali im rollin in 64's
im Hittin Switches, Fuckin bad bitches , Rollin on Fours

Momma had a killa, drug deala, look at what momma made,
While as a Juvenile, i dropped after 8th grade
Blast for my nigga, Rez Kings, and the doggpound,
never put ya guns down, representin FLINT TOWN

Anybody that know me, they know that im a problem,
Somebody warn em about us, for we revolve em,
Always, out and when whatever, Out and done, We the realest niggas under the sun DAYTON FAMILY

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Hey bitch you better call a Corogner,
word is never borin' ya,
you might lose yo life, pistol boys is what im warnin' ya,
Do the best to set them thugs
all my niggas sackin drugs,
you in the middle bitch, we come to talk
dont pull them plugs,
Never left no evidence, trust myself like emphasys
Momma had a nigga bitch im comin to you residence,
Dont nobody know my name,
cant nobody know my game,
I overdose its like them needles stickin in yo veign,
Diamonds on that fuckin wood,
and my hood aint nun but shoulds
We dont give a fuck we leave for money and them open goods
Find me in the streets we walk, killas they dont ever talk,
Shootin, shed, or tearin' its your life that a nigga stalks,

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Me and shoes string, all blue shoelaces,
rollin down the highway money brought in breifcases,
TPGs, Eight, Family trees,
Bootleg, Flint Michigan wheres the G's be
there aint no future that youll find like me
this is what ya punk mothafuckas need

Its just a little g shit for ya hoes, rollin down the streets of Calico

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Because! I want you to know that DPG,
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