

Candy Paint & Gold Teeth

Waka Flocka Flame

Boss uhh Flocka
[Hook]I'm from the south, southern hospitality
Soul food dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners, dinners
I'm from the south, where the old folks' they don't mind they business
Strip clubs is our culture, we sum' heavy spenders
Ca-Candy Paint and Gold Teeth (x8)
[Waka Flocka]I'm in Riverdale on 85, at Antlo's eatin' sum' Soul Food (squad)
Clayton County attitude (squad)
Let me know if you down too (flocka)
Party all night wit' my people
And if yo' ass go hungry, man, them hobo's they gon' feed you
I bring drama, like Sammy Sam, I'm so point five (uhh)
Twist a blunt bumpin' Do or Die
Car clean, no suit and tie
Ghetto boy like Willie G
Cartier wood grains like I'm Pimp C, hold the flame like Bun B
I ain't from the South that's Ludacris, that country shit
Fish n' grits, y'all full of pits
Wet paint, big rims
You can't help but done notice it
When the beat in it, dark tints
I'm coolin' it wit' my bab (flex)
She sick as shit and I have (flex)
Rich country hell good mayonaise, yellin' Riverdale where we at
[Hook][Bun B]And I'm sittin' low in my old school
And my is Loc's on, and I'm so cool
And my top it drops, so there's no roof
When I'm shinin' on, it's my gold tooth (hold up)
I'm trill as hell, and I'm heavy set
Pray to the Lord, but don't get it bent

I'm from the hood, and I represent
And I turn it up, like the deficit
I'm from Texas bitch (bitch)
Cadillac no Lexus bitch (bitch)
What we ride on fours, suicide doors, and park no places
So you best not test us bitch (bitch)
Cuz' we'll get reckless bitch (bitch)
Catch you on yo' block wit' that big black glock take part of yo' necklace bitch (bitch)

Tell me who gon' check us bitch (uhh)
We outside
Down for the hood nigga, we gon' ride
My gladiator's, yeah they go live
Wit' them A-R's and them 4-5's
So watch yo' step, and know yo' place
You ain't trill don't show yo' face
Cause I'll pull and pop it, and I'll catch a case
And I'll leave the scene wit' no trace
[Hook][Ludacris]Luda
Fresh out the shop and the candy coated Cadillac, stacked on amazin' wheels
Seats look like I hollered at the Reece's peanut butter cup, and then made a deal
Trunks shakin' like jelly, honey's ready to check the spread
Cuz' I get that cheese, and I sandwich myself between the bread
So keep yo' mind on yo' riches, and get yo' hoes right
Cuz' in these streets you not safe unless yo' codes right
Your southern living is like something you ain't never seen
Ask any hustler his favorite color is money green
Blacked out tint, white wall spinnin'
Lookin' for the hamhock, neckbone, collard green, cornbread eatin' women
We sum country ass certified gangsta's in the South
When you speak about who's hottest watch yo' muthafuckin' mouth
Luda
[Hook]

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