

Schwarze Feen

"Casablanca"

Visit "[Casablanca](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Conversation]:

Stop touching the fucking door man
You so fucking paranoid man
What's the matter wit' you man?
It's like a nigga could write for hours
And get real theatrical wit' this,
Understand?
Tellin' you kid,
I got stripes when it comes to this right here,
Y'all know my repertoire
It's dangerous, and the cats I roll wit' is dangerous
And they ain't your regular average cats
Here we go..

Verse 1:

Aiyyo,
It's all elegance
He spoke third power style high intelligence
A young man handle the game like Merill Lynch
3 a.m. breathing, leaning in gates
I mean creaming,
Selling these cakes in slabs like Lanolakes
Fiends beaming, steaming
Associated wit' names and demons
All apparant reasons
We live here the gate blew in a year
Sorta like time share where crime
Sport it like I shine yeah,
Rainbow dough was the emmo
So many flavours yo,
Buy your neighbour off underwater vault
Then I met him, Colombian name Flako
Had the whole block locked selling tons in Morocco
Wristwatch Fachera Costanti, nigga dead up
Sniff the rawest mist mixed wit 7up
Had a black wiz spoke German
Higher learning burning
Ask Vernon got a bed set bought a black jet
Bitch large percentage on her rich motor lodge

Lost her arm, shot wid a AK up in the south
Paramedics rocked her,
Said she had connections out Anartica
Barrels of juices from Florida
Can't forget live dusthead centerfoldin
Out in Club Med butt ass layin' like she dead
Wise guys fell for her ambiance
Pull it together, black renassaince
Queen Elizabeth aunt
Crazy swift Cristal murderer
Guzzle the shit like she dying kid
Showing off her diamond
Flashbacks now it's me and him again
Last word I caught
'Put your money in we could have the shit bumpin'
That's federalo music
I caught the glimpse from the bitch
When she winched yeah Santa a grinch
She blinked twitched her nose then froze
Check your Rolls by the blow
It's time to roll nigga let's go
I thought about it
Broke the money down
What's the total count it,
No count it over in the mix
Day going slower,
Nope not time to motor
He estimated over me not being a crook
Count it over
Yo only on the strength of my man
We ain't hit him wid the strong hand
Gun him down leave him out in flatlands
He backhand smacked her
Threw her on the table jacked her
I broke out in laughter fifteen minutes after
Police knocked on the door
Looked out the window of my room
As your, nigga yeah that's yours
He opened up the door this nigga wildin'
His bitch is in shock
Start smiling and speaking on Valen
Yo wisen up bitch this from the rich
Immobilize the game get your name right
Envelope came hype
Regards from the mayor you hype
Fuck right, lets fuck this money up
And get large and blow outta sight

Wise niggas wake up
Dead niggas lose
Who you gon' choose

Me or him
You a fool
Pay attention
Fuck around meet the tension
See you in the next dimension
Y'all niggas didn't listen

(Repeat x3)

Visit [Schwarze Feen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.