

Willie the Kid

"Cabernet"

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Uh

Somewhere sippin a cablin
Catch a cab to the cabin, campin at the canion
Compatible companions,
Pretty women, medicinal use for lemons, clementines
Cleansing, dinner time
Patagonia coats watchin Michin and Clemson
My clique poppin clicko
Decode the G code, you niggas clumsy
Money clums like oatmeal
I'll like a mill, one that fly rackin blow jeans
Persevere all other shit, custom made pieces you will
never get
Get your real life like your Twitter life
Life get dark, just preserve every bit of light and be
hankful
Uh, low hanging fruit hanging far from a tree
Let the winds carry the seeds and see what it be
Meanwhile Willie The Kid is a Belini's
Fuckin bad bitches, countin money on a Sunday
Believe me, mediocracy is not enough
That's why aquamarine been coming soon for 6
months
Baskin the moment for a moment
Wild like 2 MILFs, mouth for moans, muff divin on it
Know these niggas never show gratitude
The car got attitude, the crib got character
Tear us out to 2, til we come through but never to
Narratin greatness to nevermindin niggas
Gold figure, the real thing not a figurine
Fingering potatoes, tangerine, gat street
Strict on my lady friends
Bend over backwards, they prove worthy
Then I blossom like the clergy
Willie get the paper, call it clerical
Call me anything but don't compare me
Niggas be hysterical, I take pride in being me
Paying for my parabolas, very good merry go's
Planted every pair of jeans folded
On a merry go round in a walking closet

Never lost it, I might have lost interest
A slight difference

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