

T-Pop f/ Will-Lean, Den Den, Big Bub "Above Average"

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[Will-Lean]

It's getting drastic, I'm a classic
Like a '57 Cheve, chromed out looking acid
It's the Chemist motherfucker, that done lived in the
bricks
It's the Clover where I grind, and get rid of it quick
I'm digging this shit, I got to deal and live with this shit
Watching my mama smile, when she flip hundreds in a
six
How good as it get, knowing your whole hood is rich
From Texas to the Boot, we out the wood bitch
I'm a Botany Boy nigga, that's down and dirty
So dirty I'm up early, getting thirty of them birdies
I'm pumping this shit, hitting the slab dumping this shit
Cocaine cowboy, with the scorpion prince
Triple beams pyrexes, and digital scales
Overweighted with cheddar, tipping the scale
Will-Lean I'm on the block, and I'm bringing the raw
Inner-state outlaw, easy popping frost

[Hook - 2x]

The 3rd Coast, niggaz above average
Diamonds by the karats, money I gotta have it
Dirty South, I'm quick to cock and blast it
Burning like acid, nigga this is a classic

[Den Den]

I'm like a red-nosed pit, walking through the crowd with
no owner
Got you wondering where in the fuck, did this
motherfucker go
Now wait a minute let's think a second, we 3rd Coast
and pandering
Plus I'm known for slug shooting, talking shit and
slandering
Can't handle him I'm spitting straight, even when I'm
staggering
Toe for toe blow for blow, ready to battle them
No shatter them I saddle in, chunk the West and hit the
wind
Sliding sideways down the Interstate, searching for a

win

State to state cakes we bake, smash the gas and fuck
the breaks

And in a minute I'm gon be rich, right now I'ma work the
weight

Touchdown and Texas-fied, with the weight to stash
the glock

Hit the block and punch the clock, real niggaz set up
shop

Move em in and move em out, too much cash to talk
about

Snitches get two shots to the mouth, fucking with my
fiddy spot

It's a drout, and I got out the do'

Yeah Den Den bitch, 'fore your ass go broke

[T-Pop]

Nigga my click above average, I'm pushing to be the
man

Call me a Paccino, and say hello to my little friend

I'm a veteran, so shut your loose lips

Before I pop this loose clip, and sink your loose ship

You done heard of me, I'm that killer that don't talk

I'm that great white shark, that only creeps in the dark

I'm the predator you're the prey, better watch what you

say

On me this AK, mayday-mayday

I'm like a pitbull, that lock on ya

Start foaming from the mouth, lights out on ya

Now you sleeping in the corner, your brains locked on

ya

I ain't tripping you better catch a head, or see heaven

or hell homie

[Hook - 2x]

[Bug Bub]

I got a hunger for this cheddar, like a god damn

savage

Star status above average, I gotta live lavish

Vault box on overload, cause I won't stop pumping

Fo' fifth up in the holster, and I won't stop dumping

Swanging through the lot, looking like I'm throwing

bows

Dismantle the club scene, on 84's and new 4's

Your slut on my dick, cause you too feminine to please

her

And the shit around my wrist, they cold as a deep

freezer

Plus my paint job, looking like a po'd up gallon

And her ass body rocking, like the switches I'm

handling
Everytime a thug nigga strong through the do', hoes
know
Bezeltynes hang low, and my nuts dragging the flo'
Spit shit like a fo' fifth, and a clip full of lead
V.I.P. with a young yellow, licking my third leg
Two to the head band, for trying to plex with Bub
Drop her off with a wet twat, and cum in her mug it's
going down nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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