

Yungstar

"Pull Out The Candy"

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[Hook x2: Big T]

Pull out the candy, cause it's time to shine
Turn up the Screw, because it's going down
Down South, we just balling mayn
Steady sliding on chrome, in the turning lane

[Yungstar:]

That Ike got me sprayed, cause I'm always playa made
Don't even have to drive, to get parked in valet
I'm leaving candy dropping, when I'm tipping tipping
wet
Elbows and dot the mirrors popped, and I got that
beam set
Bout to park, where I can peep out my scene
Sitting on grown men, and every heiress has a screen
After this shit beaming, cause I'm ready for the
weather
Dropping ashes on my buck, y'all original version of
leather
I swang from the North to the South, like a monster
Eneglad hard, cause it's still my name Yungstar
I'm crystal clear no tint, I want these boys to see
I'm on your local radio station, and your cable T.V.
I hear em saying Yung they stealing your style, they
stealing your flow
What's happening you still rapping, when your shit hit
the sto'
I tell em I'm still on my grind, I'm still on my note
And plus I got my own label, so I'm fin to get mo'

[Hook x2]

[Yungstar:]

Here I come here I come, I know you hear me coming
Driving my bumper on Antoine, pick it up wait on
Fondren
I be money laundering from here to London, way to
Thailand
Boys and all the while on island, why I'm always smiling
Stop that I always frown, let the top down
Nigga like me I come down, I'm known to tech nine

Check your crew wreck the blue, wreck the red
I drop the top pull up, now I'm on the 'Stead

Moving grooving, stretch nation wide
Sipping satin, with them steering steady skating now
Why I'm stop and go, nigga got a lot of golds
A lot of shows, use to party at the Papa Deauxxx
A lot of mo' wanna get me, catch me slipping
All the trips and trade, cause the trades can be tricky
Marble seven fifty, you can't miss me
And just to sew it up, I got fo's going for fifty

[Hook x2]

[Yungstar:]

I might jump out in flip-flops, and pajamas and a Clover
flag
Of that California love and purple stuff, every moment
is a Kodak
It's a known fact, when a shoulder break the wrist I
could pull up
I'ma throw black and you stroll back, and take a look at
my footage
What's that I'ma keep my crooked and X's, Screwston
in cooking
And jamming Screw in they decks, cause down South
Houston we got em shaken
You can catch me at IHOP or Frank's, can sit with twenty
guns
To seeming love cash for later, have no less than
twenty ones
I make em say man, when the candy dance through
your city
Extra inches on our toys, separating the boys from the
men
Vada-ving vada-voom, fresh out to loon and detail
Before you see me hear me riding, blowing big on
Davin wheels
Turning MLK to a one-way lane, Fondren and Main
fondling grain
Jump in the lane in something strange, with a bunch of
bang ain't nothing
Changed
You love to swang, go on fire it up you know what to do
Pop and drop the top body rock, as I show love for
Screw and let's

[Hook x4]

