

## Youngstar

### "Knocking pictures off the wall"

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knocking pictures off the wall

chorus: ridden on ( e ) sipping on a daily basis crept  
your hotspot on your

block and make faces thangs slammin open spaces  
looking good standing tall b9

yo block knocking pictures off the wall

verse: man i come around yo block turning heads and  
riding slow with a pocket

full of money but i gots to get mo stain in grain my  
body slang as i swoop

from lain to lain to be 10 without a bain like a piece  
without a chain jock

me knock me that kind of stuff don't stop me said  
wanna be a balla got the

world wanna watch me don't hate just wait for me to  
skate down your street

fallled out smokin sweet with benjamin franklys on my  
feet ball fade hit them

with shade never afros and braids we tank a can of  
raid cause out roaches

getting sprayed not cappin just real and still making  
player choices turning

heads trojan horses here my name in different voices  
juiced up and tow down

on my flip making my rounds smellin like a pine drippin  
fence to paint the

time making wait how i play leaning hard let your dow

popped up hulling bows

matchyflow and starchy clothes

chorus : ridden on ( e ) sipping on a daily basis crept yo  
hot spot on yo

block and make faces thangs slamming open spaces  
looking good standing tall

b9 yo block knocking pictures off the wall , ridden on ( e )  
sippin on a

daily basis crept yo hot spot on yo block and make  
faces thangs slamin open

spaces looking good standing tall b9 yo block knocking  
pictures off the wall

verse 2: for a ball in forita flippin lexis 2 seta rasping  
nightly on the

feata with a girl senurita and some long haired italian  
piece and chain

madalyn my currency increase i'm droppid 50 on the  
galleon i gots to come

throwed but they all sound told pimp slappin false  
watch my currency unfold

i'm blinking ridin lone 7 days at the creek flex tainted  
on my arm

hieroglyphics langing creek never braid never close  
flying coase to coase on

a plane sippin drank eating scramble eggs and toast  
tinky day my padre bor

lexes for my madre red bubble in smoking switzchers  
on the high way parking

on the sand jumping up out of the van visintine around  
my neck diamonds

glicning on my hand watch i spend heads on my  
cranberry red remote control

vcr stretch bourbons for bed double stretch limousine  
twanky and visintine i

live my life up on a hustle could it all be a dream exotic  
beaches and

pieces white tigers on leashes being shame on the way  
to the lake look at

those rolexs increases and this game on the mission  
light it up expedition

you ain't gotta be all in my face i blind you hoes from a  
distance chandlers

in my den blowin smoke in the wind you can catch me  
on 600 or my big bout it

benze( what )

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