

## Rico G

### "Souffly"

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3:47 feelin like some sort of reverend  
Wonderin what would of happened  
If my aborted developed  
I just want my dogs to have hella spots like Cruela's  
Those de'vils and those reserve notes that other  
government cheddar  
I'm a king before I'm gone imma need a queen or a  
Coretta

And I promise to get it moist before I stick like an  
envelope  
With a prenup in this bitch just in case it's all a set up  
We're analog time to infants these mother fuckers  
can't tell us

Cuz We aint tighten our belt up and some of my niggas  
sell drugs that  
We fail and fail forever and we can fall and help  
ourselves up  
But these are thoughts of a fighter  
Right now can't find my lighter so I lit this with my  
written  
And wondered can I get higher  
My fantasies manifest in the forms of the stacks and  
checks  
And them women with perfect breasts  
And I'm callin them boom box batteries  
You know D's come in sets  
Crack a smile for the Day-Days money was funny as  
Mike Epps  
That shit made it hard to rest

My told me to get paid  
Touch©  
Just make hits  
Boucher  
Just to rise, that souffl©  
When I die, no bouquet  
What the fuck, on her brain  
Tell that bitch to behave  
No do-rag

It's that new wave (x3)

I'm lovin' life at the moment  
It burn just right when I roll it  
Imagine this nigga riding slow through Oakland in a  
Lotus  
& Smoking some flower bomb where cops love to meet  
their quota  
But I be easy, keep my j low, my j lo, Jennifer Lopez  
Hit that store on the corner  
Cheap liq and generic soda  
Where without notice them stray bullets lifted that  
infant's soul up  
So we tryin to move on up  
Trying to get my dough up

Till my pockets get sent to fat camp  
For some man they blow up  
That platinum or Whoopi Gold  
32s Irving Magic  
She get her Cookie on  
Don't pick them scabs that should grow  
Then baby maybe we can grow  
Like natural fros in '74  
I'm dolomite to them socialites  
Make them lie through their overbite  
Bitch I know you came to fuck cuz you brought bags to  
stay overnight  
That's common sense like Chicago rap  
If Jesus had a Twitter, I wonder who he would follow  
back  
Random thought tilt that bottle back  
But watch yourself most hate is thrown  
Behind your back like a Rondo pass

Get paid  
Touch  
Just make hits  
Boucher  
Just to rise, that souffl  
When I die, no bouquet  
What the fuck, on her brain  
Tell that bitch to behave  
No do-rag  
It's that new wave (x3)

(X2)

