

Clyde Carson "Outta Pocket"

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Yeah I put the top down on my brand new B
Top notch on my job,
IÂ'm just a young fly nigga out here on D
You can hear me coming out my block
Another day another dollar, hit me we can holla
For some paper IÂ'll be on time,
Harder ladies swear to God they in love with me,
But nigga I donÂ't pay that shit no mind.

I just go maniac or stu stu donÂ't believe in cuban,
Got a fetish for new diamonds, no cubic say, time we
hit the stay
Yeah they lose it all my bumpers so I bump it and I
Then I lose I taught a class with the game in the the
husslers handbook,
Still been a long time, come and same cooks,
Still rock it with the whole fam same crooks,
Dedicated to follow the play book.

[Hook]

Alabams fuck a wallet,
I want it, I got it, just being honest
If you ainÂ't gettin money bitch you outta pocket,
If you ainÂ't gettin money bitch you outta pocket
Outta pocket, outta pocket, out-outta pocket,
Alabams fuck a wallet,
If you ainÂ't gettin money bitch you outta pocket,
If you ainÂ't gettin money bitch you outta pocket.

Been down the block, straight up and down nigga keep
a six oÂ'clock
Leanin like a nock, so high IÂ'll be out of space with the
shit man
IÂ'm feelin like IÂ'm spot, tell the bitch donÂ't stop get
it, get it
Real nigga out the mother fucker rich,
ItÂ's me, problem and Carson, beg you pardon,
So much paper IÂ'll be all in the margin,
Flow butter no margerine, uh, beg yellow one margine
Bet dark all in the car with me and my niggas we so
dope you could snored it
Ballin, no you canÂ't afford it, real shit, make sure you

record it,
Coming bout some bullshit I might Â‘ford it,
All my homies hangin and shinin like an ornament.

[Hook]

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I want it, I got it, just being honest
If you ainÂ’t gettin money bitch you outta pocket,
If you ainÂ’t gettin money bitch you outta pocket
Outta pocket, outta pocket, out-outta pocket,
Alabams fuck a wallet,
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Yeah, all the clyde that you in,
This crackin define it, decides and let a nigga win
So fuck it IÂ’m turn up,
If your whole body tat it lift your shirt up,
And show you suckers what you claim and Jack spend
thirty last night,
Fuck it I could make it back,
What? in Miami with them bad hoes,
Still catch me in the ghetto with them mad hoes,
Fuckin the shit out em, dice rollin,
Baddin on bur, he buckin the shit out em,
2 steppin with my holy mollie got me feelin thugish,
But nigga I ainÂ’t that high, donÂ’t be ask me with my
plug is,
Now they gonna go to wild west whatÂ’s the hoe that
See the busters in the game pick em out like the a
fronac
And do em like a dealer and pull that card,
Stop gasin these niggas like you do them cars,
Step stuckin shit.

[Hook]

Alabams fuck a wallet,
I want it, I got it, just being honest
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