

D.I.T.C

"Champagne Thoughts"

Visit "[Champagne Thoughts](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* curses are blanked on the song

Uh, uh
What
D.I.T.C
What
Shh
Creeps, straight up
Straight up
Y'all, laying in the cut
What!

[O.C.]
Strangers I don't trust
Peep out the scenery so I can adjust
Once was a fool
'Til I learned the rules, the hard way
Peace by dukes, I was shook
Got slept, nowadays I'm keeping it stepped
But it ain't to the point that I'm rocking a vest
I'm in this wellish * shit * 'til I die
Tiltin' I'm keeping it fly
On the rags staying out of the red
Blood, sweat with no tears
* Fuck * having fears
Two thou' head on, meeting it dead on
Millennium, many dumb to the fact
You clap that Mush and I'm a bust right back
For realer, live * nigga *, shit in my eyes
If ya test my strength I'm a give you a surprise * nigga
*

Some want the quiet type
I'm not the cat in the party that will start the fight

Chorus: repeat 2X

It's just champagne thoughts (thoughts)
Man made to floss (word)
Vanity or lust (lust)
Weed makes more
Stick up the bank and make off with it all
Pick up the start where the others left off

[O.C.]

Doing what I gotta do at any cause
Knowing life is short
Give or take a few blows with nuts to show
Sometimes you make friends especially when
The ends play a part out of nowhere
Skins at the bar
Sucking up
Champagne is just like * shit *
Track wanna be wives, nothing but flies
Anybody applies when you stink like dough
Many take a sniff when they walk past O
Or walk past 'Ness to L, Diamond or Buck
A.G and Show, that * nigga * Fat Joe
The ones giving head figure it count for dead
Prez pays offs, deep throat my crew you gon' stay
whores
Goin' spots like swat, my entourage stepping through
free of charge
Everybody watch bouncers clout the VIP
A space reserved for the whole D.I.T.C

Chorus 2X

Y'all Y'all (over last 2 lines of chorus)

[O.C.]

I got G's on mind Cream to blow at times
Weed smoke once in a blue, it's something to do
Whip around one deep in my LS4
Shorty knows open wide like she sniffin' it raw
Got a loc crossed out, buckwilin' is a no, no
Rap name O.C, Mush Shine be my M.O
Just to find the means in the end
When it's all set it s done, with a crib and keys to Benz
Twin now berettas serial straight to letters
World keep 'em ducked this side the white leather
Cyanide thought s make shots run off
Sabotage with the snitch that decided to talk
Greedy * niggas * get snatched by the Rico lords
Then the murder one stuck, when it rains it pours
Young cats with cigars and shot out jaws
Young black entrepreneurs read the violence of form

Chorus 3X (with ad-libs)

D.I.T.C.

