

Big Pokey "Dog Proof"

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Drug trafficking, cocaine manufacturing
Columbian kingpin, subtracting and steady gattling
Capture and kill, taking over poppi fields
Cocaine cowboy, kept it raw clocking mills
Popping steel through the shields, like a shotgun blast
Up and down the Interstate, overloading the stash
Blow like gas, for my paper I'ma mash
We rolling in cash, Federalies on my ass
Pass me the mask, and burglarize your residence
Salute to my troops, to execute all the evidence
My excellence, and cheap prices keep em coming
Dope running money laundering, no need to be
wondering
Through lightening and thundering, we gotta get this
dope sold
Stomping and pumping, plus dumping it by the
boatload
This game cold, with the blocks compressed in a
casket
I heard you packed it wrapped it in plastic, it's getting
drastic

[Hook - 2x]

Fo' drugs we packed it, dog proof cause we wrap it
Dirty vault can't get caught, fin to stay drug traffic
Now you have it, the measures is drastic we balling
Motorized stash spot, for the blocks that we hauling

[Big Pokey]

You niggaz talk that talk, but can't walk the talk
From fifty packs to a vault, time to mash this clout
See I'm in and out, making boys a believer
Hit like Hurricane Alisha, giving the block a seizure
Motorized stash spot, in the fo' do' Honda
And this bitch named Kiana, she's a thoed dope runner
It's coming in from Columbia, fo' the dons of location
Beyonce's and Filipian, come Korean and Asian
Fabricators exatturators, add hippocrites to the game
Cross the Chevis Entertain, catch a clip to the brain

Cocaine passed compressed up, getting imported by
boat

Peep the words I'm fin's to quote, I bled the block till it
broke
Made way with occasions, swallow by like raisins
Clear triggas for these niggaz, and figure em out like
equations
Mashing back to my spot, cause my spot be jumping
Bleed the block blow the glock, while I'm grinding and
pumping
Pumping and grinding, and avoiding the laws
I hop the gate from my draws, hold the rocks in my
jaws
Calling shots hauling dots, that's the way that I live
CEO Executive, putting some'ing in y'all ear

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Note]

I got to scale the dope, by the pound
I got some niggaz that wanna sco', they from out of
town
The ki' cooker, got me a burban C hooker
I floss in the Benz on Lorenz, and we took her
Now baby can you make mo' runs, than Mark McGwire
Or can you make more funds, than Gomer Pile
I need bitches for hire, six ki's in the tire
They'll never catch me with my funds, cause it's all on
the wire
Or in a net to my house, two hundred G's in my vault
From state to state Texas plate, I hope that bitch don't
get caught
I ain't taking no loss, I can't get caught in the cross
And ghetto dreams I'm on they team, and I'm loving
the floss
From counting pennies to plenty, many big face
twenties
We gon ball till we fall, mix the Henny and Remmy
Blowing blunts with the cuzin, I'm riding dirty like Dozen
The fast cash I'm loving, can't get caught drug
smuggling

[Hook - 2x]

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