

Gary Low

"There They Go"

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(Mr. Lucci)

Say hold that down lil' daddy (wussup)
ahh its nothin'
man I thought I just seen the rollahs
gon head and keep on chokin'
do you see them scopin (where)
over there wit the long
4 g's I bet I go get her
or my name ain't the wig splitta, should I naw
I'm just flossin up on the scene
let me gon and drop mo screens
nigga lets gon and splurge mo green
hop in the bourbon, poppin the ???,
rockin the curb, in my excursion on these fools
chop chop the block, then cock the glock
spread the word here comes my crew
Lucci, tre 80 set straight ain't no hate in the lone star
state
while we bake the cake, then brake the plate
Them the south side playas that a ya date
cause we B-A-L-L-I-N what I'm known fo knockin down
yo stone do'
wit 4 12's and my chrome tote
fuck up in the reefer smoke
when I turned the corner wit my head blown
talkin' bout my business deals and my sprint phone wit
icons
if you thank you sho they hold on cause Mr. Lucci puttin
in work
candy apple below the seal wit a wood wheel sittin on
some skirts

(chorus repeat 2x)

When we come around the block wit the glock cocked
and I scream pop
there they go, motherfucker there they go
When we comin down the lane grippin grain let 'em
hang what they sayin
where they go, motherfucker where they go

(Mr. Pookie)

Bendin corners on twanky twak
wit double coated candy pain't
ducked down in my bucket seats wit a box of sweets wit
a cup of drank
puff the dank all through the streets
drop the top, cock the heat, pop the trunk
pop the screens, pop the do's, point the beam
stay in front sippin lean
wit the bubblelize wit the candy queen
wind choke to that sticky green
wit the triple beam sippin Dom P
its Pookie and Lucci all up in yo booty
hoes be like ohh wee
man yall can't see me
ice cold and extra thoed
poppin pills blowin doja
s & d wit optimos
yo ears bleed yo eye explode
Third degree wit the highest volt
to the snipe nigga wit a double scope
tha wrong words might cost yo throat
my nutz hang just like a rope
big wheels and a 100 spokes
big ball points still cash flow
slang north star like lasso
small joints we pass doe
gettin how we live tho
the wind blow wit my cash flow
when we comin around the block
ima drop the top and let my grill show

(repeat chorus 2x)

my glock a frind when I roll in
when a cup of henn and my blue benz
guttet out on 2 10's
wit brake lite in the rear fen
2 friends wit gold grinz
holdin while I'm rollin
twink twink on my pink pink
puff puff on the good green
now how the hell you feel when we ridein shinein in the
place
diamondz all up in yo face
betta cuff yo hoe up out the way
stand up straight and make way for these for these
mothafuckin trill niggaz
always quick to steal niggaz
hell yeah its the wig splitta
now a whoz these niggaz wit the coolest figgaz
and a move these niggaz

and a groove these brizzas
its a L-U-C-C in a crunk spot where the freaks be
wit a crisp crease
scopein out yo g-string
wat a sweet treat
from the Nawff D
we be wat you might call off the chain hoe
in a durango wit a strange glow
in a stash spot where my thangs go when my banks low
and mob wit a tre 8-0
everybody up on the block be like
there they go

(repeat chours 2x)

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