

Geraldine Fibbers

"Dollaz, Drank, and Dank"

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[Kokane talking]
Fuck you, fuck you
Now I lay em' down to sleep
fuck you, fuck you

[Verse 1]
It goes down like this
Slingshot so I can't miss
Known to put em all in a twist
Khop[chop] C.G, top mack shop hitting C
Bank shot top of the key
Hit you in the gut with this he-re
No you can't touch this he-re
Come run with one young musketeer
And smoke one four the broke one
Blow one for the poor one
Grab your cups pour the potion
From the get go, my shit flow
Like the bombay tweed wit a sisco
And at the disco
I want you movin in your chucks
Sliddin in your gators
High heels and pumps
Enemies and haters
Shake the beams and the pistols wit it
I'mma go on and grab the sticky green
With the crystals in it
Do your thizzle wit it
Just how you want to
And everybody gone do
And can't no nigga do it like this nigga do

[Chorus]
I love my cheese, I got to have my cheddar
I love my drank, but on the rocks is better
Don't love no hoes, cuz they full of drama
I love my weed, I love marijuana

[Verse 2]
It go red light, flashlight, hit the black light
Known to keep the sack tight

Get your act right
Whether in your 750's
Riders on your back slowing down for train tracks
Push it back on the map
Been a long time coming
In the cut long time gunning
Heat keep huming
Pass it to the point guard rookie
Out to stash chips last cookies
Then mash to the backyard boogie
Spending huns on my loved ones
Give a dose back
With the haterism hold that
You can find me in the back
Where they blows at
Off the yack and the prozack
Where the homies and the hoes at

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now gone and give her two thumbs up
For this little one cunt
Young runt
And give me two more for the funk
Bang the trunk out the window halfway
Roll em up hot-box
Roaches in the ashtray
Head steady nodding
Feeling old school, steady mobbin
Mouth full of cotton
So gone and bend a corner with me
We could ride to the store
Me young bandit, if you aint know
I been young super nigga
Even before Cube scooped a nigga
Way back had the hay-sack
And had a pocket full of loot
Bump with the douche
Work in the hood
Heata in the bush
And I used to hold a sack
Till a nigga got rich like Quaterbacks
Now I throw the sac
It's either that or blow a sack
Still keep in tact
An in a quater sack
Making transactions [Huh]

[Repeat Chorus 2x]

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